

Rolling Stone

Britney

ON JUSTIN,
THAT KISS
AND BEING
ALONE

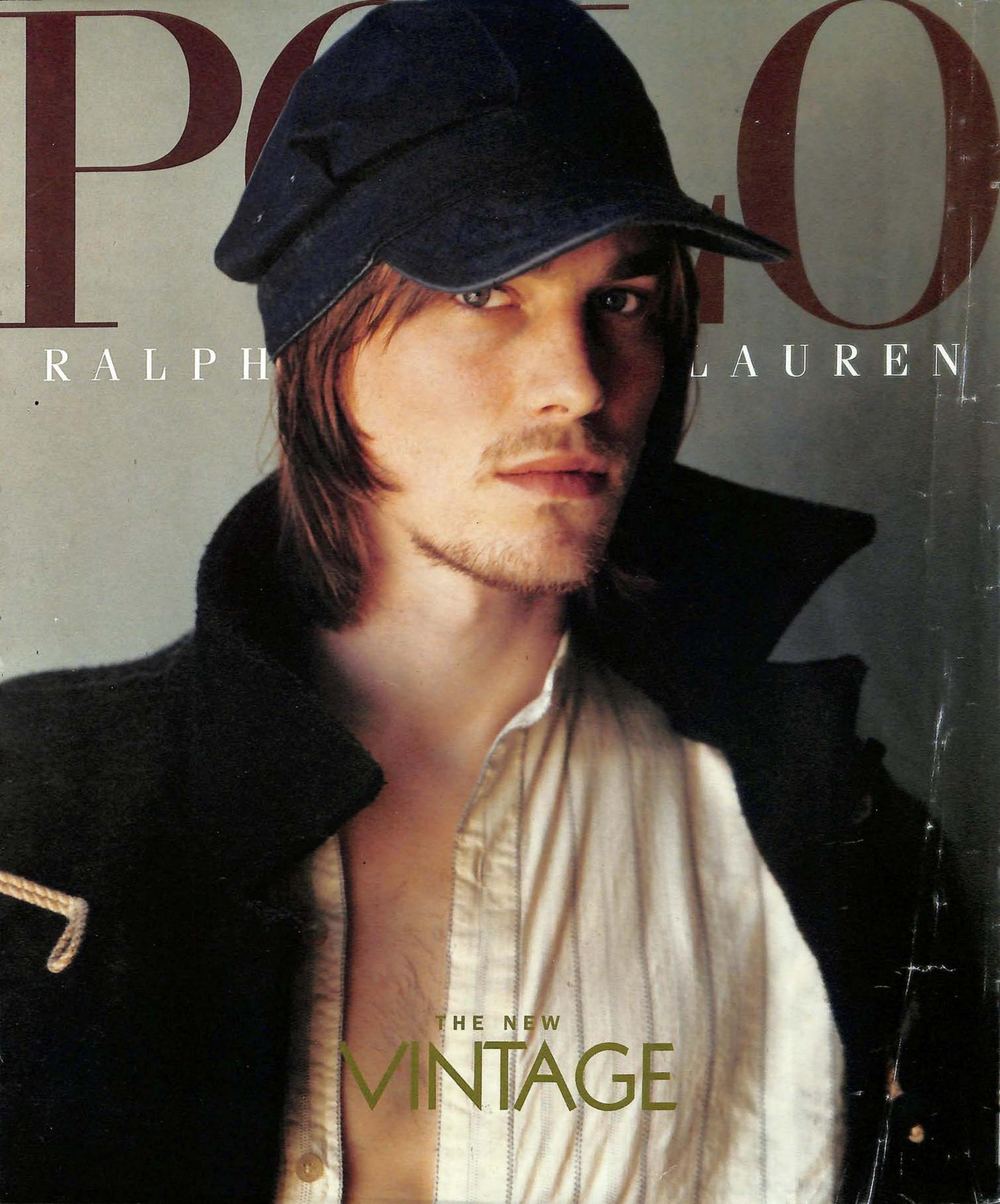
David Bowie
John Mayer
Bill Murray

MARTIN
SCORSESE'S
HISTORY
OF THE
BLUES



The 2003 Hot List

VIGGO
MORTENSEN
SCARLETT
JOHANSSON
AIMEE
MULLINS
RYAN
ADAMS
BRAND NEW
OBIE TRICE



RALPH LAUREN

THE NEW
VINTAGE



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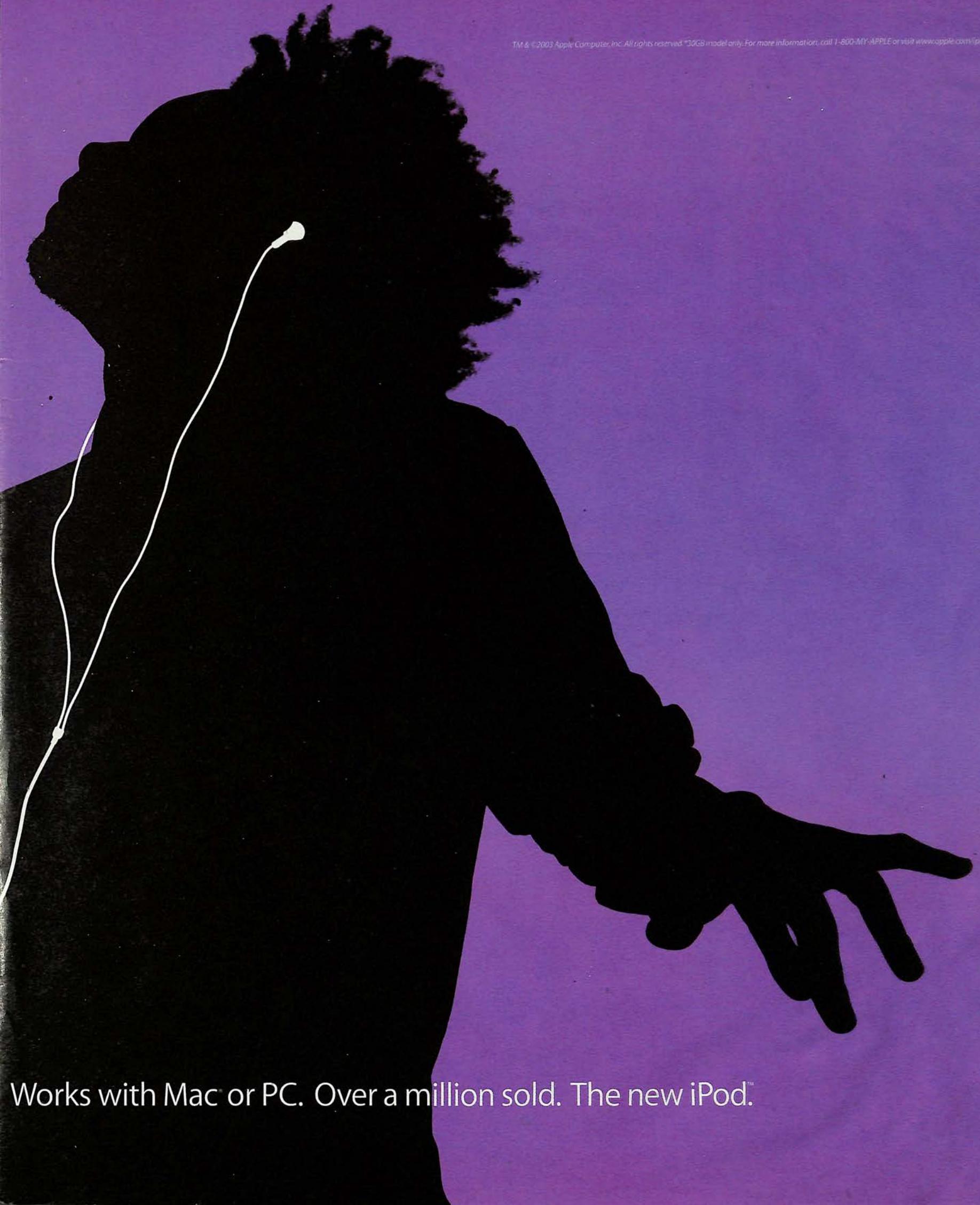
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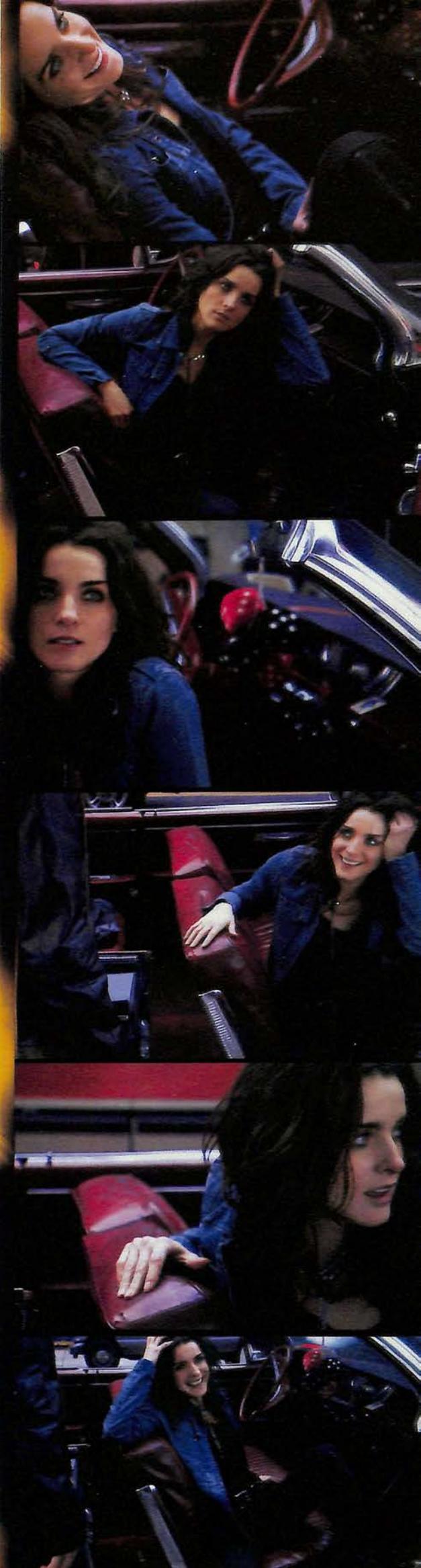
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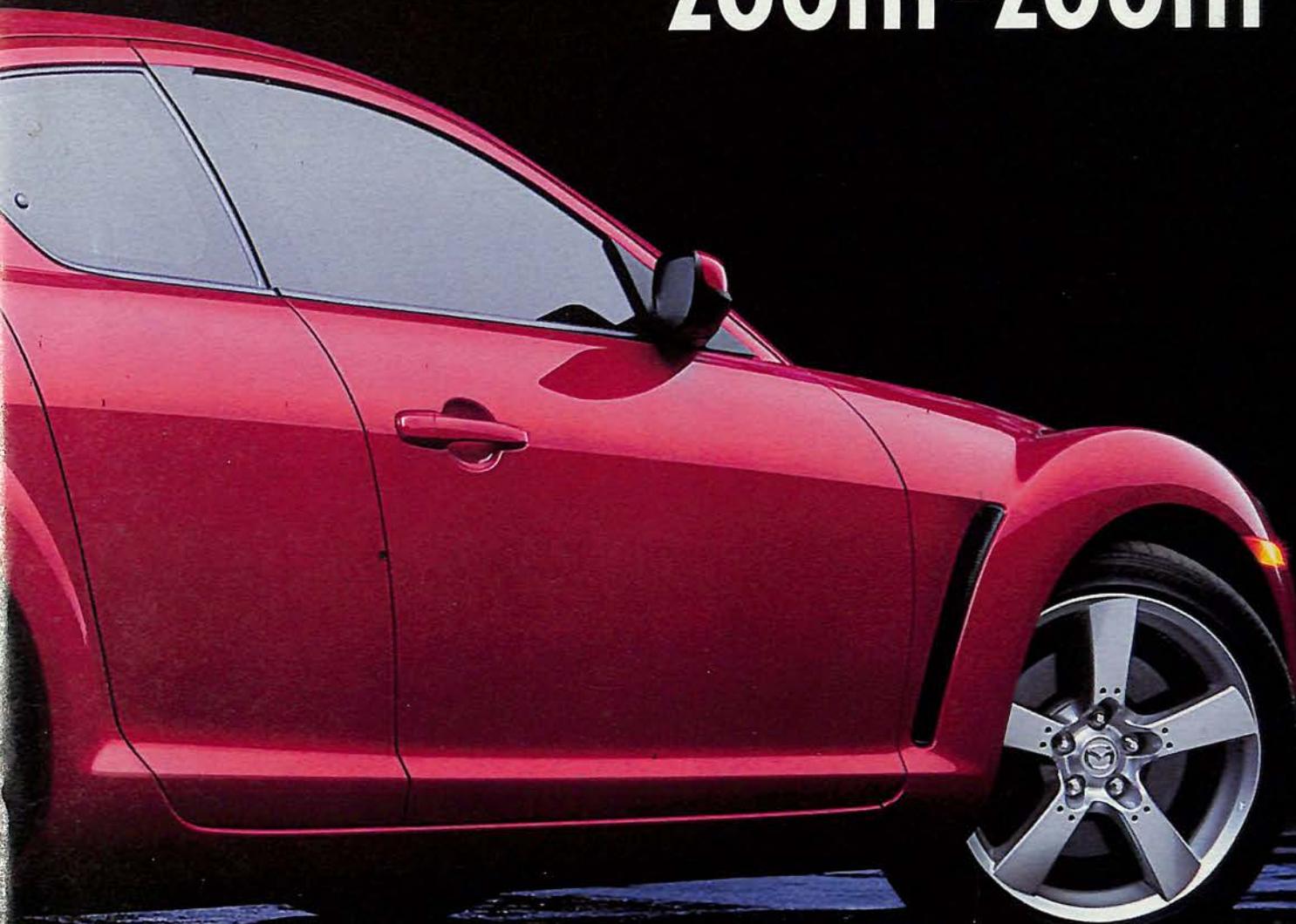
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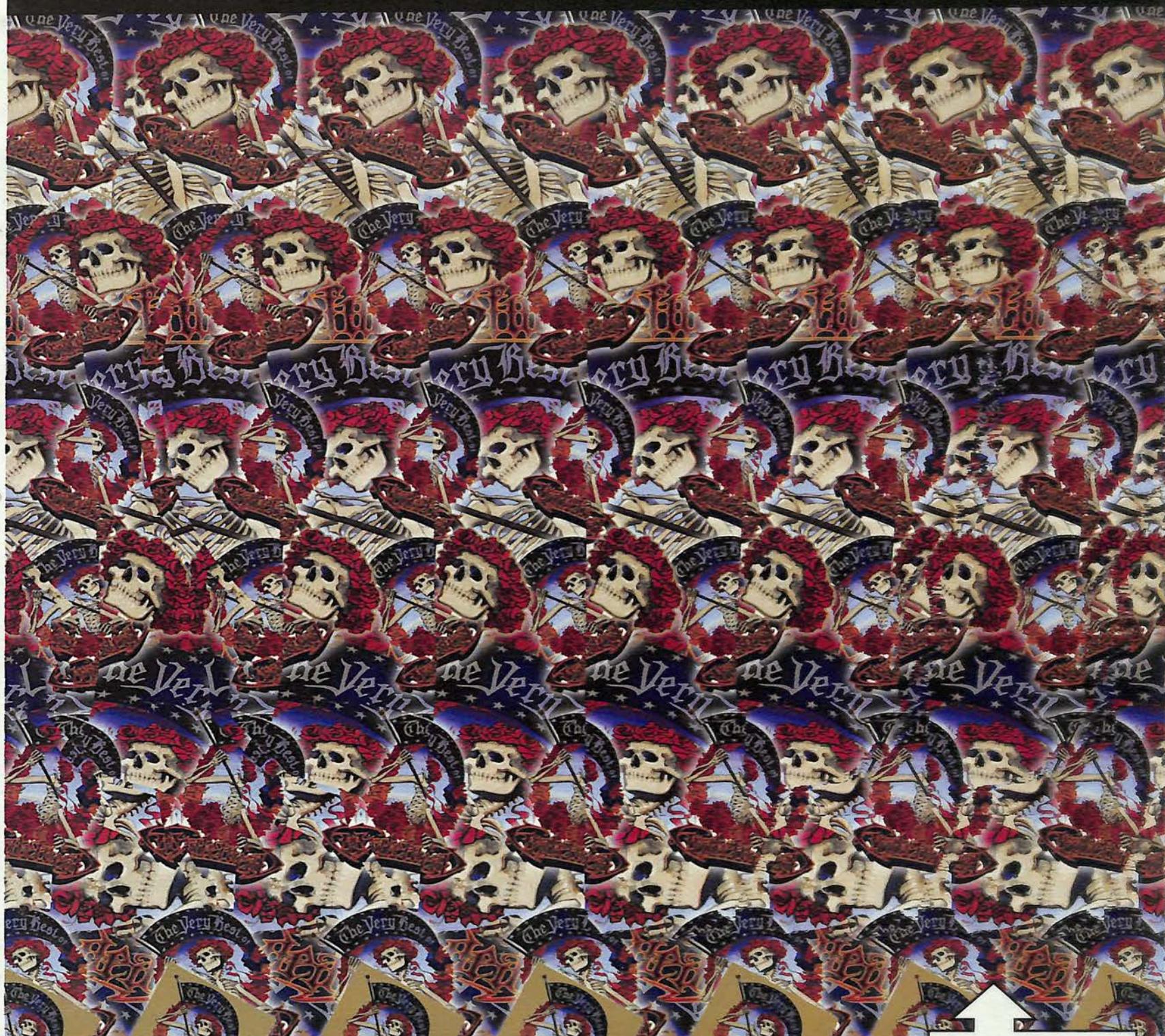


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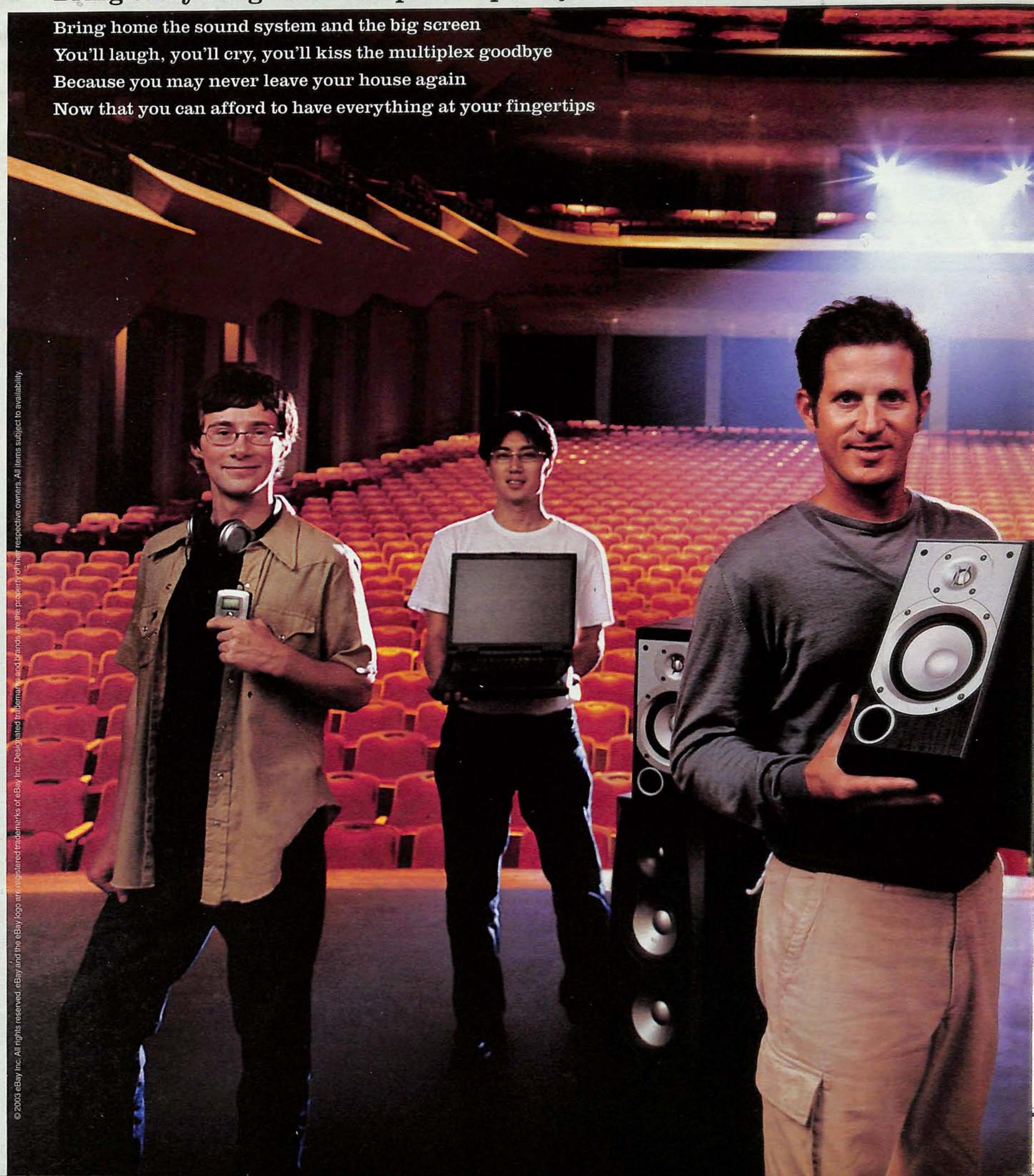


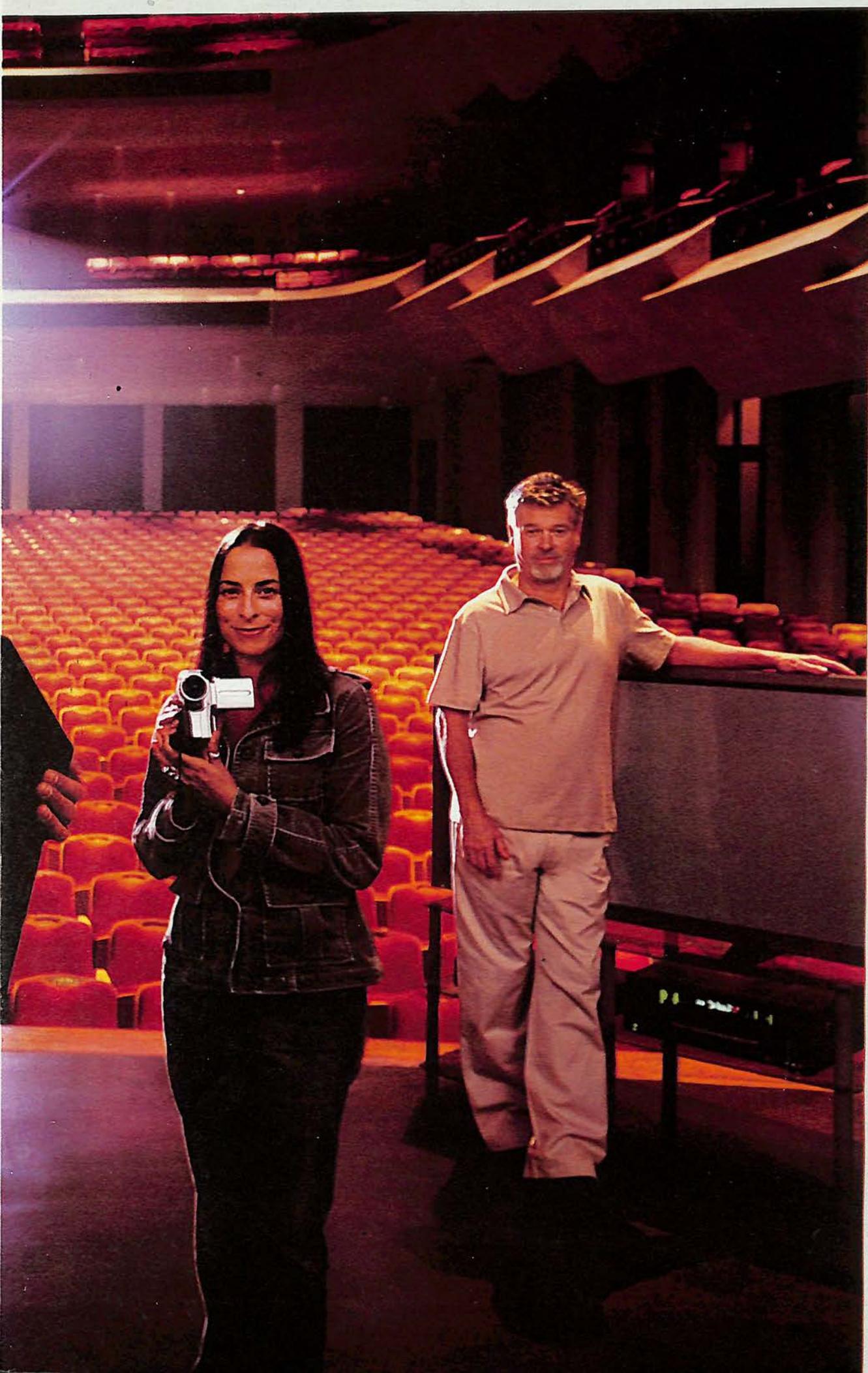
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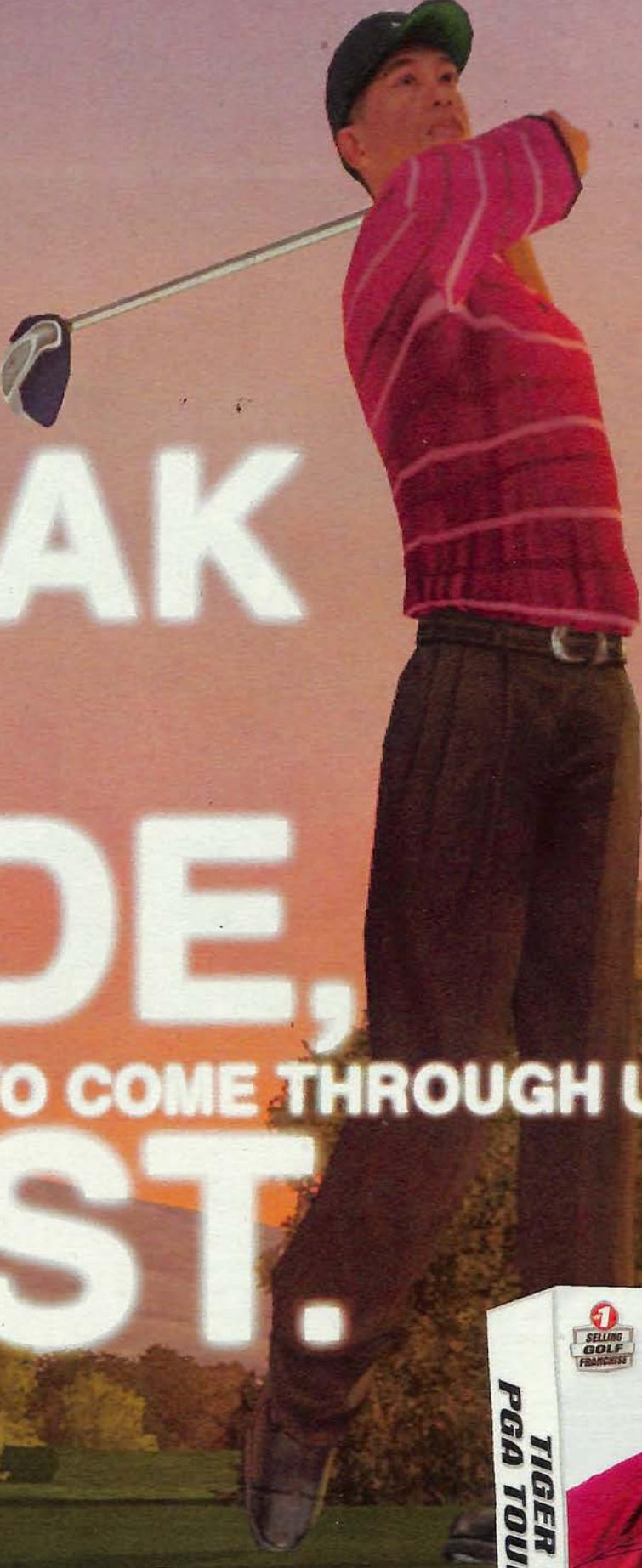
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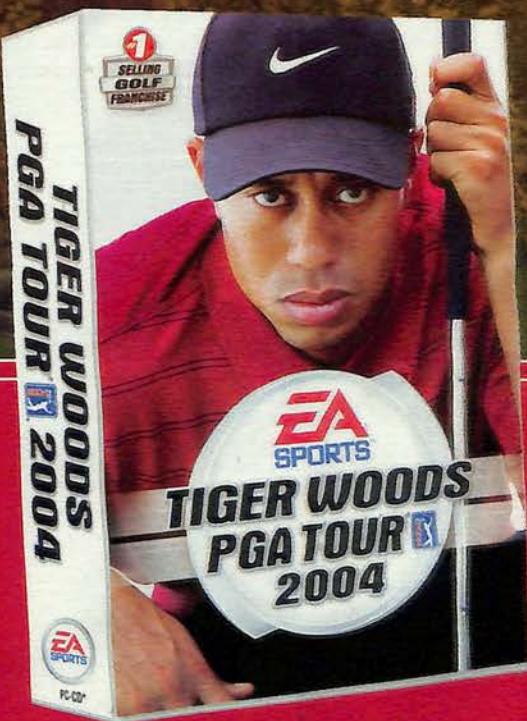


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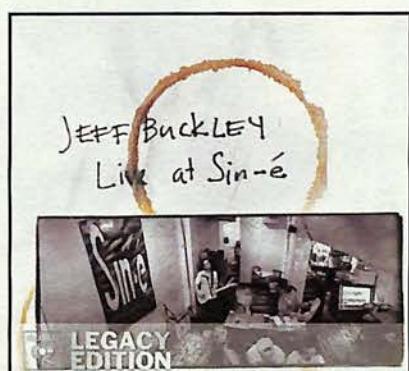


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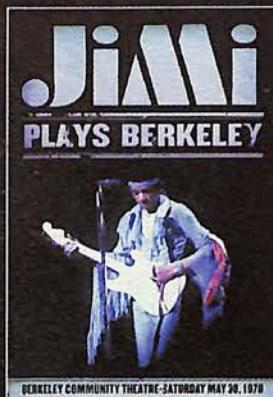
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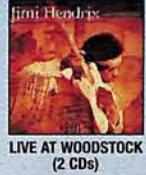


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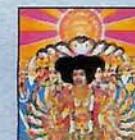
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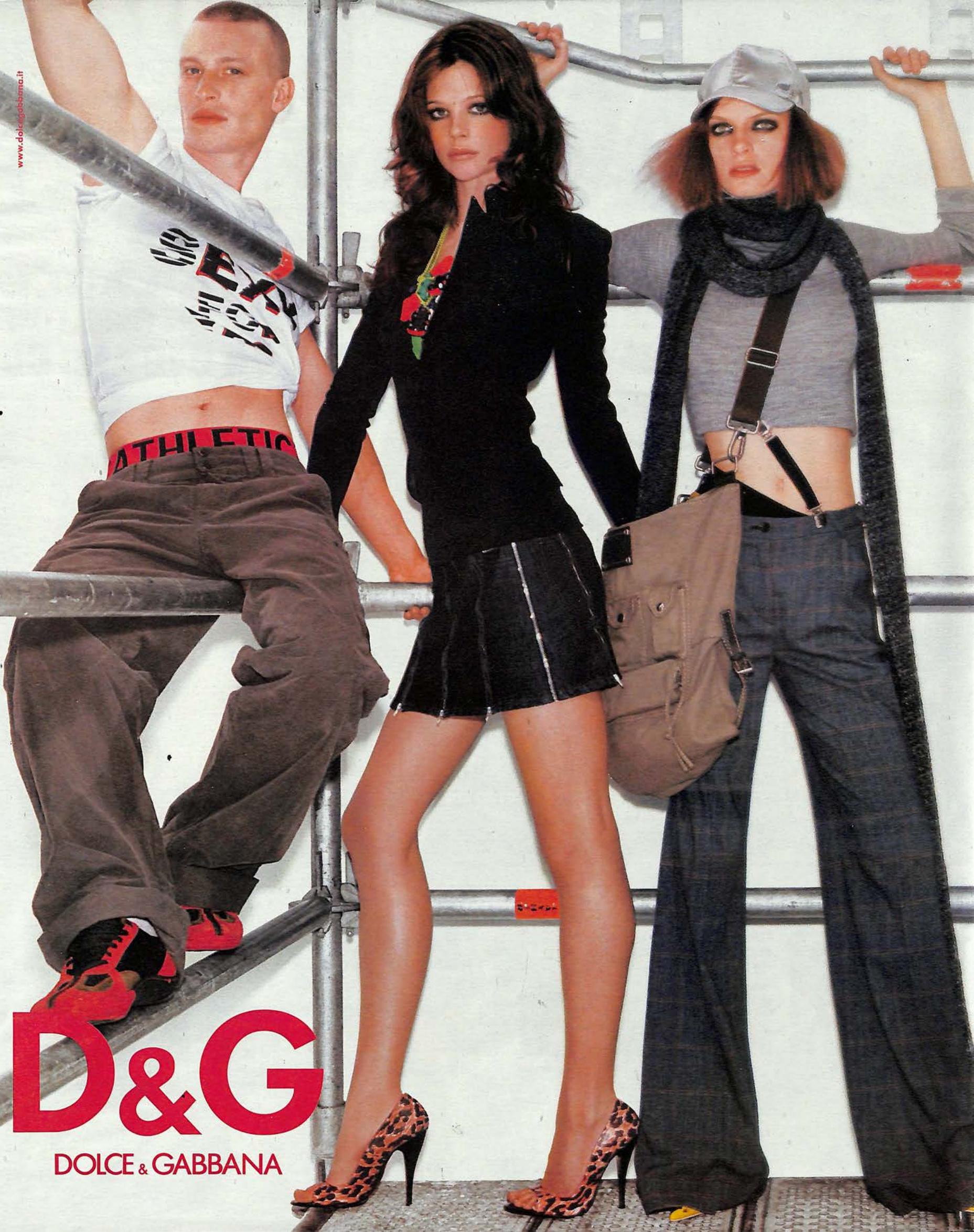
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HOT ISSUE

RS 932

"All the
News
That
Fits"

t's the wise-beyond-her-years teenager Scarlett Johansson. It's Obie Trice, the Detroit rapper and Eminem protégé who dares to go by his government name. It's the Levittown-bred punk of Brand New. It's crapped-out coffee beans, it's vinyl hip-hop dolls (left), it's Alec Baldwin reinventing himself as a character actor. It finds its essence — and obsolescence — in the humble trucker hat. It's Hot, and ROLLING STONE has spent the past year scouring the globe to find it, to bring it to you before it settles into tepidness. *The Hot List* kicks off on Page 83



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John Mayer's *Heavier Things*, plus new CDs from David Bowie, A Perfect Circle, Thursday and Aretha Franklin.

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rollingstone.com

Performances, photos and news

Cover

Photographed by Matthew Rolston

Britney Spears, Los Angeles, August 2003. Makeup by Fran Cooper for Stephen Knoll Salon/Stephanie Louise Inc. Hair by Chris McMillan for Solo Artists/Kevin Murphy Products. Manicure by Tom Bachik for Cloutier. Set design by Thomas Thurnauer for Magnet. Shirt by Prada. Panties by Araks.

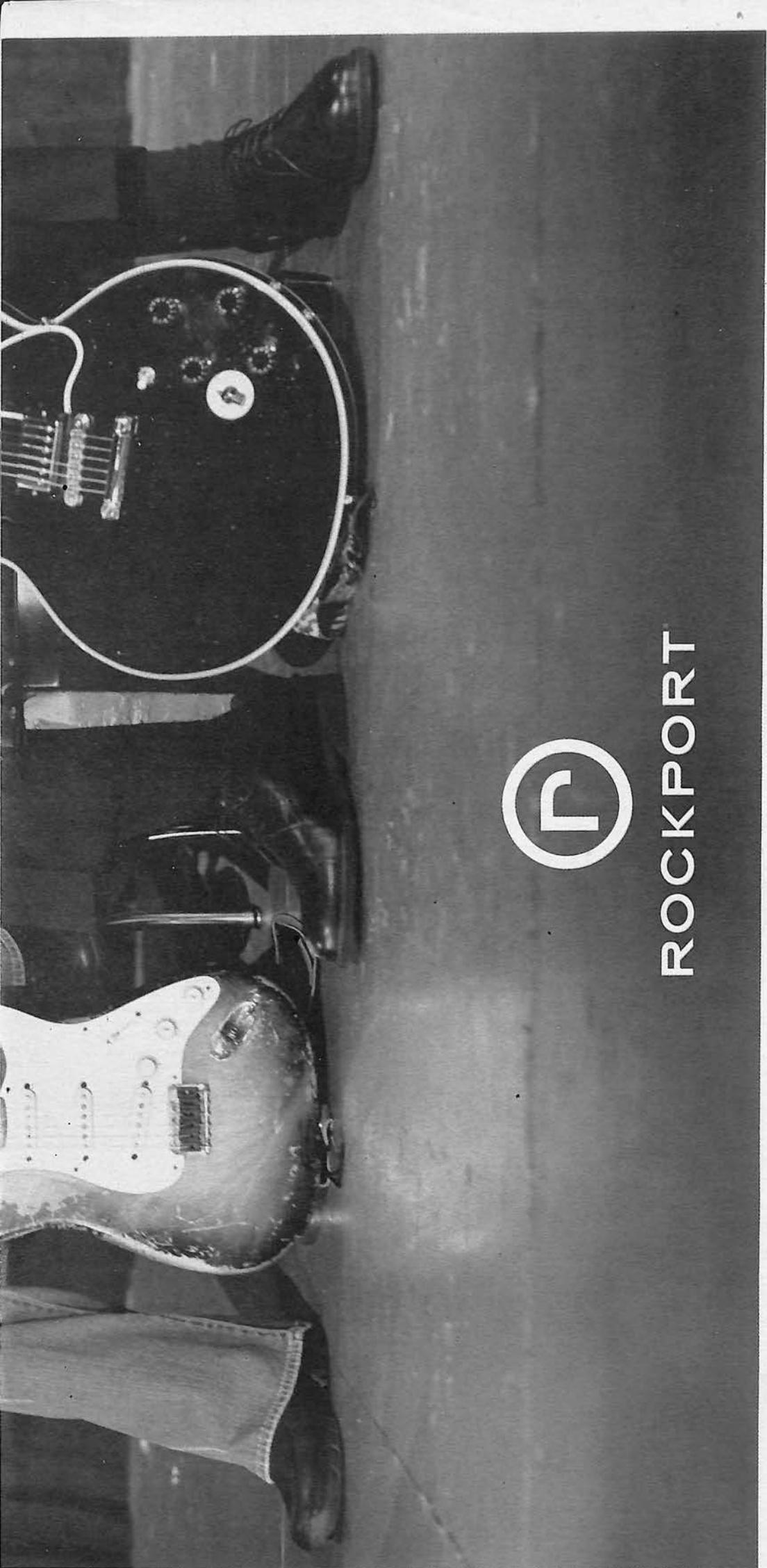
Queens of the Stone Age's Nick Oliveri at the VMAs in his Flintstones-inspired ensemble.



Hot Babe
Aishwarya
Rai: India's
tastiest
export since
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chicken.

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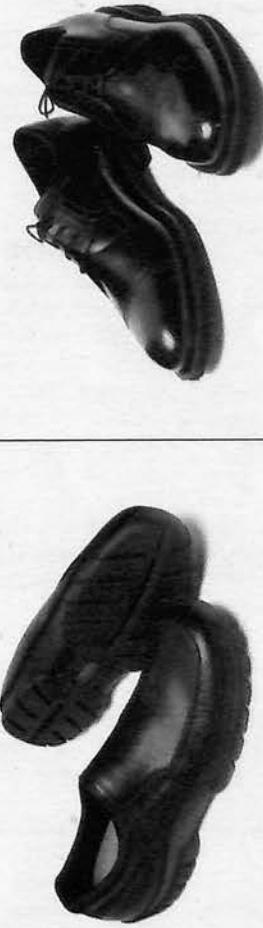




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Love Letters & Advice



Seeing Double

WOW. MARY-KATE AND ASHLEY Olsen have accomplished so much at such a young age [RS 930]. They own a multimillion-dollar company. They have their own makeup and clothing line. They have almost every dime of it saved—not to mention they are beautiful. Why can't our own president produce twins of such caliber?

Daniel Wilkinson
McKinney, TX

I LOVED THE ARTICLE ABOUT Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen. But I would like to point out to all those sick freaks who ogle them and are counting the days to their eighteenth birthday: These girls have morals, and not one of you has a chance.

Amanda Pensa, East Haddam, CT

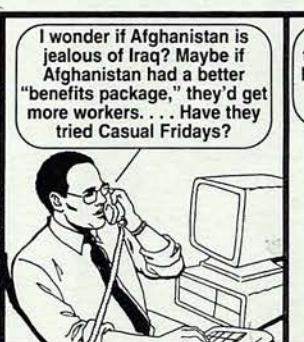
WHEN I FIRST SAW THE OLSENS cover, I asked myself, "What do they have to do with rock & roll and world events?" And then it hit me. They have everything to do with it.

Jeff Gay, Antioch, CA

NOW IF ONLY THAT DELOREAN time machine from *Back to the Future* would work, I could be fourteen again and enjoy the recent crap that ROLLING STONE has been printing.

Nancy Strother, Dayton, OH

GET YOUR WAR ON



MATTHEW ROLSTON (MARY-KATE AND ASHLEY OLSEN)

OUR FAVORITE LETTER

Just Too Fabulous

First Xtina, Justin, Clay and Ruben. Now the Olsens [RS 930]. This magazine is becoming a gay man's fantasy.

John Tiper, North Platte, NE

Win Valuable Prizes!

Every issue, the author of the letter we like best wins a handsome gift. John wins DVDs of the first and second installments of *The Lord of the Rings* and a pair of tickets to *The Return of the King*.



tell Neil Young to keep stoking

those angry flames. In a world of so much repetition, it is mighty good to hear something original.

Elizabeth Napp
Mount Kisco, NY

tually look better than us ["Canada's Pot Revolution," RS 930]. Why are these people so afraid of weed? I think that our elected officials need to take some time out, smoke some herb and relax a bit.

Annamarie Nichols, Pomona, CA

AMERICA'S FAVORITE FANTASY is in RS 930, but it's not the Olsens—it's following in the footsteps of the Canadian government regarding the decriminalization of marijuana.

Nick Kobliska, Bakersfield, CA

CLAY? RUBEN? MARY-KATE AND Ashley? Thirty-eight pages of ads to open the magazine? *Greendale*, take me away!

Hans Meyer, Phoenix

Neil Young

"SOMEDAY, NEIL YOUNG WILL BE recognized for the genius he really is." These words were my wife's years ago, as we pulled into a parking lot for a Neil Young and Crazy Horse show. David Fricke's treatment of rock's true remaining artist was *primo* [RS 930]. *Greendale* is so interconnected with what America's all about right now. It has it all— everything from the menace of TV journalism and the Patriot Act to ecoactivism vs. a government that's "all bought and paid for anyway." I can't wait for the Broadway version. Or the Washington, D.C., treatment.

Joel Barrett, via the Internet

ART IS NOT RESURRECTION. IT doesn't have sequels. Art is continually challenging the boundaries of its own definition. It is inherently original. So while I would generally tell some angry guy on the freeway that an anger-management class might be the way to go, I would always

THANK GOD FOR THE NEIL Youngs of the world: musicians who don't follow the same formula from release to release to get a hit, filmmakers who don't give a shit what the numbers are or how the sample audiences rate the laughs. I have been following Young and his musical genius for going on twenty-five years; for me, more than half my life. I love "Heart of Gold," but I also love "Sample and Hold." I love *Harvest*, but I also love *Re-a-tor*. Keep it up, Neil. . . . Everybody may be rockin', but you are a singular roller.

Ken Meyer Jr., Fairfax, VA

Hail Mary

GREAT INTERVIEW WITH MARY J. Blige [RS 929]! You may tell her that if she ever wants to know the face of "her people," she can look at this forty-two-year-old, white suburban working mommy and know that she touched my life, and continues to do so with each album she releases. Mary, you're the bee's knees, girl.

Debra Downey, Auburn, GA

Pot Wars

ONCE AGAIN OUR GOVERNMENT is trying to push around another country that it fears might

be in peril ["Record Stores Struggle to Survive," RS 930]. As a former manager for a now-closed Sam Goody store, I found most of our sales were lost to CD burning. We'd sell one copy of an album and a spindle of fifty blank CD-Rs—and kiss off fifty sales of that album. Eliscu also didn't mention the changing ownership of Musicland (parent company of Sam Goody)—twice in two years—as a factor in Sam Goody's problems. Without a new concept for a new style of music retail, more failures lie in its future.

Jack Eber Carlson, San Diego

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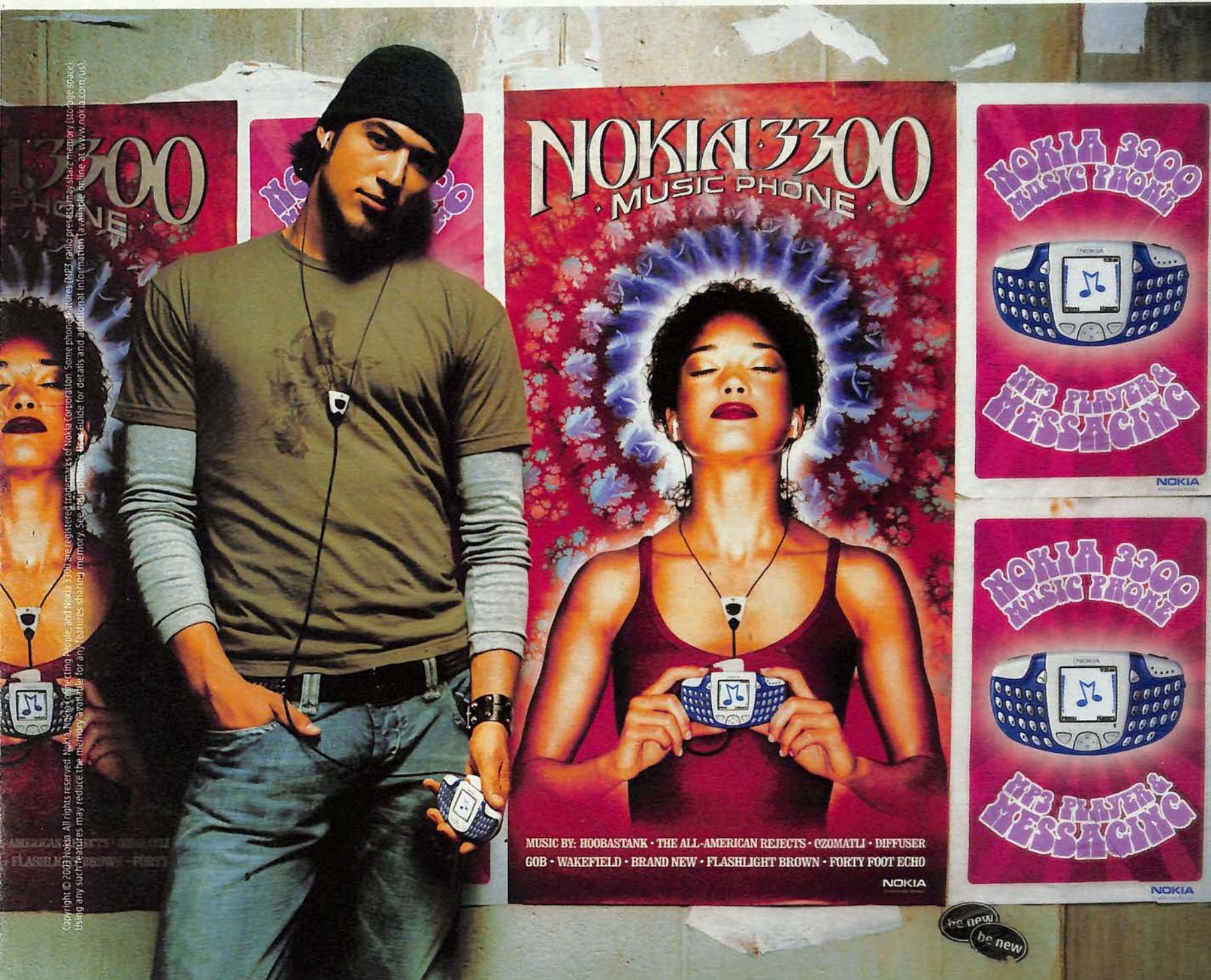
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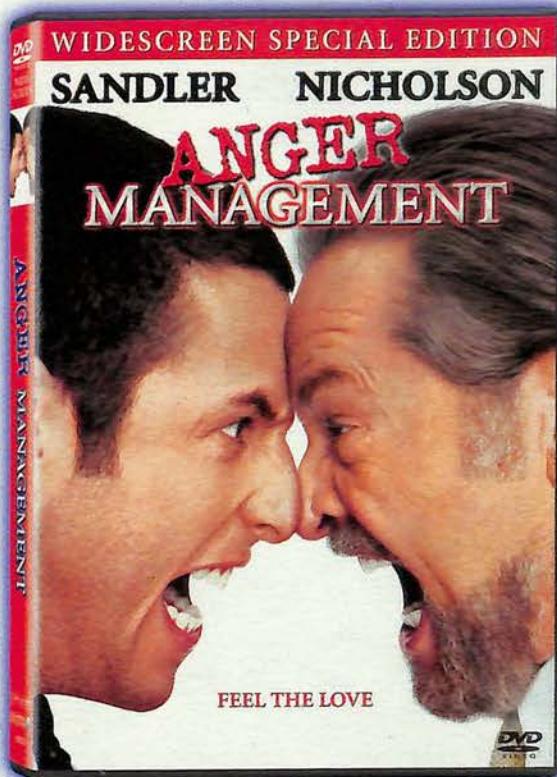
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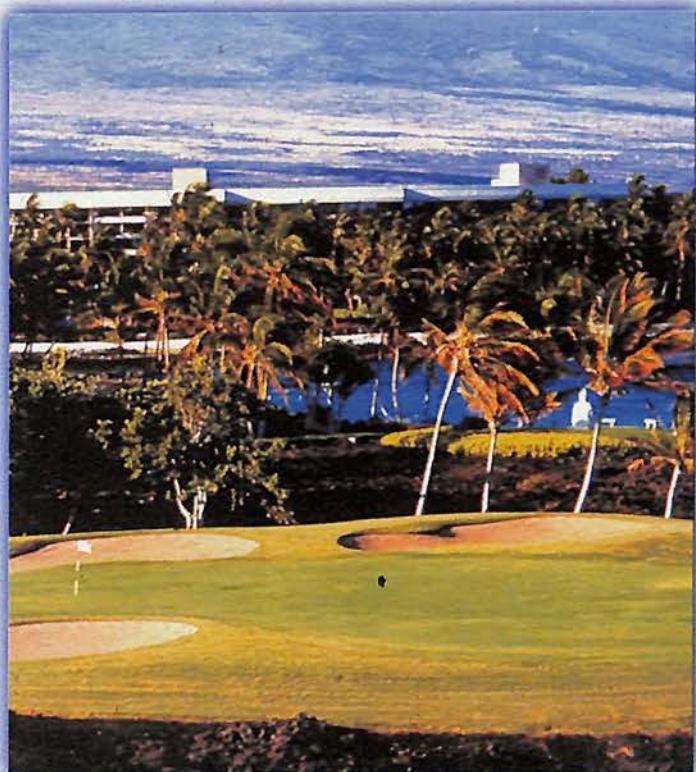
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34 A Year Later

Jay Update

Are cops questioning the wrong man in Jam Master Jay's death?



36 Digital Wars

Privacy Fight

A file sharer sues to shield her identity from the record industry.

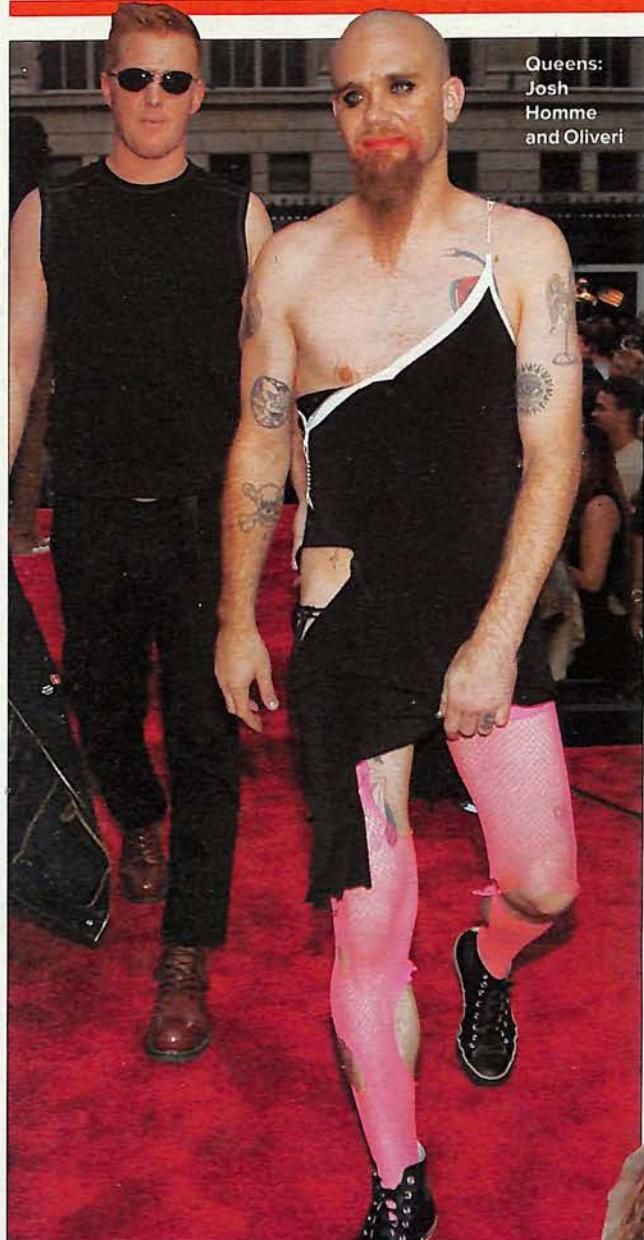


41 The Music Q&A

David Bowie

"I must have 2,000 albums, from Delta blues to Jacques Brel."

Rock & Roll

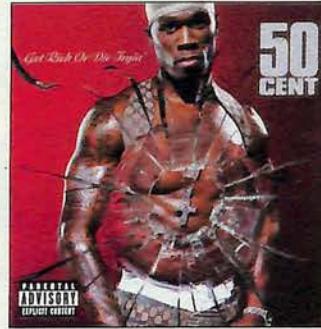


Queens:
Josh
Homme
and Oliveri

Video Music Awards coverage: Page 47

Queens of Rock

"Every now and then, you gotta be man enough to put on some panties," says Queens of the Stone Age's Nick Oliveri, seen here on the red carpet at MTV's Video Music Awards. See more of our behind-the-scenes peek at the VMA festivities — Beyoncé (right) stealing the show, John Mayer onstage with Justin Timberlake, Madonna meeting Eminem and Metallica's gig for 500 fans.



CD PRICES SLASHED!

Music giant hopes to deter piracy with lowest-ever CD prices

AFTER YEARS OF COMPLAINTS from retailers and music fans that CD prices are too high, the world's largest record company announced that it will cut the suggested price of new CDs by thirty percent to \$12.98, from the current prices of \$16.98 to \$18.98. Universal Music Group, home to Eminem, 50 Cent, U2 and many other top acts, claims the drastic cut is an essential step in countering Internet piracy, which has grown enormously in the past two years. "We're the first industry since the Industrial Revolution to be devastated by criminal behavior," says Universal chairman and CEO Doug Morris. "People are losing jobs, and stores are

forced to close. It's a sad story."

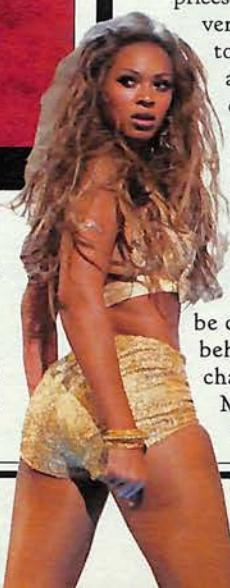
Though no other labels have announced similar price reductions, many are expected to follow Universal's lead. For now, Universal is making a huge bet that the lower prices will result in a much-needed sales boost. "All of our research indicates that at these low everyday prices, consumers will significantly increase purchases," says Zach Horowitz, president of Universal Music. "This is the time to do something dramatic to jump-start sales."

Any attempt to rev up retail should help the beleaguered music industry. An estimated 1,000 record stores closed in the first half of 2003 alone, and the industry says file sharing is responsible for it. The labels also say

By WARREN COHEN

file trading is responsible for a 15.3 percent fall in CD shipments in the first half of the year, double the drop of 2002.

Many in the music business think the price reduction is long overdue, especially considering the wild success of DVD movies — which are often priced lower than their CD soundtracks. "For years, we've been screaming at [labels] that the prices are too high," says Don Van Cleave, president of the Coalition for Independent Music Stores. He adds, however, that the new prices are a "big win" for consumers. Most retailers are pleased with [Cont. on 28]



Eminem: New cheaper CD





IN THE STUDIO

PLAY IT LOUDER

Upcoming albums from Puddle of Mudd and Beck amp up the guitars

Puddle of Mudd**Due out November 11th**

"What you just heard coming out of the speakers is what I've always wanted this band to sound like," says Puddle of Mudd guitarist Paul Phillips, listening to the raw and lean rocker "Away From Me" at a Los Angeles studio. The alt-rock band recorded more than twenty tracks for its second CD, with Limp Bizkit producer Michael "Elvis" Baskette overseeing the final sessions. Other new tracks include the seven-minute-plus "Time Flies" and "Spin You Around."

Beck**Due out Summer 2004**

Beck's eighth album marks a turn away from the quiet introspection of last year's *Sea Change*. "It's pretty aggressive," he says. "I didn't really let myself use big guitars for a lot of years. The early Nineties were so saturated by big guitars that I became really interested in what I could do if you took all the guitars out — with the space that was left." Beck will begin recording in September, with producers Dan the Automator and Timbaland slated to work on the album.

Korn**Take a Look in the Mirror****Due out November**

"It's basically about relationships and fuckin' hate," says Korn frontman Jonathan Davis, describing the band's sixth album. The SoCal metallers are working without a producer for the first time, but they've got their sound down — the bass-heavy, melodic stomp "Did My Time," which first appeared on this summer's *Tomb Raider 2* soundtrack, is a good indication of what's to come. Before setting off on Ozzfest, the band

completed ten songs, including "Right Now." Says Davis, "That's a song about waking up and wanting to kill everybody."

G-Unit**Beg for Mercy****Due out November 4th**

The year's biggest new star is about to get bigger with his group's first album. "Lloyd Banks, Young Buck and Tony Yayo each bring something significant to the table," says 50 Cent, describing his G-Unit cohorts. "That's why I signed them." *Beg for Mercy* was recorded on the road this summer, primarily during the Jay-Z/50 Cent Rock the Mic Tour. *Mercy* contains two solo tracks from each member, as well as eight full-group efforts; Dr. Dre and Eminem are two of the producer guest stars. New tracks include "Smile" and "Footprints in the Sand."

Paul Westerberg**Dead Man Shake****Come Feel Me Tremble****Due out Fall**

"You're really going to get a barrage of shit coming from me," Paul Westerberg says. Last year, the ex-Replacements frontman released two albums, *Stereo* and *Mono*; this year, he's got two more: *Dead Man Shake*, under his low-fi alter ego Grandpaboy, and *Come Feel Me Tremble*, a soundtrack to a documentary he made during his

Beck: Rockin' harder than usual



50 Cent and G-Unit: Group effort

2002 tour. Westerberg is slated to release another album, *Folker*, next year, but he insists that his flurry of activity is more than just cleaning out his basement studio. "I try to look at my new songs," he says, "and say, 'Does this hold a candle to 'Here Comes a Regular'?' I have my standards."

Also in the Studio:

■ Missy Elliott is back recording with Timbaland for her yet-to-be-titled fifth album, due out November 25th.

■ Sum 41 will head into their Toronto studio early next year to begin recording the follow-up to *Does This Look Infected?* Says bassist Cone McCaslin, "It's going to be more metalish."

■ AFI's Davey Havok and Jade Puget are demoing material for their side project Blaqk Audio. "Everything's electronic — no instruments," says Puget.

Reporting by Steve Baltin, Jolie Lash and David Peisner



LOOSE TALK

"Every photographer wants to be the first one who talks Beyoncé out of her clothes. It's prestigious for him if I expose a nipple."

—Beyoncé

"I always thought that, magically, things would get clean." —Jessica Simpson, on domesticity

"I didn't arrive with a tape in my hand saying, 'Like, could you

make a career for me?'" —Thalia, on her hubby Tommy Mottola's ex-wife Mariah Carey

"You hunt and kill animals for fun.... Why? Was it some kind of 'trying to prove you're a man' trip?" —Pink, on Prince William's gaming habits



CD PRICES SLASHED

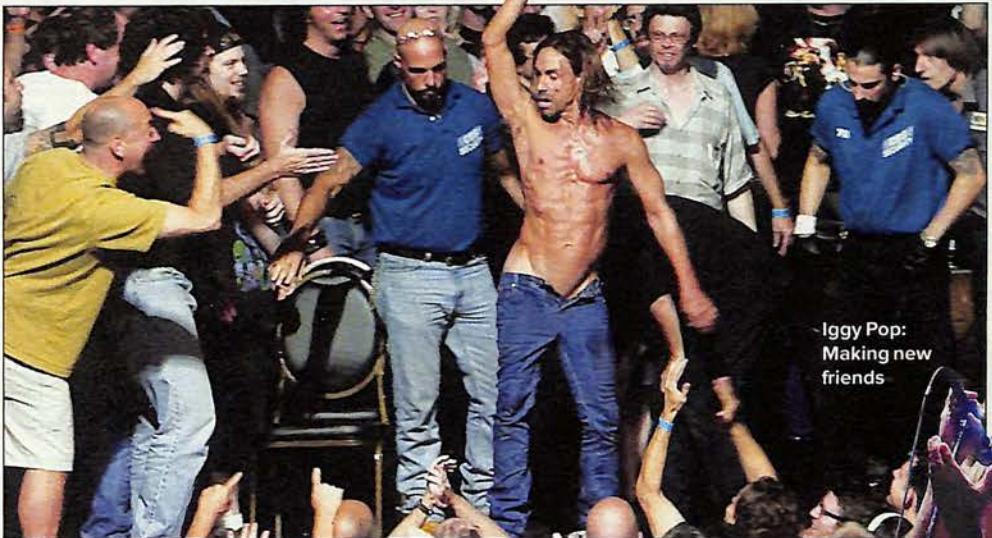
[Cont. from 27] the move but are concerned about Universal's vow to cut back on the money its labels devote to in-store advertising. While the biggest record retailers, such as Wal-Mart and Best Buy, won't suffer, independent stores might. And some worry the ad cuts will hurt new acts. "A developing artist has to come out of indie retail before chain guys care

about them," says Van Cleave. "If they [Universal] won't buy space in listening booths for brand-new artists, how will they be exposed?"

The price restructuring will take effect for all new releases beginning October 1st. Even if not immediately matched by other labels, Universal acts such as Jay-Z and Ludacris will have lower prices when their new albums are released this fall.

ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY LAUREN GITLIN

IGGY RETURNS



Stooges Dance Party!

Iggy Pop and his Stooges strutted into New York's Roseland Ballroom on August 27th for a Lifebeat benefit concert. "The way people's faces lit up, you knew that it wasn't a Guess Who reunion," says bassist and honorary Stooge Mike Watt. "We showed people that the thing Toys 'R' Us calls punk rock actually came from somewhere." Fans hopped onstage to dance while AFI, Little Steven and Queens of the Stone Age bounced on the balcony. "Iggy loved it," says Watt. "We had the motor going."



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Cee-Lo (left) and Proof will host hip-hop battles on *The Next*.

RAP BATTLES HIT CABLE

A new hip-hop version of *American Idol*

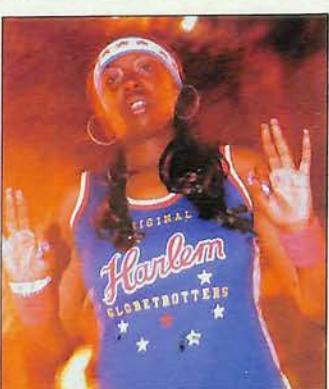
AFTER THE SUCCESS OF *American Idol* and *8 Mile*, it was only a matter of time before reality TV and hip-hop came together. Interscope Records, the label behind Eminem, 50 Cent and Dr. Dre, has teamed with Showtime to produce *Interscope Presents The Next*, a six-part series spotlighting young MCs in New York, Atlanta, Detroit, Philadelphia and Los Angeles, with each episode culminating in a rap battle. In the final episode, the winners from each city will face off against one another.

Big-time rappers will host their hometown battles, including Cee-

By DAVID SWANSON

Lo in Atlanta and Dr. Dre's Proof in Detroit. (Proof was the model for Mekhi Phifer's battle-rap promoter in *8 Mile*.) *The Next* also taps stars such as 50 Cent, Wyclef, Warren G and Jermaine Dupri to tell the history of hip-hop in their cities.

Eminem's manager, Paul Rosenberg, one of the producers of *The Next*, says the audition process was done mostly by word of mouth. "We reached out to DJs, producers and record stores in each city to find out who had buzz, who was hot on local mix tapes," says Rosen-



Rapper Chocolate Thai at the New York face-off

berg. Proof says the show perfectly captures the Detroit underground. "We had two great MCs," he says. "In Quest N.C.O.D.Y., you got a little witty-style MC, and in J. Hill you got the ghetto-ass drug dealer with skills — and they both have the potential to be something big."

One problem with bringing hip-hop to television is the limits on language and behavior, which *The Next* skirts by airing on premium cable. "We can show motherfuckers smoking a blunt or drinking a forty," says Todd I., a coordinating producer.

Whether hip-hop battles make for good TV remains to be seen. Anthony Zuiker, the creator of *CSI*, television's top-rated program, is currently developing his own rap show, *Ruckus*, a hip-hop extravaganza featuring break dancing, DJs, graffiti and MCs. "If *The Next* hits over at Showtime, it's going to open a lot of doors," says Zuiker. "Hip-hop is the pulse for this generation. TV hasn't embraced it."

MODERN TRIVIA

Pink's father is an ex-military man who, she says, taught her how to "shoot guns, use knives and break wrists."

Fire and Rain

I heard that friends of James Taylor in college flew his girlfriend in as a surprise, but her plane crashed — which is what "Fire and Rain" is based on. Any truth to that story?

Tonya Varner, via the Internet

Only a little. "Fire and Rain" was inspired by the death of a female friend, Susie Schnerr — but Taylor never went to college, Schnerr wasn't a romantic interest and, tragically, Schnerr committed suicide. Taylor's friends didn't tell him she had died until six months later (a line in the song reads, "They let me know you were gone"), because they didn't want to rattle him while he was recording *Sweet Baby James*.

Yesterday, Again

What song has been covered the most?

Matthew Brooks, via the Internet

By general agreement, the song in the rock era with the most cover versions is "Yesterday," a Lennon-McCartney composition. It has been recorded by more than 2,000 performers, including Ray Charles, En Vogue, Elvis



Taylor wrote "Fire and Rain" after his friend's suicide.

Presley, LeAnn Rimes, the Supremes and a lot of elevator-music string sections. The Gershwin ballad "Summertime," however, seems to have more versions than that (around 2,600) — and collectors estimate that "Silent Night," written by Josef Mohr and Franz Gruber in 1818, may have even more.

Tuesday, Tuesday

Why are records released on Tuesdays?

Dan Sorrell, Elizabeth, NJ

"We decided to level the playing field in the mid-Eighties," says Joe McFadden, senior vice president of Capitol Records. "Records used to come out 'the week of,' and retailers would sell it when they got it." This created serious discrepancies; stores that were geographically remote would get the music late. So labels settled on Tuesday as a universal release date. But lately, leaked records (such as *The Eminem Show*) have been rushed out early. And, McFadden confides, "There have been backroom conversations about moving the street date to Friday."

GAVIN EDWARDS



Covered: McCartney, Lennon

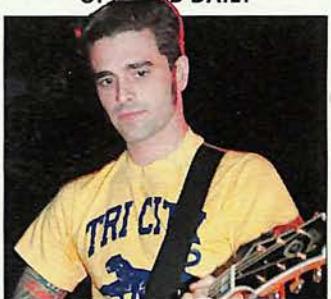
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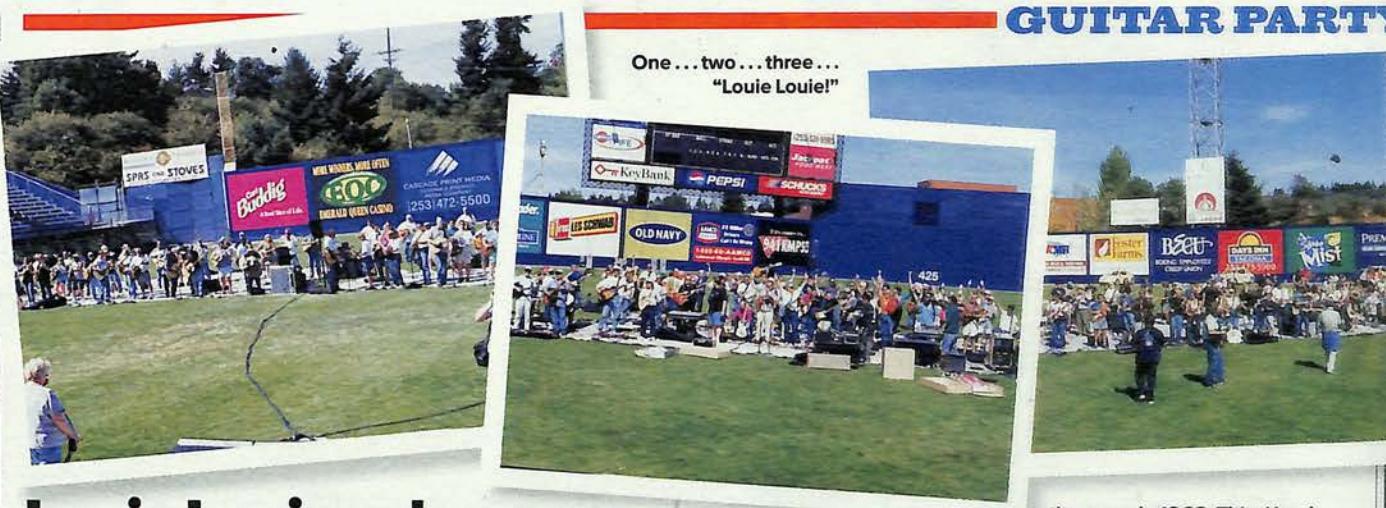
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Dashboard, Unplugged

Hear an acoustic version of the new Dashboard Confessional single, "Hands Down," or check out exclusive performances by Jason Mraz and Kings of Leon at rollingstone.com/videos



Louie Louiepalooza

They didn't break a record, but the 754 guitarists who gathered on August 24th in Tacoma, Washington, to play "Louie Louie" broke a noise ordinance or two. "It was certainly the fattest 'Louie Louie' I've ever heard," said Dick Peterson of the Kingsmen, who popularized

One...two...three...
"Louie Louie!"

the song in 1963. Titled Louie Fest, the event brought together amateur guitarists as well as pros from Heart, the Fabulous Wailers and the Raiders to raise funds for music programs. Organizers had hoped to set a world record but didn't top the 1,322 guitarists who reportedly jammed on Bachman-Turner Overdrive's "Takin' Care of Business."

CHARLES R. CROSS

A dynamic black and white photograph of a man in a light-colored zip-up hoodie running towards the right. He is in mid-stride, with his right arm bent and hand near his chest. In the background, a woman's face is partially visible through a chain-link fence, looking intently at the runner.

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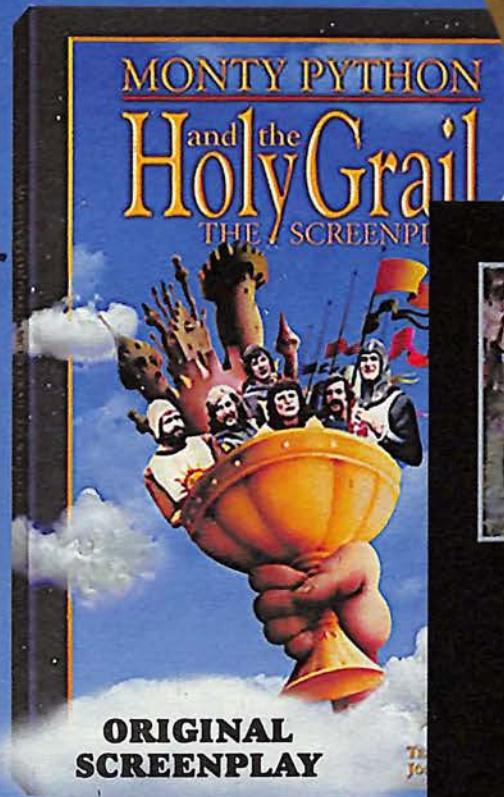


Monty Python
and the
Holy Grail
in Lego

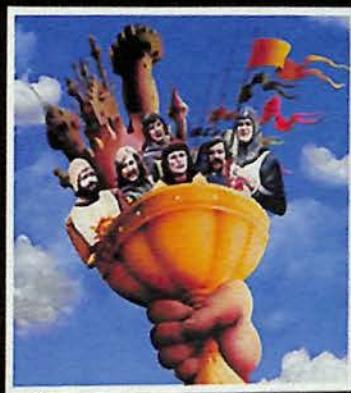
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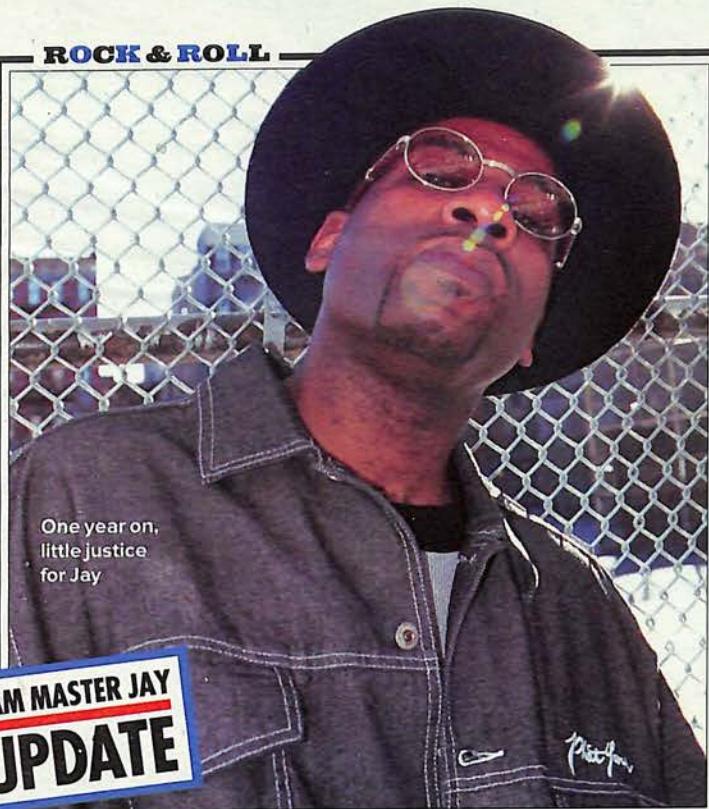


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**JAM MASTER JAY
UPDATE**

BAD LEADS ON JAY KILLING?

Sources: Police are on the wrong track

JUST WEEKS BEFORE THE FIRST anniversary of the murder of Jam Master Jay, an arrest and a flurry of highly publicized new allegations have caused movement in the stalled police investigation. But sources close to the slain Run-DMC DJ insist that investigators are still on the wrong track.

In July, aspiring rapper Karl "Little D" Jordan and his father, Darren "Big D" Jordan, were fingered by a convicted robber and former associate of Jay's named Ronald "Tinard" Washington. Interviewed in the Nassau County jail by the New York Daily News, Washington claimed that he saw Big D and Little D enter Jay's Queens, New York, studio the night of the murder and then saw Little D fleeing through the studio's rear exit moments later. On August 8th, police charged Little D with shooting Jay's nephew Rodney Jones in the leg on May 14th on a Queens street, and questioned Little D about Jay's murder.

But the Jones shooting may have

By DAVID THIGPEN

been the result of a feud over song lyrics that Jones wrote insulting the younger Jordan and may be unrelated to Jay's killing. The Jordans deny involvement in the Jay murder, and a source close to Jay who preferred not to be named discounted Washington's allegations, telling ROLLING STONE, "I don't know who did it, but I know who didn't do it. Big D and Little D were real good friends of Jay's." Sources close to Jay also point out that Washington is widely known and feared around Queens as a dangerous stickup artist. Although Washington has denied involvement in Jay's death, several sources said they suspect he knows more than he is telling.

Since the killing on October 30th, 2002, police have grappled with a wide assortment of possible motives, including large personal debts owed by Jay, a drug deal gone sour, a beef involving the Murder Inc. label over rapper 50 Cent and even a possible insurance scam involving two of Jay's business partners. Detective Bernard Porter, investigator on the Jay case, says the investigation is progressing, although he is not prepared to say whether Washington's allegations are truthful.

MODERN TRIVIA

Red Hot Chili Peppers singer Anthony Kiedis appeared in the Sylvester Stallone film *F.I.S.T.* in 1978. His screen name? Cole Dammett.

THE GREATEST HITS OF FALL

As the holidays approach, rock stars prepare their best-of collections



Red Hot Chili Peppers

Title to be determined

Release date: Late November

What's on it? Hits from the last fifteen years, two new songs and a live DVD.

Worth buying? For casual fans, or for die-hards who will shell out big bucks for two new songs.



R.E.M.

In Time: The Best of R.E.M. 1988-2003

Release date: October 28th

What's on it? The band's Web site is announcing a track every other day. Included: "Man on the Moon," "The Great Beyond" and two new songs.

Worth buying? Maybe – it could save you from having to buy *Reveal*.



The Eagles

Eagles: The Very Best of

Release date: October 21st

What's on it? Two discs of career-spanning hits, from "Witchy Woman" to "Hotel California" to the new "Hole in the World," plus a DVD.

Worth buying? Only if your copy of *Their Greatest Hits 1971-1975* is totally worn out.

Also...

Other hits, rarities and live collections due this fall:

- Tori Amos, title to be determined, November 18th
- Rage Against the Machine, *Live at the Olympic Auditorium*, November 18th
- Pearl Jam rarities set, title and date to be determined
- The Grateful Dead, *The Very Best of Grateful Dead*, September 16th
- Teenage Fanclub, *Four Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Seconds: A Short Cut to Teenage Fanclub*, October 7th



Sheryl Crow

The Very Best of Sheryl Crow

Release date: November 4th

What's on it? A cover of Cat Stevens' "The First Cut Is the Deepest," in addition to the hits you'd expect.

Worth buying? Yes. Crow's albums since 1993's classic *Tuesday Night Music Club* have been spotty – and a string of spotty records often makes for a great greatest-hits disc.



Stone Temple Pilots

Thank You

Release date: November 11th

What's on it? All the hits, a new song, a Led Zeppelin cover and a DVD.

Worth buying? Yes! Hits collections are perfect for STP, who average three good songs per album.

STEVE KNOPPER

ROCK & ROLL WEDDING

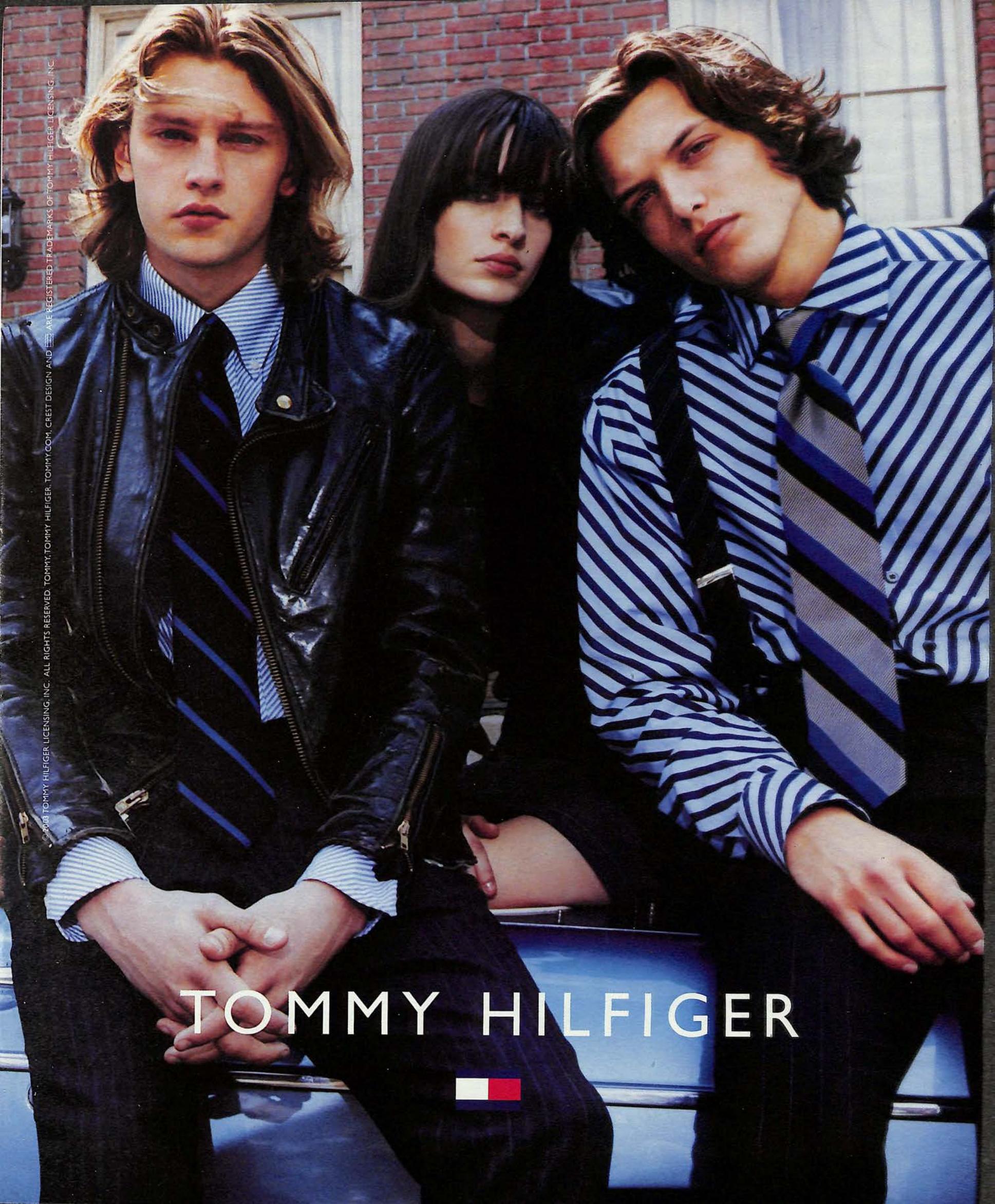


"Action!" Reed directs the happy couple.

Minister Lou Asks, "Do You?"

"Lou is one of my dear friends," says father of the bride Timothy Greenfield-Sanders, the photographer and filmmaker who shot Lou Reed's 1998 documentary *Lou Reed: Rock & Roll Heart*. "We thought it'd be fun for him to be the minister." Reed traveled to upstate New York to wed Isca Greenfield-Sanders, 24, and fellow artist Sebastian Blanck, 27. Brooklyn band the Witnesses played Reed's "Sister Ray" during lunch, and Reed read his love song "I'll Be Your Mirror." "Lou is such a techie," says Timothy. "He didn't like the sound of the mike, so he did it with his own booming voice."

AUSTIN SCAGGS



TOMMY HILFIGER



REPUBLICANS TO THE RESCUE

How the conservatives plan to protect you from record-business lawsuits

WHEN THE RECORDING Industry Association of America stepped up its battle against downloaders, it encountered an unlikely opponent: Republicans. A few key conservatives are taking up arms against the RIAA, introducing bills that favor music fans over the music business. In addition to accusing the trade group of violating due pro-

cess and invading Internet users' privacy, congressmen such as Rep. Chris Cannon have expressed outrage at "the stupidity of an industry that ought to be courting customers instead of alienating them." The RIAA must be feeling the heat: It recently appointed well-connected Republican politician Mitch Bainwol as its new chairman.

JENNY ELISCU



Sen. Norm Coleman

Minnesota

Tactic: Coleman, who has admitted to downloading music when he was mayor of St. Paul, has launched an inquiry into the RIAA's anti-piracy initiatives. **What he says:** "Theft is theft, but in this country, we don't cut off your arm or fingers for stealing."



Sen. Sam Brownback

Kansas

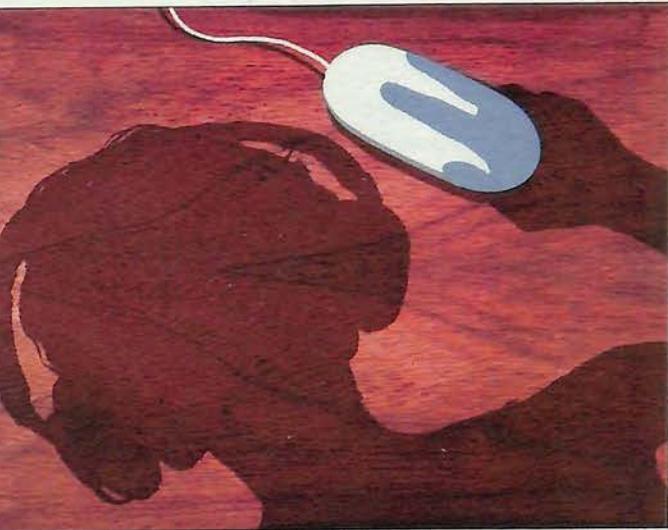
Tactic: Drafted a bill that would curtail the RIAA's ability to get users' names from service providers such as Verizon. **What he says:** "I find it untenable that any Internet subscriber's information can be obtained... without due process."



Rep. Chris Cannon

Utah

Tactic: Cannon, a co-author of the Music Online Competition Act, has demanded that the labels license music on fair terms to all legitimate downloading services. **What he says:** "The key is recognizing where technology is going and helping out."



DOWNLOADER IN FIGHT FOR PRIVACY

"Jane Doe" refuses to reveal name to RIAA

HER LAWYER CALLS HER JANE Doe. The music business calls her nycfashiongirl, which is her Kazaa screen name. She's fighting to keep her real name a secret, becoming the first individual to take a stand against the recording industry's latest attack on file traders.

In August, Jane Doe filed a legal challenge to block the Recording Industry Association of America from obtaining her identity, because it violates her right to privacy. Since June, the RIAA has run computer searches of hard drives in order to single out at least 1,075 people swapping songs on peer-to-peer services such as Kazaa. The

By WARREN COHEN

RIA then subpoenas the person's Internet service provider to obtain his name and address so that he can potentially be sued for copyright infringement.

The RIAA says it has been targeting those with a substantial amount of files on their hard drives. And the association claims that Jane Doe's hard drive contained more than 900 MP3s from such major-label artists as Madonna, Tori Amos

and Eminem. The RIAA sent her two instant messages on Kazaa with a warning: "Don't steal music." In July, when Verizon let Jane Doe know she was a target, she began calling lawyers. "She was terrified," says Daniel N. Ballard, an attorney at the Sacramento, California, law firm McDonough Holland and Allen. "She wanted to figure out how to protect herself." Ballard says his client has refused all interview requests, and he won't reveal any personal details about her.

In addition to privacy rights, her complaint offers up a legal laundry list of defenses. For instance, Jane Doe claims that making files available on a peer-to-peer network is not the same as uploading them to the Internet as is originally inferred in the law. "The law was created before peer-to-peer file sharing existed," says Ballard. "In our case, someone unknowingly put music on the Internet, but the RIAA is saying that's equivalent to distribution." The RIAA scoffs at this claim, saying that of the hundreds of songs on Jane Doe's hard drive, many had identifying computer "fingerprints" that indicate they were originally swapped on Napster.

It's a high-stakes tactic for Jane Doe. While not all those subpoenaed by the RIAA will be sued, she probably will be. As RIAA court documents note, she "will be able to raise whatever arguments she wants in the copyright-infringement action that is sure to follow."

» Obituaries



Wesley Willis

Cult hero Wesley Willis (above), who recorded more than fifty albums, died on August 21st, in Evanston, Illinois, after battling leukemia. He was forty. Willis, who weighed more than 300 pounds and suffered from schizophrenia, mastered an exceedingly simple formula: Over Casio keyboard loops, he would sing about rockers (everyone from Alanis Morissette to Fugazi) and assorted pop-culture trifles. Among his most memorable tunes are "Cut the Mullet" and "I'm Sorry That

I Got Fat." Offstage, Willis could be found head-butting fans and listening to his CD Walkman at maximum volume. He was briefly signed to Rick Rubin's American Recordings and then to Alternative Tentacles. At its most successful, his band, the Wesley Willis Fiasco, toured with Sublime and Rocket From the Crypt, and Brendan Murphy, a Fiasco member, says Willis was thrilled at that time. "I could play music for the rest of my life," says Murphy, "and it would never be like it was to tour with Wesley."

J.E.

Tony Jackson

Tony Jackson, singer and bassist for the Liverpool rock group the Searchers, died August 18th of liver disease in Nottingham, England. He was sixty-three. In the early Sixties, the Searchers topped the U.K. charts with their cover of the Drifters' "Sweets for My Sweet" and singles including "Don't Throw Your Love Away" and "Needles and Pins"; the jangly twelve-string guitar used on the latter is considered to have been a major influence on the Byrds' "I'll Feel a Whole Lot Better." L.G.

WACKO JACKO

Party Hard

How does a cash-strapped pop star cut corners for his birthday bash? He lets fans throw the fete. On August 30th, more than 2,000 Michael Jackson fans celebrated the singer's forty-fifth at the Celebration of Love gala, held in Los Angeles' Orpheum Theater. Comedian Steve Harvey MC'd, a Jackson impersonator performed and the King of Pop himself cheered from the balcony as a chorus of kids belted out "We Are the World." For those who didn't want the magic to end, an extra \$5,000 bought a ticket to Neverland.

LAUREN GITLIN



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Genre: Rock and Roll
Sound: Vibe-laden electronic sequences and infectious bouts of wordplay
Self-Owned Recording Studio: Capricorn Studios, where the band records their albums
Show Time: Honey Bucket has performed 500+ live shows
Roots: Los Angeles, CA



KIMMET

Genre: Pop Rock
Sound: The raw, powerful voice of vocalist Kimmet Cantwell gives this rock band its distinctive sound and style
Loyal Fan Base: Comprised mainly of people from Louisville, KY, where the band currently resides, and the surrounding areas
CD Sales: Over 5,000 CDs sold
Roots: Long Island, New York



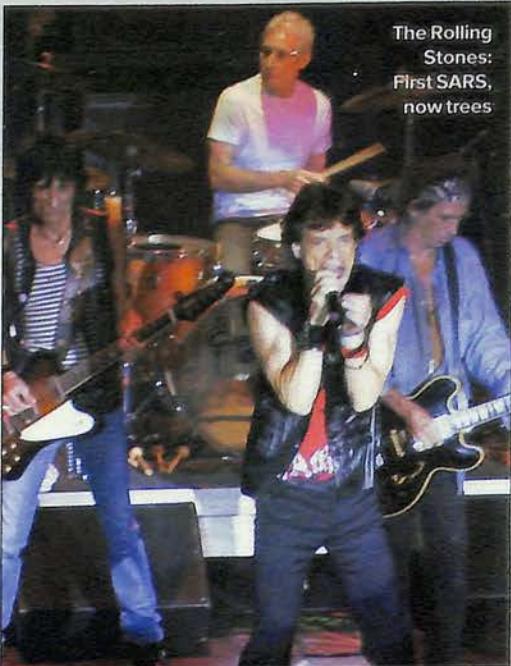
For more information on **Budweiser True Music Live** visit www.budweiser.com

ROCK & ROLL

IN THE NEWS

Ticketmaster Auctions Top Concert Seats

The concert of the future may offer every seat in the house via online auction – a front-row-center ticket could cost \$5,000, while nosebleed rows might be as cheap as four dollars. Ticketmaster will offer clients – including most U.S. concert venues – the bidding option to deter fans from buying tickets on eBay. A test-run was conducted for a Lennox Lewis-Vitali Klitschko fight in Los Angeles. The Staples Center auctioned 300 ringside seats as part of a package that included autographed boxing gloves and hospitality perks. The top pair sold for \$7,000. "By getting more money for these packages, we could keep other tickets more affordable," says Michael Roth, the arena's communications director.



The Rolling Stones: First SARS, now trees

New Guns n' Roses Song Leaked to Radio

New York Mets catcher **Mike Piazza** is a huge Guns n' Roses fan – and one of the few people to hear new material by the band. Piazza

recently received an anonymous CD in the mail marked with the G'n'R name and the word IRS – intrigued, he brought the disc to New York DJ **Eddie Trunk**, who played the track on his August 29th *Friday Night Rocks* show. Trunk claims that the next day, reps for G'n'R requested he never play the song again. "It sounded like *Illusion*-era G'n'R with a few modern touches," the DJ said on his Web site. In a statement, Axl Rose responded, "I've always been a Yankees fan. Go Clemens!"



Record Labels Stack Grammy Votes?

What would possess more than a hundred Warner Bros. employees to cut a Christmas CD? The Grammys. According to the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, any person with creative or technical credits on at least six commercially released tracks can acquire Grammy voting rights. The Warner album isn't the first time this has happened – employees at Universal and Zomba Music Group made their own CDs last year, as well. But Grammy chief Neil Portnow doesn't seem worried about the loophole affecting the awards. "It's impossible to manipulate the voting system," he says.

Rolling Stones Go Environmental

The **Rolling Stones** are coming clean for the U.S. leg of their current tour. With the aid of Future Forests, an environmental-preservation group supported by the late **Joe Strummer**, more than 2,800 trees will be

planted in Scottish forestry projects to compensate for the environmental impact of the tour. During their September tour, the Stones will play to approximately 160,000 fans; the trees are an attempt to offset the carbon dioxide emitted from cars and trains used by those traveling to the shows.

Beatles Trivia Used in Immigration Probe

Six Brazilians were denied entry into England after failing a **Beatles** trivia quiz. The travelers claimed to be part of Cavern Club Brazil, a South American Beatles fan club traveling to Liverpool to attend the Mathew Street Festival, an event honoring the legendary group. Immigration officials at London's Heathrow Airport became suspicious when the Cavern Club members were unable to answer questions such as which Beatles members were still alive. Fabiana Carvalho, the club member who organized the trip, told a London reporter that "the men at the airport just looked at our faces and decided we should not be in the country."

Reporting by Lauren Gitlin, Steve Knopper, Kirk Miller and Teri Tsang

In Other News

■ **Bobby Brown** was arrested on August 22nd in Atlanta for a violation of his probation. He will remain under house arrest for sixty days.

■ Murder Inc. rapper **D.O. Cannon** was killed in Queens, New York, on September 4th. Police are investigating whether the shooting may be connected to a feud between Murder Inc. and

Still in trouble:
Bobby Brown

Shady Records.

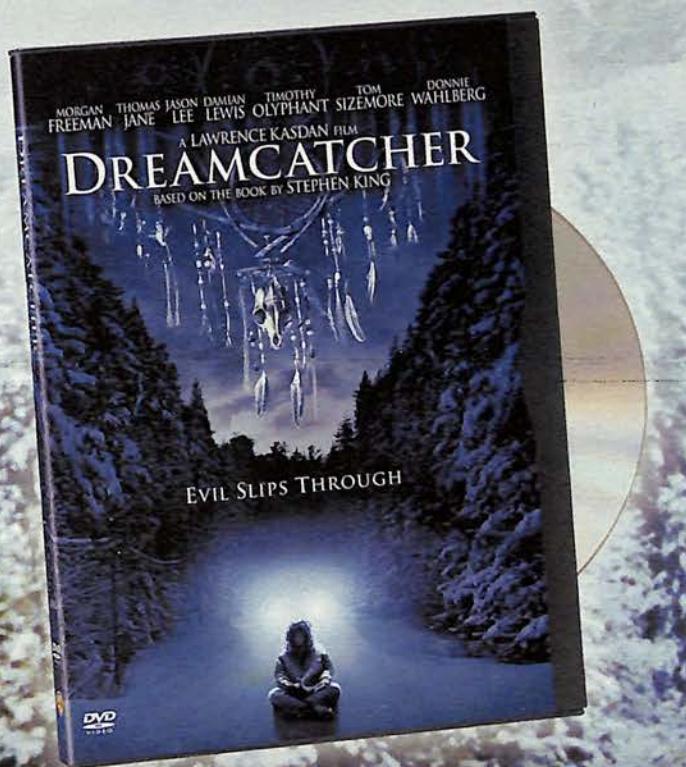
■ **Elton John** was the surprise musical guest at the Harley-Davidson 100th-birthday celebration in Milwaukee on August 31st. Crowd response was tepid.





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— Jeffrey K. Howard, ABC NEWS



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David Bowie

On Beck, his favorite Beatle and the one piece of music that makes him cry

By AUSTIN SCAGGS

EVER SINCE I WAS ABOUT SEVENTEEN, I had the hots to come to New York City," says David Bowie, 56, now a full-time resident. "It represented everything that was culturally interesting to me — *Free-wheelin'*, the Beats, Allen Ginsberg." On his twenty-sixth album, *Reality*, Bowie addresses life as a New Yorker. But instead of wallowing in a world of terror alerts and blackouts, *Reality* reflects a more optimistic view, which he attributes to the birth of his daughter Alexandria, now three years old. "When the blackout happened the other day," says Bowie, who launches a U.S. tour at the end of the year, "there were two guys who took a harpsichord from their practice pad down to the street and did a little classical concert for the whole neighborhood. Things like that were happening all over town. I was really very proud to be a New Yorker."

What is your earliest musical memory?

There was a piece of religious music that was always played on the radio

on Sunday called "O for the Wings of a Dove." I must have been about six. Not so far after that I heard "Inchworm," by Danny Kaye. They are the first two pieces of music that made any impression on me. And they both have the same weight of sadness about them. For some reason I really empathized with that.

Your first instrument was the saxophone. Why the sax?

My brother was a huge jazz fan. He played me way-out stuff like Eric Dolphy and Coltrane. I wanted a baritone, but I got an alto sax.

Did you take lessons?

Ronnie Ross — who was featured in *Downbeat* as one of the great baritone players — lived locally, so I looked in the telephone book, and I rung him up. I said, "Hi, my name is David Jones, and I'm twelve years old, and I want to play the saxophone. Can you give me lessons?" He sounded like Keith [Richards], and he said no. But I begged until he said, "If you can get yourself over here Saturday morning, I'll have a look at you." He was so cool. Much later on, when I was producing Lou Reed, we decided we needed a sax solo on the end of "Walk on the Wild Side." So I got the agent to book Ronnie Ross. He pulled out a wonderful solo in one take. Afterward I said, "Thanks, Ron. Should I come over to your house on Saturday morning?" He said, "I don't fucking believe it! You're Ziggy Stardust?"

Do you have a big collection of musical artifacts?

I've lost and broken so much — it really pisses me off. The only thing I've got that is even vaguely interesting is my Stylophone from the 1969 *Space Oddity* days. Over the years, I've given a lot to charity. You know, you think, "Oh, I can be big about this." Afterward you think, "What the fuck was I thinking?"

What instruments are you worst at playing?

Guitar, sax and piano [laughs]. And if you want proof, ask my band. I'm fairly good on a rhythm basis, but for the life of me, I couldn't play lead guitar. I stumble and bumble and make an absolute ass of myself.

Who's your favorite Beatle?

Hands down, John. He reflected



» Instant Expert



1 David Robert Jones was born on January 8th, 1947, in London.

2 In 1966, he changed his surname to Bowie, after the knife. He didn't want to be confused with the Monkees' Davy Jones.

3 One of Bowie's childhood bands, the Manish Boys, featured Jimmy Page on guitar.

4 "Fame," co-written by John Lennon, was Bowie's first Number One single, in 1975.

5 In 1992, Bowie married Somalian supermodel Iman.

The Music Q&A

"I make an absolute ass of myself on lead guitar."

everything that I wanted to do in terms of his adventurousness; he kept going out on the edge. I liked the approach of the songwriting as well, the anger just under the lid.

What musicians impress you the most now?

Beck is tremendous, the chances he takes. And I feel that when [Trent] Reznor produces his next piece, it will be really magnificent. The Dandy Warhols — they've got to be the funniest band around. Courtney [Taylor] has me in a fit from the moment he opens his mouth. When he walks into the room, I just want to put my beads on, you know?

When was the last time music made you cry?

There is one piece of music that puts me in a place that no other music does. It's called *Four Last Songs*, written by Richard Strauss. Particularly a performance by Gundula Janowitz. It can definitely bring me to tears.

Do you immediately put on music when you wake up?

Yeah, I do. I still go back to vinyl. After throwing a lot away, I must have about 2,000 albums. It's the cream of everything I've ever collected. My God, it's diverse! Everything from Delta blues to Jacques Brel. There is very little music that I don't like some aspect of — except I cannot stand country & western.

What was the last great performance that you saw?

This year, I saw Radiohead at the Beacon Theatre [in New York]. I had a shrewd suspicion that they were the best band around, and that convinced me. But I also saw Lou Reed at Town Hall. I thought that was magnificent. There was something so fundamental about what he was doing, and it gave him so much room to weave anecdotes and witticisms — things Lou is very good at. That's stimulating, because it means it doesn't matter about the age — it's about intention, integrity and the power to move people.

Golden Years

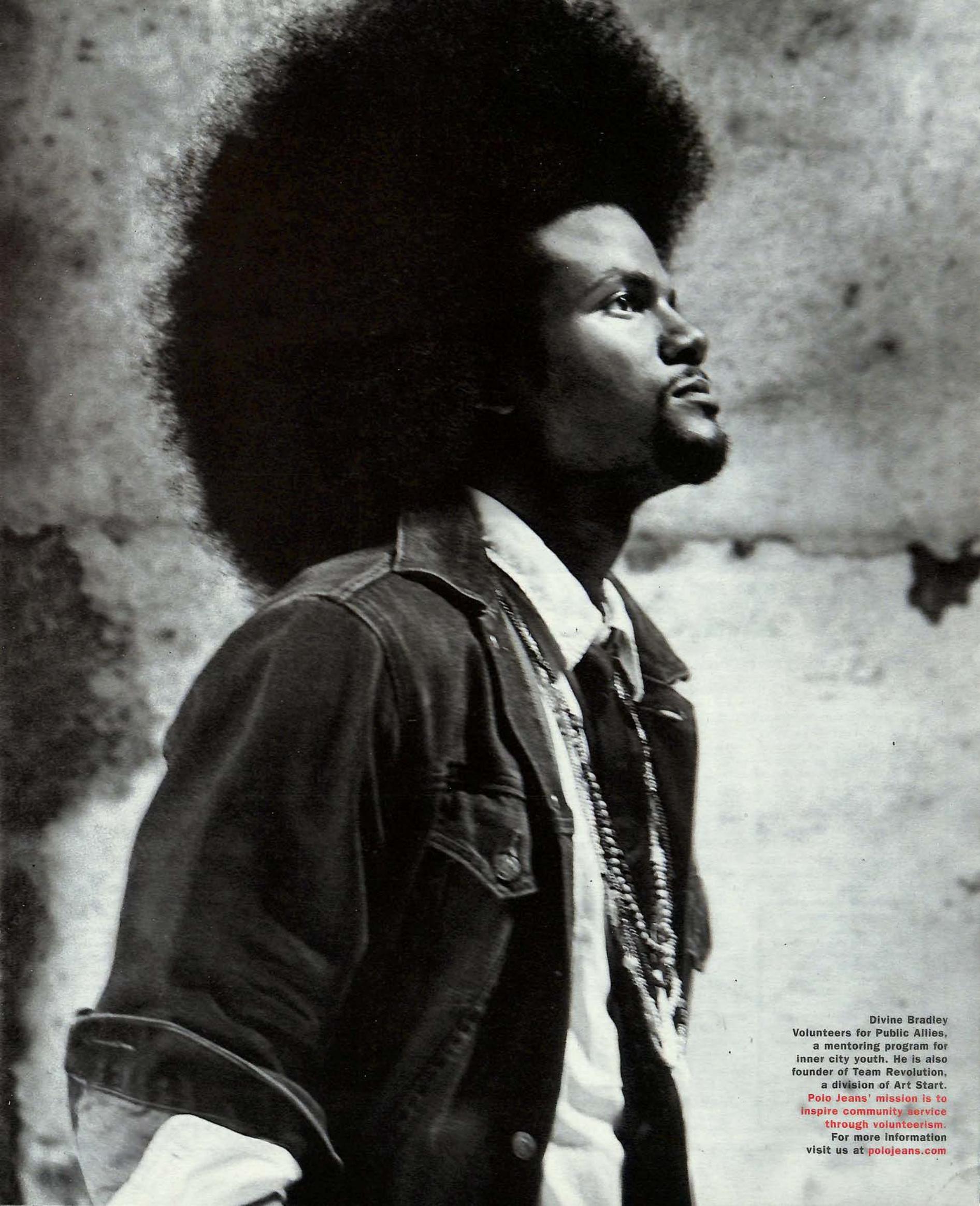
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Now Faces



They don't wear shoes onstage: Hallahan, Two Tone Tommy, James, Quaid and Cash (from left).

My Morning Jacket

Kentucky farm boys record in a grain silo, play a lot of Frisbee and make one of the coolest records this year

By CHRISTIAN HOARD

WE'RE BIG, HAIRY GUYS FROM Kentucky," says My Morning Jacket singer Jim James. Which is one way of explaining that the Louisville rock band operates without much concern for urban hipness. Onstage, its members go barefoot and play Bill Monroe's "Blue Moon of Kentucky"; they sport the kind of gnarly hair and beards that went out of style before they were born; and they recorded most of James'

vocals for their new album, *It Still Moves*, in a grain silo.

MMJ sound very little like any other band out there today. *It Still Moves* is full of atmospheric roots rock — imagine the Flaming Lips covering Neil Young — with bluesy guitars and folky melodies drenched in reverb. James cites walking as his favorite activity, which may explain the sense of little-kid wonder in his music. "My favorite songs are the sad songs," he says. "There's something about not being able to understand the world you live in that lends itself to mystery."

James formed the band with guitarist Johnny Quaid and two Louisville buddies in 1998. Their first break, strangely, came when a DJ from the Netherlands discovered MMJ's first album, *The Tennessee Fire*. "This guy said it reminded him of the music he listened to growing up," James says. "They brought us over there and made a film about how weird

it was for us to come from Kentucky, where no one gave a shit, to Holland, where people cared. It was surreal."

MMJ earned a spot opening for

Foo Fighters in July, after Dave Grohl fell in love with MMJ's second album, *At Dawn*. And though they're on the road now more than ever, they say they're happiest

chilling out in Louisville. "We play a lot of Frisbee, I guess," Quaid says. "Everybody is kind of in their own world. Our slogan is, 'Don't think about anything too much.'"

VITAL STATISTICS

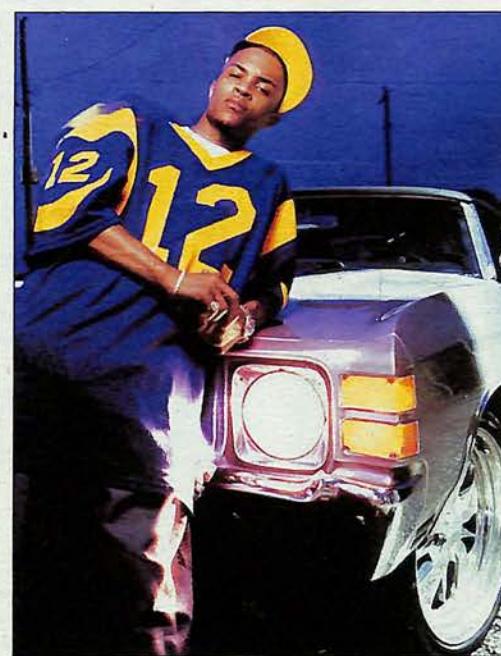
Who: Jim James, 25 (vocals); Johnny Quaid, 26 (guitar); Danny Cash, 26, (keyboards); Two Tone Tommy, 25 (bass); Patrick Hallahan, 25 (drums)

Previous day jobs: Coffee-shop lackey (James); farmworker (Quaid); graphic designer (Cash); video-store clerk (Two Tone Tommy); waiter and sous-chef (Hallahan).

Jim James' top five albums: Led Zeppelin, *Physical Graffiti*; Etta James, *At Last*; Marvin Gaye, *What's Going On*; John Prine, *John Prine*; James, *Laid*.

Jacket Strip Down

The Kentucky rockers unplugged at rollingstone.com/mymorningjacket



T.I. and the twenty-four-inch rims that inspired his hit

T.I.

Atlanta rapper takes off on "24's"

Who: Clifford Harris, whose second album, *Trap Muzik*, debuted at Number Four on the strength of the bangin' club hit "24's."

Sound: *Trap Muzik* is all about hook-filled Dirty South bounce, with T.I. delivering ghetto vignettes in a honeyed, ultrasmooth drawl.

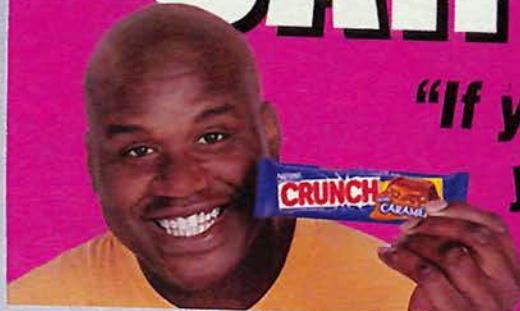
Beating the trap: T.I. hopes his record will help persuade young people to avoid the drug-dealing "trap" of his teenage years. "The dope war is the cornerstone of the underworld," he says. "From thirteen to twenty — that's how long I was selling dope."

Hammer time: Along with his uncle, T.I. runs New Finish Construction in Atlanta. "We basically take run-down properties and renovate 'em," T.I. says. "It's a way to find adequate housing for people in the ghetto."

Hollywood hustler: T.I. hopes to get into acting soon, but he's had limited success so far. "I read for the lead role in *Drumline*," he says. "But I think I was too ghetto for that."

C.H.
SAM ERICKSON (MY MORNING JACKET); KEVIN KNIGHT (T.I.)

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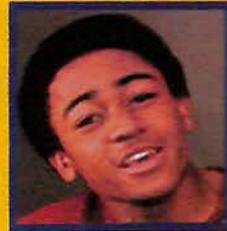
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Random Notes

AT THE VIDEO MUSIC AWARDS

After Eminem did the "I'm not worthy" bow to Madonna backstage, she said, "Get up, boy. We're from the same town."



MTV Awards Fail to Suck

Millions report "funny feeling" while watching Britney-Madonna kiss

WHEN THE ANNUAL MTV glitzfest of the Video Music Awards begins with Britney slipping Madonna some Louisiana tongue, you can feel certain that your night in front of the TV is going to be quality time. Indeed, this year's VMAs had many moments of greatness, from that opening "Like a Virgin" number onward. The Roots' Ahmir Thompson summed it up best. "Nothing beats the lesbo action," he said backstage. "But if Madonna made out with Missy [Elliott], I would have shot a wad from the seventieth row."

Chris Rock was his usual sacred-cow-humping self, praising

A wiped-out Rock hit Maverick Records' party post-show.

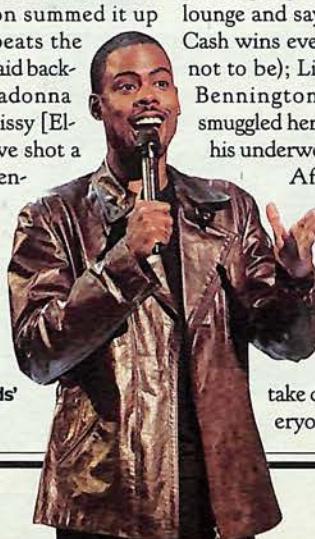
Serena and Venus Williams for beating "the crap out of more white girls than Rick James" and dissing Good Charlotte as "more like a mediocre Green Day."

Elsewhere during the show at New York's Radio City Music Hall on August 28th: Puffy with a bottle of Hennessy stashed under his seat; White Stripes drummer Meg White puffing cigarettes in the ladies' lounge and saying, "I hope Johnny Cash wins everything" (alas, it was not to be); Linkin Park's Chester Bennington admitting that he smuggled herb through security in his underwear. Yes!

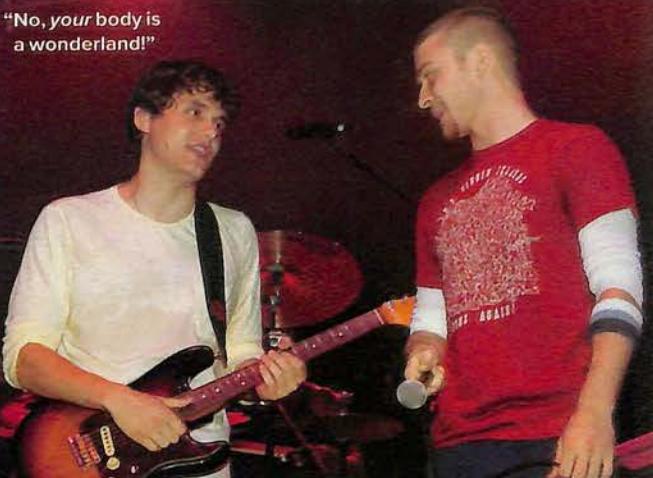
After the show, Mya filed a police report about a \$45,000 watch that was stolen from her dressing room. Iggy Pop went back to his hotel to take care of his dog and everyone else partied. First



The perfect romantic evening in New York: a guy, a girl and twenty-five bodyguards. Though 50 Cent and Vivica A. Fox deny they're a couple, they were spotted holding hands and canoodling all over town. Before the show started, 50 had this to say: "It's cool if I lose to Eminem. I'm just gonna take the trophies. I need 'em. I cleared out some space in the case and everything." No worries: The P.I.M.P. took home two Moonmen.



"No, your body is a wonderland!"



John Mayer Gets Justified

John Mayer didn't go to the VMAs — he had a concert in New Jersey — but he did show up to play guitar for Justin Timberlake's post-show concert at Roseland. "Justin and I have been trying to get on the same stage for the last year," says Mayer. "When he asked me backstage what song I wanted to play guitar on, I said, 'All of them.' I loved just playing guitar in the background and enjoying the music rather than being responsible for it."



Could She Possibly Be Cuter?

Scientific studies show the answer is: No. Post-VMAs, Beyoncé partied with her beau Jay-Z, at his Manhattan club, 40/40. Reportedly, she and her forty-deep entourage were on the list for Good Charlotte's party at Lotus — they didn't go.

Coldplay's Chris Martin is stumping for maketradefair.com, an Oxfam campaign to reform world trade. He's got the campaign slogan scrawled on his piano, too.

Random Notes

AT THE VIDEO MUSIC AWARDS

"I'm just curious what ol' Michael Jackson had to say about our version," says Hammett (right).



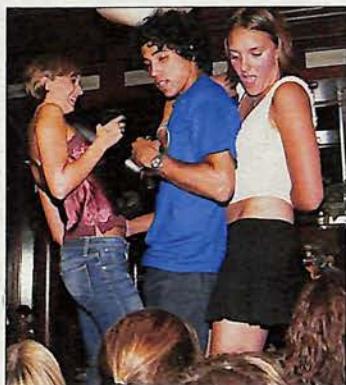
Metallica Kill 'Em at Club Gig

"We're gonna play what we fucking want to play!" said Metallica's Kirk Hammett prior to a Bowery Ballroom show in front of 500 lucky fans. They pulled out nugs from *Kill 'Em All* and *Master of Puppets* and riffed on "Beat It," which they performed the night after at the VMAs. "We'll be hearing from our fans about that for years," Hammett said. "Usually it takes time for the fallout to disperse."

stop: Justin Timberlake's after-show concert at Roseland. It was an all-star affair, with Pharrell Williams and Timbaland re-creating their cameos from *Justified*, along with guest guitarist John Mayer. After he finished the Britney-breakup ballad "Cry Me a River," Timberlake started to sing, "You're so vain/I bet you think this song is about you... because it is." Ouch!

Downtown, Good Charlotte threw a party at Lotus for a few hundred of their closest friends. Kelly Osbourne, Avril Lavigne and members of Green Day, Evanescence and Linkin Park played one of the most popular games of the post-VMA festivities: Avoid the Hilton sisters. While the boys were running away from Nicky and Paris, Osbourne and Lavigne reportedly skipped out on their bar bill—though it must have been soda, since they're both underage.

It was wall-to-wall sex at Maverick chieftain Guy Oseary's bash at the



Real World Paris dweeb Adam King is a sandwich after the VMAs. Why?

Four Seasons restaurant. Gisele! Jessica Alba! Nicole Kidman! Britney getting down to Madonna's "Holiday"! Models dancing on tables and hiking up skirts! Everywhere you looked, there was another freakishly beautiful woman in skimpy clothing. Also, Q-Tip, Metallica, Rob Zombie and Ben Stiller were there, but no one noticed.

P. Diddy stopped by for inspiration before hitting his own soiree at Show, which kicked off at 2 A.M. Confetti exploded above the dance floor after every song, as Diddy presided over a throng of celebs. By 3:30, it was so crowded that cops on horseback had the place surrounded, turning away the crowd. Among those shut out: Pharrell Williams. "I'm late, man," he lamented. "I know it's jumpin' in there."

Done Dirrt Cheap

Aguilera's pin at the VMA parties had a confession. But we'll believe it when we see the video.



By Austin Scaggs & Rob Sheffield

The Question Is What did you think of the Madonna kisses?

Kirk Hammett of Metallica: "The last time I saw three girls making out was about a week and a half ago."

Dave Navarro: "Isn't it weird that Madonna looks younger than Britney and Christina?"

Britney Spears: "Awesome!"

Christina Aguilera: "It was very soft, very loving."

Fred Durst: "Britney is fucking stunning. Undeniable."

Jimmy Fallon: "I don't see what the big deal is. It's 2003, right? I liked them singing together—that was cooler."

Jack Black: "If you noticed, Madonna didn't give Christina as much tongue. She didn't want those sores on top of her mouth."

Mandy Moore: "That was pretty ballsy. It looked like there was a little tongue or something."

Justin Timberlake: "I would've rather chimed in from onstage, but they didn't invite me, now, did they?"



Yo! Bum-Rush the Show

"Sometimes awards shows get boring," says professional party crasher Nicholas Sixx King, who for the second time sneaked onstage for the Video of the Year presentation. (Remember 2001, when he called himself the fifth Lady Marmalade?) King (center) found it especially easy to squeeze himself onstage next to Snoop Dogg. "Friends of mine posed as paparazzi, and I snuck onto the red carpet," he says. "At that point, you're a celebrity."



Hello, Jessica

"It's all about turning heads," says Jessica Simpson, who busted out an Armani pantsuit for the VMAs. But who got to remove the double-sided tape? "I'd had a couple of glasses of wine," she reports. "I just ripped it off."

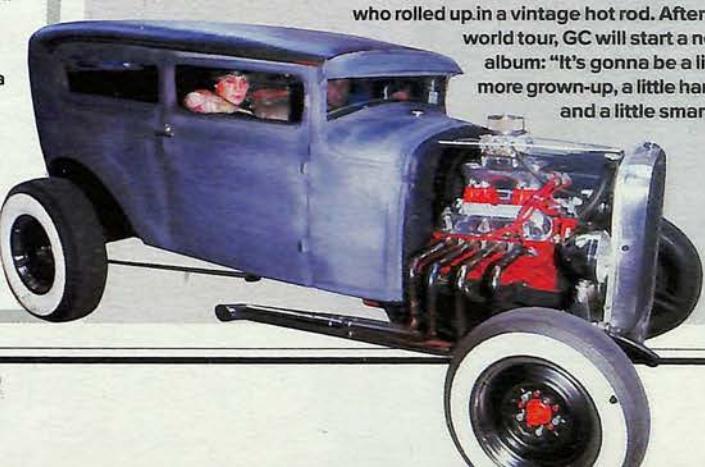
Working It

What did Missy Elliott think about the "Like a Virgin" kiss? "I was like, 'Did that just happen?'" she says—and she got to see it up close in rehearsal. The night before the VMAs, Elliott threw a party at Show, holding court in the VIP balcony with P. Diddy, the Yankees' Derek Jeter and Lil' Kim. Pink was on the scene, sipping gin and juice. "It was so packed," says Elliott protégée Tweet (left). "It was incredible. Missy performed her song that's coming out soon called 'Pass the Dutchie.' It was off the hook!"



Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous

"Last year we were seat fillers," says Joel Madden of Good Charlotte, who rolled up in a vintage hot rod. After a world tour, GC will start a new album: "It's gonna be a little more grown-up, a little harder and a little smarter."



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- JEFFREY LYONS, NBC

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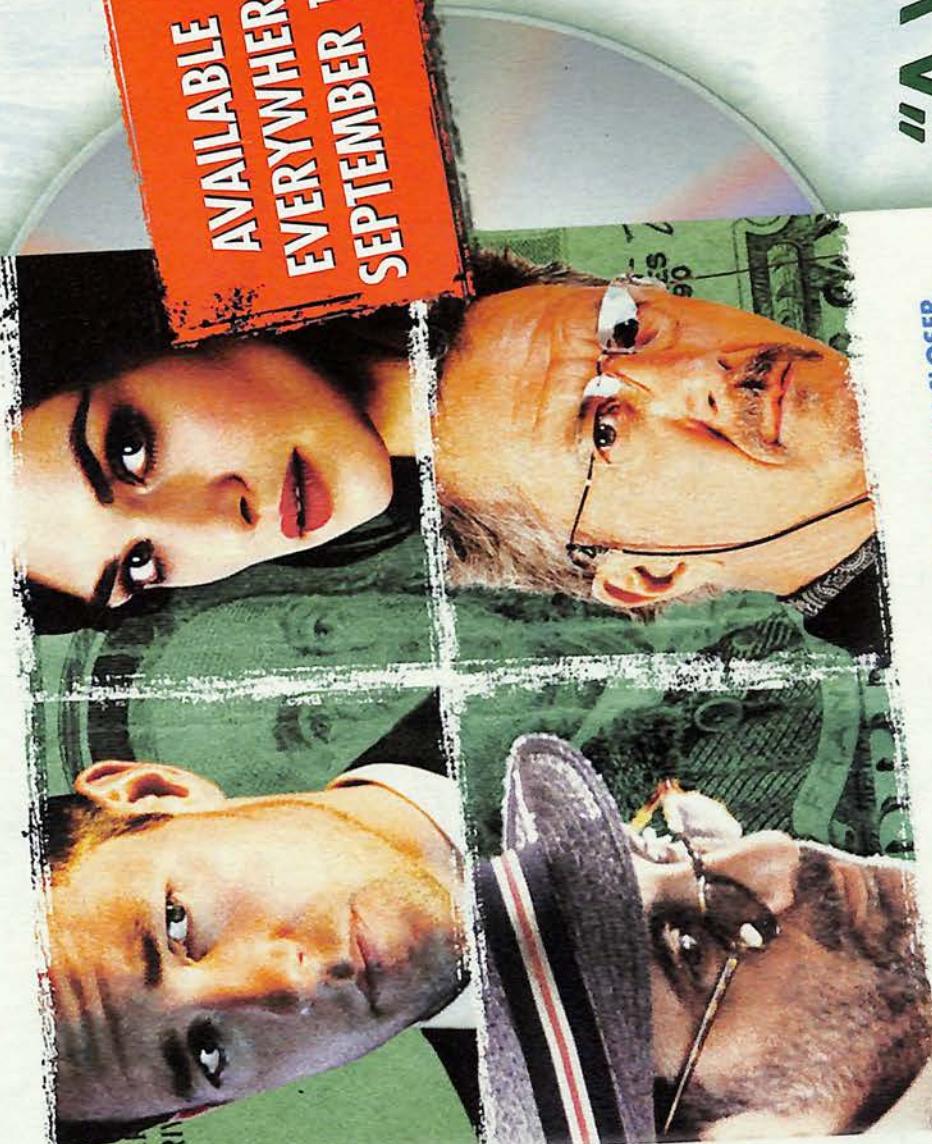
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How Bush Gets Away With It

Endless wars, tax giveaways, budget deficits – the president is playing by a radical new set of rules, while the media and the Democrats give him a free ride



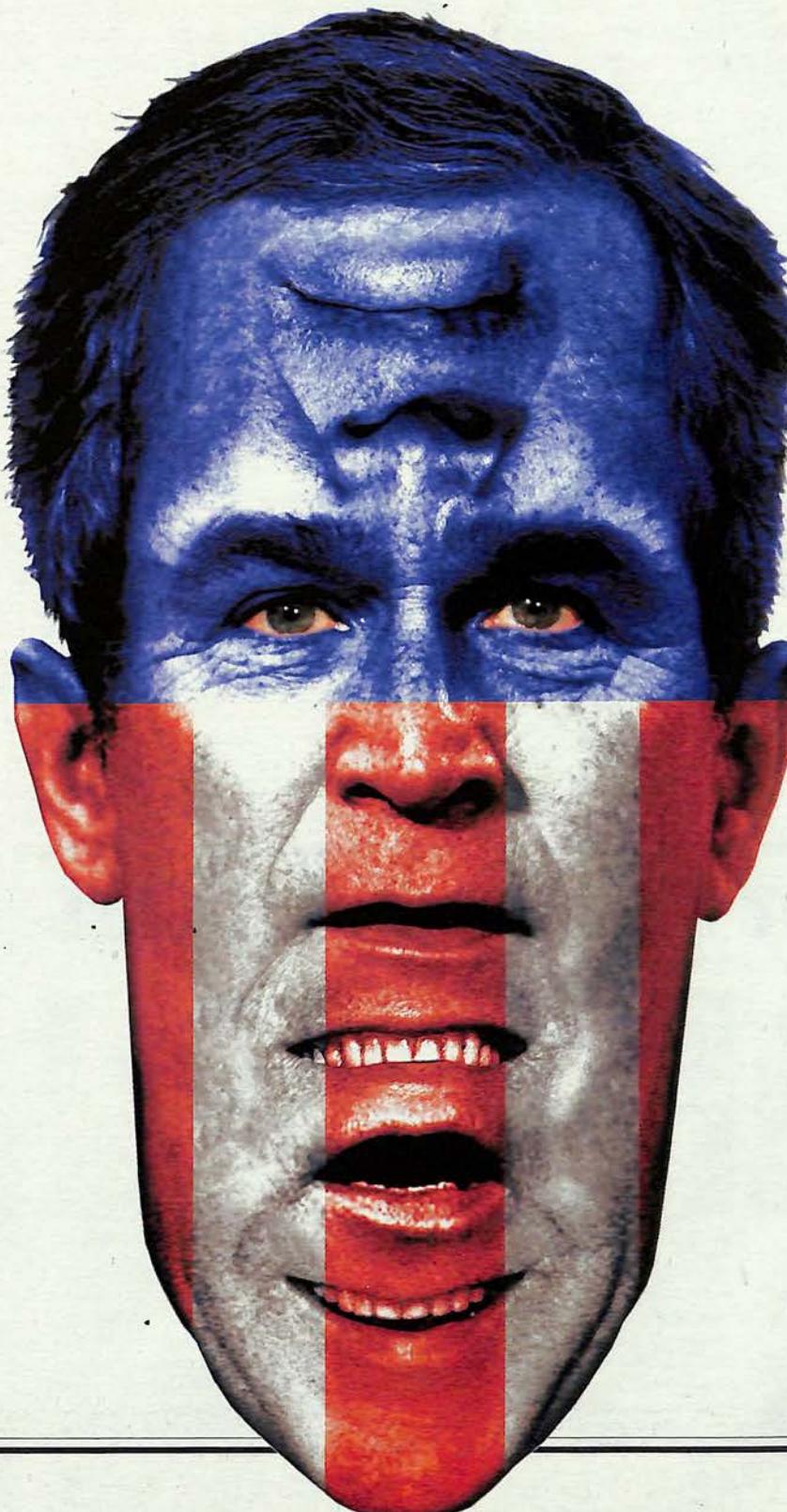
THE SATIRICAL WEEKLY *The Onion* describes itself as "America's finest news source" – and for the last few years that has been the literal truth. Its mock news story for January 18th, 2001, reported a speech in which President-elect George W. Bush declared, "Our long national nightmare of peace and prosperity is finally over."

And so it has turned out.

A lot has happened in this country since Bush took office – stock-market decline and business scandal, energy crisis and environmental backsliding, budget deficits and recession, terrorism and troubled alliances, and now, finally, war. Beyond the headlines, however, there's a political story that runs through much of what has happened: the story of the rise and growing dominance of a radical political movement, right here in the U.S.A. I'm talking, of course, about America's radical right – a movement that now effectively controls the White House, Congress, much of the judiciary and a good slice of the media. The dominance of that movement changes everything: Old rules about politics and policy no longer apply.

Most people have been slow to realize just how awesome a sea change has taken place. During the 2000 election, many people thought that nothing much was at stake; during the first two years of the Bush administration, many pundits insisted that its radically conservative bent was only a temporary maneuver, that Bush would tack back to the center after solidifying his base. And the public still has little sense of how radical our leading politicians really are. A striking example: In the fall of 2001, when focus groups were asked to react to Republican proposals for a retroactive corporate tax cut, members of the focus groups literally refused to believe the group leaders' description of the policy.

Even many liberals didn't make much fuss about Bush's fiscal irresponsibility. A massive tax cut isn't a good idea, they said,



but it isn't all that important. But by 2003, we saw the unprecedented spectacle of an administration proposing huge additional tax cuts not just in the face of record deficits but in the middle of a war. ("Nothing is more important in the face of a war than cutting taxes," declared House Majority Leader Tom DeLay.)

Another example: Those who suggested that Republicans would exploit September 11th for political advantage were widely denounced for undermining national unity. Yet they did – indeed, during the 2002 election campaign, Republican supporters ran ads linking Democratic Sen. Tom Daschle with Saddam Hussein.

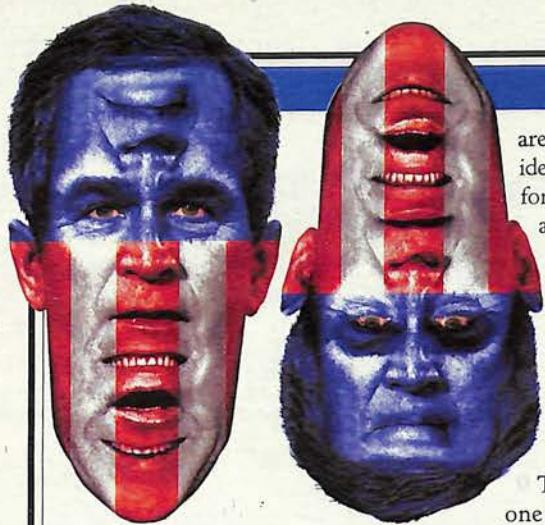
What is happening, and why have most people been so slow to come to grips with the reality? I recently discovered a book that describes the situation almost perfectly. It's not a new book by a liberal, writing about contemporary America; it's an old book by, of all people, Henry Kissinger, about nineteenth-century diplomacy.

BACK IN 1957, KISSINGER – THEN A brilliant, iconoclastic young Harvard scholar, with his career as cynical political manipulator and crony capitalist still far in the future – published his doctoral dissertation, *A World Restored*. One wouldn't think that a book about the reconstruction of Europe after the battle of Waterloo is relevant to U.S. politics in the twenty-first century. But the first three pages of Kissinger's book sent chills down my spine, because they seem all too relevant to current events.

Kissinger describes the problems confronting a heretofore stable diplomatic system when it is faced with a "revolutionary power" – a power that does not accept that system's legitimacy. He had in mind the France of Robespierre and Napoleon, but it seems clear to me that one should regard America's right-wing movement as a revolutionary power in Kissinger's sense – that is, a movement whose leaders do not accept the legitima-

★
BY PAUL KRUGMAN

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



cy of our current political system.

Am I overstating the case? In fact, there's ample evidence that key elements of the coalition that now runs the country believe that some long-established American political and social institutions should not, in principle, exist — and do not accept the rules that the rest of us have taken for granted.

Consider, for example, the welfare state as we know it — programs such as Social Security, unemployment insurance and Medicare. If you read literature emanating from the Heritage Foundation, which drives the Bush administration's economic ideology, you discover a very radical agenda: Heritage doesn't just want to scale back such programs, it regards their very existence as a violation of basic principles.

Or consider foreign policy. Since World War II the United States has built its foreign policy around international institutions and has tried to make it clear that it is not an old-fashioned imperialist power, which uses military force as it sees fit. But if you follow the foreign-policy views of the neoconservative intellectuals who fomented the war with Iraq, you learn that they have contempt for all that — Richard Perle, chairman of a key Pentagon advisory board, dismissed the "liberal conceit of safety through international law administered by international institutions." They aren't hesitant about the use of force; one prominent thinker close to the administration, Michael Ledeen of the American Enterprise Institute, declared that "we

are a warlike people, and we love war." The idea that war in Iraq is just a pilot project for a series of splendid little wars seemed, at first, a leftist fantasy — but many people close to the administration have made it clear that they regard this war as only a beginning. A senior State Department official, John Bolton, told Israeli officials that after Iraq the United States would "deal with" Syria, Iran and North Korea.

Nor is even that the whole story. The separation of church and state is one of the fundamental principles of the U.S. Constitution. But Tom DeLay has told constituents that he is in office to promote a "biblical worldview" — and that his relentless pursuit of Bill Clinton was motivated by Clinton's failure to share that view. (DeLay has also denounced the teaching of evolution in schools, going so far as to blame that teaching for the shootings at Columbine High School.)

There's even some question about whether the people running the country accept the idea that legitimacy flows from the democratic process. Paul Gigot of the *Wall Street Journal* famously praised the "bourgeois riot" in which violent protesters shut down a vote recount in Miami. (The rioters, it

was later revealed, weren't angry citizens; they were paid political operatives.) Meanwhile, according to the president's close friend Don Evans, now secretary of commerce, Bush believes that he was called by God to lead the nation. Perhaps this explains why the disputed election of 2000 didn't seem to inspire any caution or humility on the part of the victors.

Suppose, for a moment, that you took the picture I have just painted seriously. You would conclude that the people now in charge really don't like America as it is. If you combine their apparent agendas, the goal would seem to be something like this:

a country that basically has no social safety net at home, which relies mainly on military force to enforce its will abroad, in which schools don't teach evolution but do teach religion and — possibly — in which elections are only a formality.

Yet those who take the hard-line rightists now in power at their word, and suggest that they may really attempt to realize such a radical goal, are usually accused of being "shrill," of going over the top. Surely, says the conventional wisdom, we should discount the rhetoric: The goals of the right are more limited than this picture suggests. Or are they?

Back to Kissinger. His description of the baffled response of established powers in the face of a revolutionary challenge works equally well as an account of how the American political and media establishment has responded to the radicalism of the Bush administration in the past two years:

"Lulled by a period of stability that had seemed permanent, they find it nearly impossible to take at face value the assertion of the revolutionary power that it means to smash the existing framework. The defenders of the status quo therefore tend to begin by treating the revolutionary power as if its protestations were merely tactical, as if it really

accepted the existing legitimacy but overstated its case for bargaining purposes, as if it were motivated by specific grievances to be assuaged by limited concessions. Those who warn against the danger in time are considered alarmists; those who counsel adaptation to circumstance are considered balanced and sane. . . . But it is the essence of a revolutionary power that it possesses the courage of its convictions, that it is willing, indeed eager, to push its principles to their ultimate conclusion."

As I said, this passage sent chills down my spine, because it explains so well the otherwise baffling process by which the ad-

ministration has been able to push radical policies through, with remarkably little scrutiny or effective opposition. To elaborate, let me talk about two big examples: the tax cuts of 2001 and the Iraq war of 2003.

WAR AND ECONOMIC POLICY seem, on the surface, to have little in common — and in normal times they play very differently on the political scene. Yet there was a striking similarity between the selling of Bush's tax cuts and the selling of his Iraq war.

In 1999, candidate Bush introduced his original tax-cut proposal to solidify his right-wing credentials and fend off a Republican-primary challenge from Steve Forbes. Anyone familiar with recent political history knew that Forbes represented a wing of the Republican Party that always wants more tax cuts for the rich, regardless of economic circumstances. A clear-eyed assessment should have been that Bush had signed on to that position, and thus that his goals were very radical — as they have turned out to be. As Dan Altman of the *New York Times* points out, if you take the administration's tax proposals as a group, they effectively achieve a longstanding goal of the radical right: an end to all taxes on income from capital, moving us to a system in which only wages are taxed — a system, if you like, in which earned income is taxed but unearned income is not.

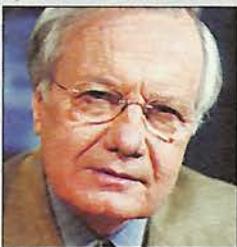
The point is that on the matter of taxes, the right had more or less declared its intention to — as Kissinger put it — "smash the existing framework," in this case the framework of the American tax system as we know it. Yet the American political and media establishment couldn't believe that Bush would really try to achieve that goal. Despite the evident radicalism of the people behind the Bush policy, moderates convinced themselves that Bush's aims were limited, and that he could be appeased with a limited victory. Furthermore, unwilling to admit Bush's radical goals, moderates accepted at face value his administration's ever-shifting rationales for its unchanging policy. At first, tax cuts were about returning an excessive surplus to the people — and many Democratic senators, alas, voted for the 2001 tax cut on that basis. Then, as the surplus vanished, tax cuts were about providing short-run economic stimulus. Then, as it became clear that they weren't serving that purpose, tax cuts were about promoting long-run growth. Even now, with the deficit projected to hit \$480 billion next year, many well-meaning politicians and journalists find it hard to face up to the truth.

But what about the war?

People who followed debates about foreign policy knew that an important faction of the right was as determined to have a war in the Middle East as another faction was to cut taxes. Back in 1992, Paul Wolfowitz, then undersecretary of defense (and now deputy secretary), tried to make what is now known as the "Bush doctrine" our official de-

Don't Get Fooled Again

Not all journalists go easy on Bush. A few who ask the tough questions:



Bill Moyers

The veteran journalist uses his PBS show *Now* to document Bush's "stealth war on the environment," calling it "payback time for their rich donors."



Joe Conason

The author of *Big Lies* details Bush's "ridiculous" effort to distance himself from Enron and his misplaced compassion for "the unfair burdens of the rich."



Greg Palast

His *Best Democracy Money Can Buy* exposes how Bush stole the election; a recent *Boston Globe* column reveals how GOP cronyism led to the blackout in August.



Molly Ivins and Lou Dubose

The authors of the bio *Shrub*, who spent years following Bush, call him a "CEO's wet dream" and a "wholly owned subsidiary of corporate America."



Dana Milbank

The *Washington Post* correspondent spells out Bush's record of "embroidering key assertions" on Iraq, outlining his "distortions and exaggerations."

fense posture: The document he wrote called for intervention in Iraq and the legitimization of pre-emptive attacks on other countries. Dick Cheney, then secretary of defense, initially endorsed that view. He backed off in the face of public protest, but he and a number of others now in key administration positions continued to agitate for an Iraq war, and the adoption of pre-emption as a regular policy, through the 1990s.

Given this background, it should have been obvious that the proposed invasion of Iraq, like the tax cut, wasn't really a response to current events (in this case September 11th); it was part of a pre-existing and much more radical agenda. Yet as in the case of the tax cut, the political and media establishment couldn't bring itself to accept that the right actually meant to pursue the goals it had declared. Instead, most people accepted as sincere the ever-shifting ostensible rationales offered by the Bush administration. A war with Iraq was at first justified by alleged ties between Saddam Hussein and Al Qaeda. When no evidence was found for that link, despite intense efforts, the issue became Saddam's alleged nuclear program. Concerns about such a program helped convince many moderates that a war with Iraq was a good idea, and Congress gave Bush a green light to proceed with a war.

Eventually, the case for believing in an Iraqi nuclear program was discredited. One of the two key pieces of evidence, Iraq's purchase of aluminum tubes, turned out to be a misinterpretation: The tubes weren't suitable for their alleged purpose, uranium enrichment. The other key piece, documents allegedly showing Iraqi purchases of uranium from Niger, were revealed to be inept forgeries. But by then, Bush was pushing the idea that America, by installing a democratic government in Iraq, would generate a wave of democratization across the region—an idealistic goal that, once again, drew support from many well-meaning moderates. Only once the war was well under way did James Woolsey, widely believed to be in line for a top post in the occupation government, declare the war in Iraq to be the start of a "fourth world war" (with the Cold War as number three), a conflict that would involve Syria and Iran as well as Iraq.

There's a pattern here; in fact, pretty much the same story can be told about energy policy, environmental policy, health-care policy, education policy and so on. In each case the officials making policy within the Bush administration have a history of highly radical views, which should suggest that the administration itself has radical goals. But in each case the administration has reassured moderates by pretending otherwise—by offering rationales for its policy that don't seem all that radical. And in each case moderates have followed a strategy of appeasement, trying to meet the administration halfway while downplaying both the radicalism of its policies and the trail of broken promises. The young Kissinger had it right: People who have

Deconstructing Bush

It's not hard to understand White House policy: Just assume the worst

1 Don't assume that policy proposals make sense in terms of their stated goals.

A revolutionary power knows what it wants and will make whatever argument advances that goal. David Wessel of the *Wall Street Journal* wrote about a White House aide who said one thing on the record and the opposite off the record; when Wessel protested, the aide replied, "Why would I lie? Because that's what I'm supposed to do. Lying to the press doesn't prick anyone's conscience."

2 Do some homework to discover the real goals.

The way to understand a policy is to look at what its architects want before they try to sell their plans to the public. When

you learn that the official now in charge of forest policy is a former timber-industry lobbyist, you can surmise that the "healthy forests" initiative, under which logging companies will be allowed to cut down more trees, isn't about preventing forest fires.

3 Don't assume that the usual rules of politics apply.

Washington has long had a routine for scandal: Some awkward facts come out about an official, the press plays up the story, the official is quietly urged to resign. But the same story line doesn't apply to the Bush administration. Stephen Griles, a coal-industry lobbyist who was named deputy interior secretary, intervened in an energy-exploration dispute on behalf of a former client; he's still there. Richard Perle, chairman of the Defense Policy Advisory Board, had business dealings that raised questions about conflict of interest—but he took only a token demotion and is still there.

A revolutionary power, which does not regard the existing system as legitimate, doesn't feel obliged to play by the rules.

4 Expect a revolutionary power to respond to criticism by attacking.

A revolutionary power also doesn't accept the right of others to criticize its actions. Anyone who raises questions can expect a counterattack; last April, when Sen. John Kerry called for "regime change in the United States," Republican leaders questioned his patriotism. According to the *Washington Post*, "GOP lawmakers and lobbyists say the tactics the Bush administration uses on friends and allies have been uniquely fierce and vindictive." Or as Henry Kissinger puts it, "The distinguishing feature of a revolutionary power is not that it feels threatened...but that nothing can reassure it. Only absolute security—the neutralization of the opponent—is considered a sufficient guarantee."

5 Don't think that there's a limit to a revolutionary power's objectives.

The right may move us to a tax system in which poor people pay a higher share of their income than rich people, but it won't take us to a system in which rich people actually pay less than poor people—or will it? The right may go on from Iraq to Syria and Iran, but it won't start threatening already democratic countries with military force—or will it? I don't know where the right's agenda stops, but I have learned never to assume that it can be appeased through limited concessions. Pundits who predict moderation on the part of the Bush administration, on any issue, have been consistently wrong.

P.K.



The media keep their distance from Bush, rather than taking a closer look at his real goals.

been accustomed to stability can't bring themselves to believe what is happening when faced with a revolutionary power, and are therefore ineffective in opposing it.

I AM NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHY THIS IS happening—why we are now faced with such a radical challenge to our political and social system. Rich people did very well in the 1990s; why this hatred of anything that looks remotely like income redistribution? Corporations have flourished; why this urge to strip away modest environmental regulation? Churches of all denominations have prospered; why this attack on the separation of church and state? American power and influence have never been greater; why this drive to de-

stroy our alliances and embark on military adventures? Nonetheless, it's increasingly clear that the right wants to do all these things.

A growing number of people are starting to realize just how serious the situation is. Maybe Andy Rooney of CBS' *60 Minutes* put it best: "The only real good news will be when this terrible time in American history is over."

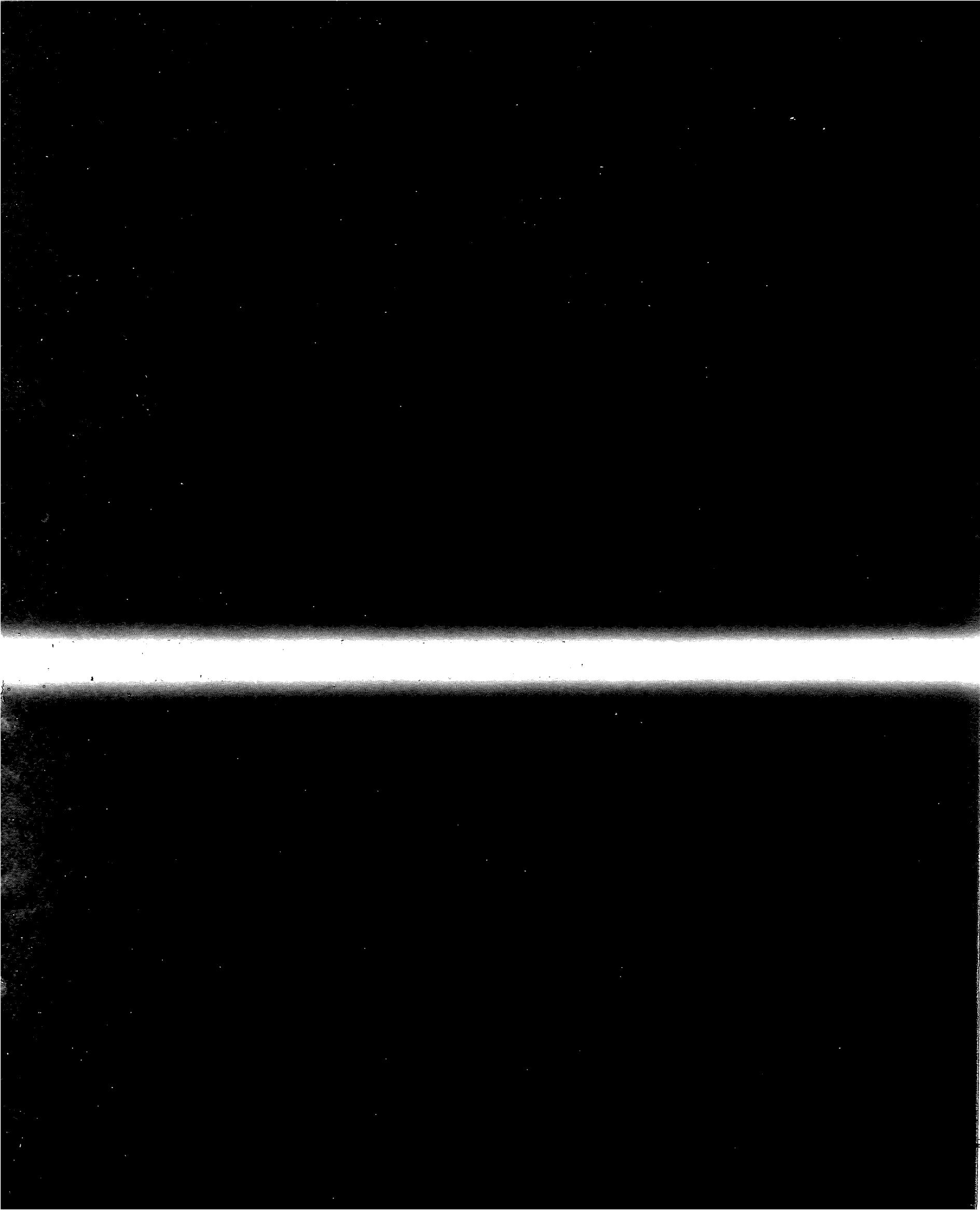
What can bring that real good news closer?

To hope for a turnaround, you have to believe that most Americans don't really support the right's agenda—that the country as a whole is more generous, more tolerant and less militaristic than the people now running it. I think that's true. Without

the right's success in obscuring its aims and wrapping itself in the flag, I believe that most Americans would strongly oppose the direction this country is going.

I have a vision—maybe just a hope—of a great revolution: a moment in which the American people look at what is happening, realize how their good will and patriotism have been abused and put a stop to this drive to destroy much of what is best in our country. How and when this moment will come, I don't know. But one thing is clear: It cannot happen unless we all make an effort to see the truth about what is happening.

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Blue Movies

Common and Chuck D rapping with Muddy's old band? This and more in seven films on the blues, overseen by Martin Scorsese

By Anthony DeCurtis

HELEN DIXIE WAS ABLE TO TAKE THE blues and put them on steroids," says Chuck D in *Godfathers and Sons*, one of seven documentaries that are part of *Martin Scorsese Presents the Blues*, which will air on PBS beginning Sunday, September 28th. "You don't copy his techniques, you copy his mind-set."

That statement could serve as the guiding principle for these movies. Just as Jimi Hendrix transformed the blues into genre-shattering psychedelic rock, these films attempt both to honor the history of the music and to demonstrate its ongoing life and significance. Most provocatively, they look at the music's complex racial history — its African origins, its rural roots in slavery and sharecropping in the American South, its urban electrification after World War II in Chicago, its key function in the creation of rock & roll in the Fifties and its revival by British musicians in the Sixties. In the course of that journey, the audience for the blues shifted from black to almost exclusively white. This series not only examines how and why that happened, it is determined to rectify it.

In *Godfathers and Sons*, Chuck D and Marshall Chess, the son of Leonard Chess, one of the founders of the Chicago blues label Chess Records, orchestrate a jam between Chuck, the rapper Common and the musicians who backed Muddy Waters on *Electric Mud*, the bluesman's controversial 1968 venture into psychedelia. In *Feel Like Going Home* — directed by Scorsese, who is executive producer of the series — guitarist Corey Harris travels to Mali to tie the binds between African and American musicians. Chris Thomas King, who played Tommy Johnson in *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* and who has long explored the links between blues and hip-hop (his most recent album is called *Dirty South Hip-Hop Blues*), takes the role of holy



Blues brother: Chuck D in *Godfathers and Sons*

bluesman Blind Willie Johnson in Wim Wenders' *The Soul of a Man*, which includes historical re-creations as well as archival and contemporary footage.

While responsible to the facts of blues history, these films are also idiosyncratic, a testimony about the impact of the blues on the directors' lives. In relating the stories of Blind Willie Johnson, Skip James and J.B. Lenoir, for example, Wenders teases out connections between spirituality, obsessive love and social consciousness. "Some of my all-time heroes from the history of the blues had remained in the shadow of public acceptance," he says. "I didn't know much about their lives myself. That seemed like two great incentives: I could pay homage to them and find out more about them at the same time."

Harris, too, was surprised by the linkages that he found. "There are cats over in Timbuktu who listen to James

Scorsese:
Making us
smarter one
film at a time



The audience for blues pioneers such as Howlin' Wolf (right) has shifted from black to white.

Brown, Bobby Bland and Otis Redding," he says. "Me and [guitarist] Jamal Millner were hanging out with [Malian guitarist] Ali Farka Toure. He has satellite TV, and suddenly Ol' Dirty Bastard comes on. He was like, 'What is this shit?' So we explained to him, 'Have you ever heard of Wu-Tang?'" Harris laughs at the incongruity. "The point is that things are global now. You can be in the desert, but ODB is on your TV."

That international perspective lends a freshness to British director Mike Figgis' *Red, White and Blues*.

The film restores the strangeness and exhilaration that artists such as Van Morrison, Eric Clapton, John Mayall and Mick Fleetwood felt when they heard the music and encountered legendary performers including Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf. The most meaningful result of that culture clash? "Robert Johnson is a household name now," Clapton says.

The appropriation of the blues by white artists and businessmen gets addressed as well. "It's that whole aspect of how blacks create the beginnings of the music, and then we toss it away," Chuck says. "And then it doesn't mean anything until somebody else goes to the gutter and picks it up and shines it off. I look at rap music the same way I look at the blues or jazz. A kid might not even know A Tribe Called Quest today. Who the hell is Muddy Waters to the average black kid? But I can go to a twenty-five-year-old white kid, and they might know Muddy Waters or Howlin' Wolf." In *The Road to Memphis*, directed by Richard Pearce, Ike Turner and the late Sam Phillips alternate between tension and affection as they debate

whether black musicians were properly acknowledged and compensated in the Fifties.

The Road to Memphis also offers a gripping portrayal of life on the "chitlin circuit," the loose agglomeration of African-American social clubs and recreation halls that formed during segregation in the South. Sixty-eight-year-old Bobby Rush delivers a series of galvanizing performances, stealing the film from its primary subject, B.B. King. Rush's peerless showmanship may well deliver him the crossover success he has

worked for his entire life.

"Do you see how free I am?" he says. "I'm true to what you see, and I'm the last of the kind doing it." Well, maybe not the last. "When you hear Mystikal say 'Shake Ya Ass,' well, Bobby Rush may be older,

but all of that comes out of the chitlin circuit," Chris Thomas King says.

Martin Scorsese Presents the Blues celebrates 2003 as the Year of the Blues, an honor that Congress declared to acknowledge the music's hundred-year history. A coffee-table book and a crateful of CDs — including soundtracks for each film, a one-disc overview, a five-CD history of the blues and individual artist compilations — will be released to accompany the series.

"The blues is about African-Americans in this country, our story and who we are," says King, who views these films as a blow against blues purism. "This series tells all those stories. Robert Johnson sang about the phonograph; he maybe would have sung about the Internet if it was around. If Hendrix had digital technology and sampling, he probably would have used it. The music continues to evolve."

Chuck D:
**"Blacks create
the music,
then we toss
it away."**

Get the Blues

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Directed by Martin Scorsese
September 28th

The Soul of a Man

Directed by Wim Wenders
September 29th

The Road to Memphis

Directed by Richard Pearce
September 30th

Warming by the Devil's Fire

Directed by Charles Burnett
October 1st

Godfathers and Sons

Directed by Marc Levin
October 2nd

Red, White and Blues

Directed by Mike Figgis
October 3rd

Piano Blues

Directed by Clint Eastwood
October 4th

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smarter one
film at a time



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What's So Funny?

After years of broad comedy, bad temper and epic benders, Bill Murray is now one big-deal serious actor — they're already talking Oscar for *Lost in Translation*

Story by Rich Cohen Photograph by Len Irish

IMET BILL MURRAY IN THE MERCER HOTEL IN LOWER MANHATTAN'S SoHo, past the big front doors and the hipster-crowded lobby, up the elevator and through a network of halls to the room where he was waiting, as in a video game when you reach the highest level, where the master waits for the final showdown behind the screen. For those of us who grew up in the suburbs in the 1980s, Murray has always been the master, the best guide to a malaise-free life.

He is a big planet of a man, lost in an orbit of assistants and helpers and room-service deliveries. We talked about his life in movies, specifically his new film, *Lost in Translation*, in which he plays a big planet of a man, a married movie star who has broken free of blockbuster junk and drifted away to a plush hotel in Japan, where he is entangled in a disorienting late-life romance with a young woman, played by Scarlett Johansson. Sofia Coppola, who directed the film, wrote the part with Murray in mind. And it does suggest a window on his inner world, the aging, wizened Hollywood star seeking a respite from a hectic, overused life (the twice-married Murray, 52, has five children and lives in New York with wife Jennifer Butler). It's a performance akin to the sexual and personal frankness of Marlon Brando in *Last Tango in Paris* — something painful

and hard-earned revealed. In this, Coppola represents a generation of young directors who, as Murray has moved into middle age, have helped uncover the pathos that lurks beneath his comedy. Directors such as Wes Anderson, who sparked this reinvention with *Rushmore* and *The Royal Tenenbaums*, grew up on Murray's comic performances, and so understands that those roles always relied on something deeper, an absurdist pose that suggests an entire system of belief. Bill Murray is not Bob Hope or Jim Carrey; he is Humphrey Bogart.

I heard that early in your career you got a soap-on-a-rope microphone and it changed your life.

That's true. It was such a brilliant idea, a soap-on-a-rope microphone so you can sing in the shower. That was my first season of *Saturday Night Live*, and I

struggled. I was always playing second cop or second FBI agent. It was difficult being the new guy. So, in the way a dog can become your only friend, I became attached to this soap on a rope. I would sing my guts out in the shower. And it turned into a sketch. This guy introduces characters: "Let's bring my neighbor into the shower!" I pull back the curtain, and there's Buck Henry. He gets into the shower and says, "You're having an affair with my wife." I say, "OK, let's get her in here!" So we're all in the shower doing this gut-wrenching scene.

You were in a shower on the show?

Yeah. I got drenched. After that, things changed for me.

In one scene in *Lost in Translation*, you take off on a bender, one of those epic nights that most of us don't have past a certain age. Do you go out like that now?

It becomes harder to do because a) you've got other responsibilities, and b) there's tethers on you. It still happens, but it doesn't happen like it used to. It used to happen every week. When I had that *Saturday Night Live* job, it was so much pressure, and you felt like you needed new material all the time. Not just comedy material but emotional material, and you needed to blow it out.

What makes a night a great one?

It's when you just let yourself get taken. And remain aware that you're getting taken — because you get taken all the time anyway, when you're not conscious. But if you can consciously let yourself get taken and see where you go, that's an exercise. That's discipline. To follow the scent. Let yourself go and see what happens, that takes a bit of courage. And if you're with people you don't know, it's even more scary.

There is a line in the film when you say there is no moment more frightening than when your first child is born.

People only talk about what a joyous experience it is, but there is terror: Your life, as you know it, is over. It's over the day that child is born. It's over, and something completely new starts.

There is a scene of you in the film hitting a golf ball. Great shot. Is that really you?

Yeah. Fuckin' crushed it. I crushed it. That course is Mount Fuji.

Is that normally how you hit?

When I hit it good, I hit it like that, but I was a little bit more alert. I had cool clothes on, and I had a wooden persimmon driver. As they say in the post-game interview, I wanted to put a good swing on it. And I crushed it. And that was my day's work. The crew went back to shoot in town, and I played the rest of the course.

Where did you play growing up?

Indian Hill Golf Club [in Winnetka, Illinois]. I caddied there from the time I was ten until eighteen. Most of the characters in *Caddyshack* were based on people at Indian Hill. My brother Brian, who wrote the script with Doug Kenney, caddied there. A lot of it was based on my brother Ed's experience. But what was your point? I totally interrupted you.

I didn't have a point.

Oh, great.

The part in this film was written with you in mind. Were you aware of that?

I'd heard about it. We have a mutual friend who would tell me this script was coming. I saw a lot of elements of my experience in it. I certainly have been in that situation of being very far away from home and dissatisfied and meeting someone who is also dissatisfied — also being a movie actor and at the mercy of someone who may or may not have the right or ability to suggest things for you to do. But if someone says, "I have a script I wrote for you," it's usually not good. Sometimes I read it and go, "You wrote this? No, I wrote it, because these are all lines from my funny movies."

Starting with *Rushmore*, you have been getting parts with more heft. How do you see the trajectory of your career?

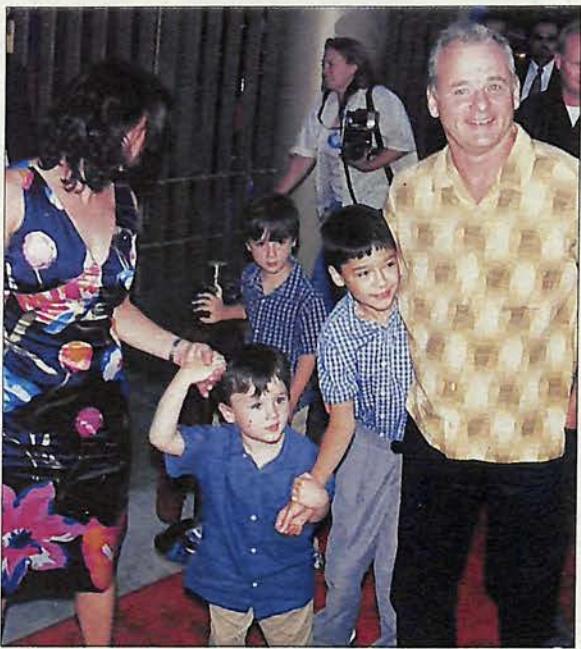
I've had the luxury of being able to take time, do it at my own tempo. You can't force people to see you a different way. I think *The Razor's Edge* is a pretty good movie. But at the time [1984], it was just as



An American in Tokyo: Murray towers over the rest in *Lost in Translation*.



INCOMING » BIG, BAD BILL MURRAY



Murray with wife Jennifer Butler and family in 2001

director said, "This is how it has to be." I don't want to have that argument. I've had it and can win it, but it's exhausting. You don't want to be in the Philippines when the director says, "Let's just do it as written." I've had that situation. I say, "Send me a postcard."

Did you do any movies that you thought were a mistake?

I was in *Kingpin*, which some people thought was too raunchy.

It was worth it for the hair. How did you do your hair for that movie? It was like a streamer on a kite.

When I got to the set, I said to Woody [Harrelson], "What are you doing with your hair?" He said, "Comb-over." I said, "Me, too."

You were born and raised in Illinois. Do you think there's anything particularly Midwestern about your humor?

I think so. People from the Midwest are funny — like [Chris] Farley, he was funny. They make you feel comfortable. That's how I look at people when watching a movie. I say, "OK, he makes me comfortable. He knows what he's doing. Nothing to shock or touch, but he knows what he's doing." I don't worry about going, "Oh, Christ, what sappy crap is this guy going to come up with, because he does it every time."

You talk a lot about the Midwest and good manners. Do people who lack manners bother you?

I've managed to meet more people than most. Because you meet so many people, you meet a lot of nasty people, and if you're a human being it bothers you when you have a bad experience with someone. I've found myself still bleeding about it years later. A jerk can make you act like a jerk because... a bad person will just keep pushing the bad

button and, OK, here it comes, you're the sorry son of a bitch that's going to get my wrath. I used to think that, 'cause there was a righteous indignation thing I used to have, and still have on occasion, that it was OK to let that fly. But you really gotta pick your fights, you gotta be much more judicious than I once thought. You gotta hold it in. You lose a lot of energy that way.

Did you think you were correcting the bad behavior of the world?

Yeah, I used to spend a lot of time trying to correct people's manners. If someone came up to me, I would say, "I'm from Illinois, and back there we introduce ourselves before we ask for anything."

But you seem to have an easier time with fame than your contemporaries. You don't seem to fight it as much.

I had great help in that area. I was able to go in behind John [Belushi] and Danny [Aykroyd]. They were my friends, and they were famous the year before I was. I got to see them, and the truth is, anybody that becomes famous becomes an ass for a year and a half. You gotta give them a year and a half, two years. They are getting so much smoke blown, and their whole world gets so turned upside down, their own responses become distorted. I give everybody a year or two to pull it together. Because when it first happens, I know how it is. But I got to see those guys, and I was still their friend, and they were acting like that around me, and I was like "Oh, man, come on." And when I went to work, they were still a year and a half ahead of me, at the next level. Nothing can prepare you for it. But I was lucky. To be right behind it was a real blessing for me.

Is it strange working with directors who are so much younger than you?

It can be unpleasant. Not because of age. I have no problems with [Sofia]. She's well-read and knows history. I met someone whose birthday was November 22nd, and I said, "Oh, national holiday." And this person said, "Some years it is." Meaning Thanksgiving. But I was talking about the day John Kennedy got assassinated. And I thought, "Oh, Christ, where am I?"

Are you afraid of getting older, of losing relevance?

I read a great thing about aging once by Henry Miller called "I'm Turning 80." He was a kook and a character, and he wrote this great thing: People think if you get to be eighty, you're old, you're sad. But when you're eighty, you know how to act eighty. You also know how to act ten, fifteen, thirty, fifty. You can always act ten. You can always flirt with a younger woman. You now have just a bit more... you can be eighty.

I have a sense you were a big reader.

I read everything in the St. Joe's library when I was a kid. That's where I went to grade school. Until I was thirteen or fourteen, I read everything. I didn't care what it was. There weren't a lot of science books in those days, although that's what I like now. Like *The Way Things Work*. Just the words alone are so powerful. I remember reading a poem by Walt Whitman. It spoke of different professions, the words involved in each profession, and I really got it, I understood the power of the word.

Do you still read?

I stopped. I attribute it to a tragic love affair. I fell crazy in love with a girl. Eighth grade. She went for this other guy. And that was it, I didn't care. And then I went to a high school of all boys, and there it was, no girls in the class, and she didn't love me anyway. So that's when I climbed up to the top of the tower and jumped.

Were there any comedians you emulated growing up?

Bob Newhart was a guy I liked a lot. He hosted *Saturday Night Live*. He's the squarest, cleanest-cut guy in the world. But he is really, really funny. I think Jack Benny had a groove. Great timing. Those guys were funny, but most comedians go through a period when they're funny, and then they're not funny.

Why do they lose that edge?

I don't know. I think part of it is fame. Fame is a great negative for many people, and it's difficult to overpower the pressure and flood of false information that comes from it. It's just the worst thing.

But most people think if you get famous, then you have nothing to worry about.

What I tell people: If you want to be rich and famous, why not just try rich?

reviled as any other comedian doing a serious thing now. Like *The Majestic* [with Jim Carrey], movies where comedians go straight, people don't like them.

It angers people, like you're taking something away from them.

That's the response I got. I thought, "Well, aren't we all bigger than that?" I wasn't shocked by it, but I thought that the professional critics would be able to say, "OK, we shouldn't rule this out, because the guy normally does other stuff." Unless it's really despicable, then you have to just jump with both feet on the neck.

So why the improvement in roles?

The scripts keep getting better. It's partly the fact that I don't take all the jobs. You find yourself trying to create something that doesn't have integrity. The first movies I did, the scripts were not there. You have to make it up every day. So after a while you think, "Well, I can make things happen, but I'd like to have something that is better-built." When you start, all you wanna do is work. But as life interrupts, it's not just about your career. When you don't take those jobs, you see other people take them and flounder. Either he didn't know how to make up for what was missing, or the

One Nutty Career: Comic to Master Thespian



Saturday Night Live 1977 to 1980

Bill Murray joined *SNL* in its second season. His comedy as lounge singer, critic and the guy with the noogies had Hollywood calling.



Caddyshack 1980

Murray (with Chevy Chase) made the groundskeeper such a slob supreme that the film earns pride of place in the gross-out trio that includes *Meatballs* and *Stripes*.



Ghostbusters 1984

The blockbuster that spawned a hit 1989 sequel gave Murray (with Harold Ramis and Dan Aykroyd) a chance to pit his wiseass humor against FX fireworks. He wins.



Groundhog Day 1993

As a smarmy TV weatherman doomed to repeat the same day over and over, Murray reached for a deeper kind of laugh and turned his comic style into an art form.



Rushmore 1998

Wes Anderson wrote the role of a conflicted tycoon for Murray, who gave it gravity and true romantic longing. Critics raved, and Murray the dramatic actor was born.



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Automated entries are prohibited, and any use of such automated devices will cause disqualification. Instant Win Prizes will be randomly seeded among all entrants via method #1 and #2. 3. GRAND PRIZE DRAWING: All entrants will also be entered in the Grand Prize random drawing. The Grand Prize drawing will be randomly conducted on or about November 17, 2003 from among all eligible entries received from both entry methods combined. The Grand Prize Drawing will be conducted by Tie Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final and binding in all respects. 4. TO CLAIM THE PRIZES: Instant winning messages will give details on how to redeem the Instant Win Prizes and the date by which all redemption materials must be submitted. Winner of the Grand Prize drawing will be notified by mail. Potential prize winners will be verified by mail as provided in Section 5 herein. 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Sometimes It's Hard W^to Be a Woman

BY MARK BINELLI

*She was a star at sixteen
and suffered public
heartbreak at twenty.
Now—after a year of fun
and games—she's out to
prove she can do it again*

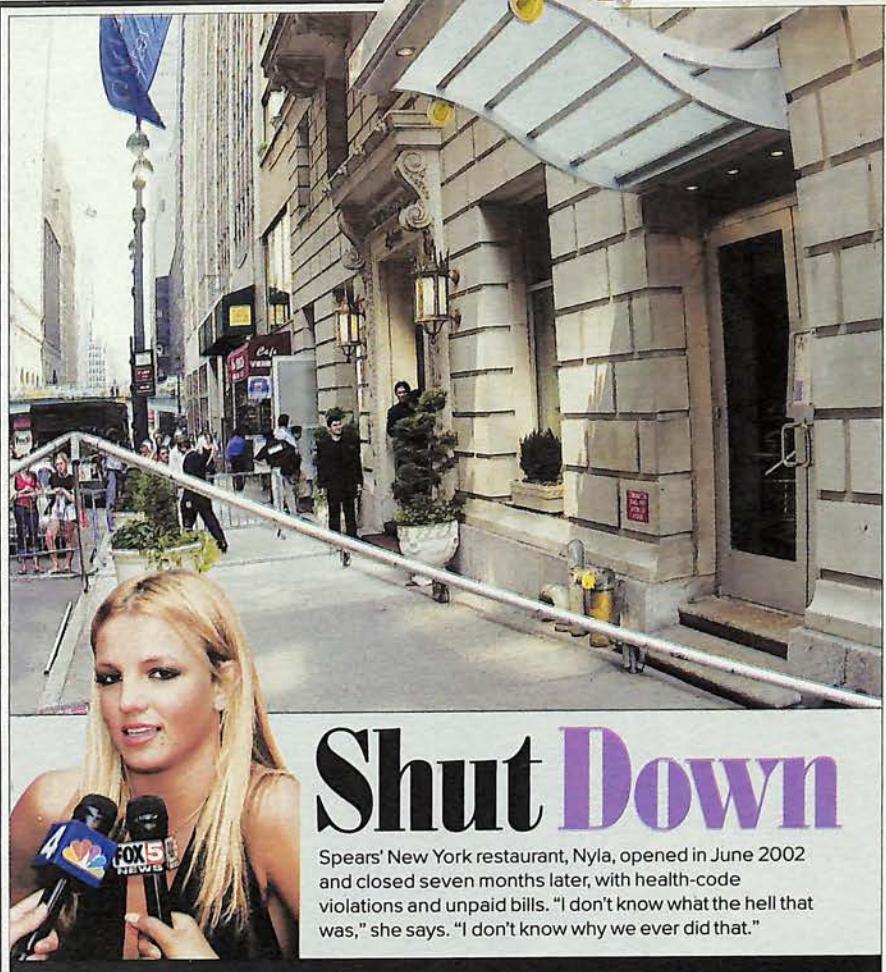


WO PAIRS OF LIPS, A LITTLE TONGUE. NOTHING ODD for cable television, even if it was two women. Still, when Britney Spears kissed Madonna on the MTV Video Music Awards — a lip lock that seemed designed to prove that both women were still capable of causing a sensation — it became headline news. "Tonsil hockey," leered the New York Daily News. "Booty bouncing," seconded the New York Post. "Sorry," said the Atlanta Journal-Constitution, which had to apologize after outraged readers objected to a Page One photo of the kiss. ➤



"I'm probably writing about sex because I don't have that right now."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW ROLSTON



Shut Down

Spears' New York restaurant, Nyla, opened in June 2002 and closed seven months later, with health-code violations and unpaid bills. "I don't know what the hell that was," she says. "I don't know why we ever did that."

Even CNN's *Crossfire* got into the act, featuring Spears one-on-one with Tucker Carlson — a bow-tie-wearing conservative better known for sparring with the likes of Hillary Clinton. Spears said that, no, she'd never kissed a woman before, and, yes, maybe she would again, if it was Madonna. She also revealed that the kiss had been rehearsed, and all involved had agreed to see how it felt in the moment. Though she denies it, even more was rehearsed: Madonna playfully slapping Spears' ass — a moment that didn't make it on the air.

"I flew to London from New York, and I couldn't believe it was all over the papers there," says Spears. "It's crazy and it's bizarre, but it's also kind of amazing." And it's the first step in launching Spears' return after a year's layoff, a prelude to an appearance on the football-season pre-show *NFL Kickoff Live*, just a week later, and the upcoming release of a new single and video. The question that remains for Spears is, do people still care about the music? Or is she becoming more famous for stunts like this?

"I'm not gonna come out on this record and show my crotch or anything," she

says. "That's not me. I would never do anything like that. It's all in the way you do stuff, all in the way you carry things. The music is most important to me."

Still, it's undeniable that, as the former Mouseketeer has inched past the age of consent, she's had a much bumpier career ride. Her last album, *Britney*, sold 4 million copies — not a flop, by any means, but considered a disappointment when compared with her previous two albums, which sold a combined 22 million copies. Then came her feature-film debut, *Crossroads*, which was mostly ignored by her fans and widely reviled by critics. In August 2002, Spears announced a hiatus.

"Why the hell did I say that?" she asks today. "That was so fucking stupid. But honestly? I thought I could chill out for a while and be a normal person."

Unfortunately for Spears, her break proved neither normal nor especially chill. She suffered the highest-profile of breakups with her longtime boyfriend, Justin Timberlake, who implied she cheated on him, cast a Britney look-alike in his "Cry Me a River" video and crudely spoke about their sex life in a radio interview. Spears' New York restaurant, Nyla, closed after seven

months, in the wake of a slew of bad press and health-code violations. Meanwhile, stories circulated about Spears the party girl. *Star* magazine alleged that she snorted cocaine in a nightclub. Spears denied the story through a representative, though she later told *Star*, "Let's just say you reach a point in your life when you are curious." Perhaps the low point came when Fred Durst appeared on the *Howard Stern Show* to share an extremely graphic kiss-and-tell, including descriptions of Spears' pubic hair. The mental image of the balding, goateed Limp Bizkit singer getting it on with America's jailbait sweetheart was, with the possible exception of those death photos of Uday and Qusay Hussein, easily the year's most disturbing.

Much rides, then, on the reception of the new album, which all those involved seem to be positioning as a more adult affair. "I'd describe it as *trance-y*," Spears says, "kind of a vibe record — something you could listen to that's not so song-structured." Though Spears cites Gwen Stefani as a major influence, a closer template would be Madonna's *Erotica*, with Spears' vocal style having evolved into what might be best described as "slowly approaching orgasm." The techno and hip-hop beats are provided by Moby, Red-Zone and R. Kelly.

There's also a track by the Matrix, "Shadow," that sounds like a mid-Nineties Aerosmith ballad, but the Kelly track, "Outrageous," typifies the formula: beat-heavy, melodic, with Spears whispering things such as "my sex drive" and "my shopping spree." Here are some other sample lyrics:

"Oh, it's so hot, and I need some air/And, boy, don't stop, 'cause I'm halfway there...."

"Would you undo my zipper, please?..."

"I see your body rise, rise...."

"I find myself flirting with the verge of obscene."

"Of course, I'm not doing '... Baby One More Time' and those big, massive hits anymore," Spears says. "I think this record is where I'm at right now in my life. It's sensual, it's sexual." She laughs. "I'm probably writing about that subconsciously because I don't have that right now."

she's barely slept. It's refreshing, in a way: For once, Spears appears more like a living, breathing twenty-one-year-old than a plastic sculpture, with pimples and loosely barretted hair and no makeup save for some black eyeliner that appears slept in. We sit at a wicker table in a lush, hidden patio area, where she immediately orders coffee. I mention that she looks tired. She smiles and says a girlfriend from out of town was visiting and that they stayed up late talking.

Aside from her appearance, one of the first things I notice about Spears is that she has a verbal tic, at least when she's being interviewed: She says "honest" or "honestly" far more often than most people — at least sixteen times during our hour-long chat. Which naturally leads one to wonder if the lady doth protest too much. For instance, at one point in the conversation, she tells me, straight-faced, "I think every photo shoot I've done has been tasteful. I'll never be a vamp-vixen-sex-goddess." When I mention the *Star* cocaine allegations, she stares at me blankly and says she's never heard about them — even though when the story first appeared, she publicly responded.

Though she mostly smiles, Spears is also extremely guarded, cutting off unwelcome questions with abrupt answers and occasionally becoming testy. When I ask about her restaurant, she says, "I don't know what the hell that was. I don't know why we ever did that, to be honest with you. It was just something a business manager wanted to do, or something like that." I start to ask a follow-up, and she snaps, "It's a restaurant. I really don't give a shit." Then she clears her throat and asks peevishly, "Can we talk about my music instead of my restaurant?"

This seems fair enough. To make up for the prodding, an enormous softball is tossed her way: Talk about one of your favorite songs on the new album.

"I like the Moby song," Spears says.

What's that one called?

There is a long pause. "Um." Pause. "Morning?" "Morning." I think it's called. No, 'All Morning.' Yeah. [Actually, the

WEEKS BEFORE THE KISS, Spears and I meet at the Chateau Marmont, in West Hollywood. It's a gorgeous summer morning, and Spears pulls up in a white convertible. Though the hotel is one of Los Angeles' most exclusive and secluded, she has a protective entourage in tow, including a California publicist, a girlfriend, her personal assistant and an enormous bodyguard.

Spears is wearing a white blouse with pink trim and no bra, jeans and white coral-looking earrings, and she's sipping a can of Mountain Dew. She looks as if



"Cry Me a River"
In the video for his hit single, Justin Timberlake seeks revenge on a Britney look-alike.

66 "I was in shock," Britney says of Justin's video. "It was the last thing I thought he would do."

song is, at present, titled "Early Mornin'." It's about going out at night and feeling like shit the next day.

This past year, you seemed to get more press than ever, but you didn't have any new music out. Do you worry at all about the music becoming secondary, and you just sort of becoming famous for being famous?

Well, I think you're always remembered by what you first came out with. That's always dead set in everyone's brain. I think when I first came out, it was my music, and I think, hopefully, that'll never happen, because I'll always come out showing my—showing myself. And showing my music.

What about the interview with "W" magazine, where you talked about losing your virginity to Justin Timberlake. And do you think you should have to talk about that?

Well, he asked me the question. I think it's a stupid question to ask.

So it wasn't a calculated thing, where you went into the interview planning to reveal this part of your personal life?

No! I wasn't thinking that at all. Actually, I was appalled he even asked the question.

Did you consider saying, "Fuck off, it's none of your business"?

Well, I mean, yeah. I felt like saying that. But, um, I didn't. I just told him the truth, and, I mean [pause], oooh! [Laughs] You know? Oooh. Big deal.

SPEARS DIVIDES HER TIME BETWEEN New York and Los Angeles, with the occasional mom's-cooking R&R in her hometown of Kentwood, Louisiana, though, she says, after more than a few days back she gets stir-crazy. She spent much of the past year in New York, working on the new album and living in a downtown apartment. If she has downtime, she likes to shop: She read a psychotherapy book that discussed how a single outfit can change a person's mood. "I can be in the dumps of dumpsters and go put on a pair of new shoes, and then it's OK," she says. "Even if it is just for the time being, for that moment, it's what I need."

She also says she likes to be alone. She had the day off before our interview, and she says she spent much of it cleaning her house. "I dusted," she says. "I vacuumed that stuff on the carpet, to make it smell good. I just like doing normal things like that." She says she never expected to have such a "gypsy" lifestyle, because she cherishes routine.

She says that, really, her break only lasted for about three weeks before she went back to work on her new album. "I'd been on the road for a while promoting the last album," she says, "and I needed to



July 2002: After the final stop on her yearlong tour, Spears (far right) unwinds with pals during a long night out in L.A.



October 2002: Getting over Justin, getting into the club life



January 2003: With Colin Farrell after the *Recruit* premiere



August 2003: Spears on a cigarette break while recording her new album — "It's where I'm at right now in my life. It's sensual, it's sexual."

Britney's Wild Year

completely let go of that — that whole pace, and the energy of those songs. I needed to — what's the word?"

Purge?

Shed myself of it. And try something from a fresh, new start.

When you were working on the songs on this album, did you write much about what happened to you this past year?

Honestly? No. I just think once you start being so self-serving with your music . . . I did a little bit of that with my last record, and I really didn't want to put myself out there that much.

Do you think writing about your life is self-serving? A lot of musicians write about personal things.

I understand what you're saying. But when everything is about you, I just think . . . Like, on this record, some of the

songs, like "Brave New Girl," I can relate to that song, but it's how personal you go. This record is definitely personal to me, but it's not shockingly personal — put it that way.

So you had two songs written about you recently.

What?

Well, Justin Timberlake did "Cry Me a River," and then Fred Durst came out with "Just Drop Dead." Is there something about you that makes guys want to write nasty songs about you?

I think guys have egos, and when their egos get hurt and their pride's messed up, they deal in weird ways. And, um, I don't know, man. I really don't know. It's made me really weary of guys, I'll put it that way.

I don't want to talk about this at length,

but when Justin Timberlake put out his song and video, and then later started talking publicly about your relationship, how did you react? Were you pissed off? Were you hurt?

I think I was in shock, to be honest. I didn't know what to say, what to do. That was the last thing I ever thought somebody might do. I was really shocked shitless. But you live and you learn.

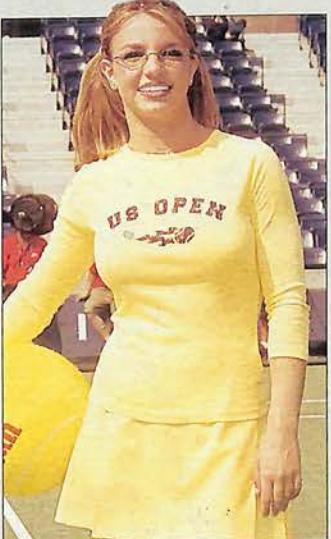
Did you call him up or say anything to him?

Well, actually, [laughs] he called [laughs]. I'm gonna break it down right now, OK? You want the scoop, you want the truth? Here it is. He called me up and asked me if it was OK. I can't believe I'm telling you this right now. But who cares. He called me up and wanted to supposedly get back together or whatever, but

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BRITNEY SPEAR



1999

Spears on the rise as ... *Baby One More Time* sells 13 million copies.

2000

Oops! ... she did it again: Her second record sells a million in its first week.



2001

At the VMAs, where she danced with a snake in "I'm a Slave 4 U"



2002

Spears takes charge after the Justin breakup and the *Crossroads* disaster.



2003

Like a virgin? Spears returns to the spotlight, making out with Madonna.

behind it was, "And by the way, you're in a video that's coming out." That kind of got slipped in. "Don't worry about it. It's not a big deal." So the record label called and said, "If you want to change this, you can." I had the power to say no to the video. But I didn't, because I thought, "Hey, it's your video."

Had you seen it?

I hadn't seen it. Then it came out, and I said, "I should've freakin' said no to this shit!" I was so like, "Whoa. What is going on right now?" But, hey. And I said,

"Why did you do this?" He goes, "Well, I got a controversial video." And I was like, "You did. [Claps her hands, as if for a dog that just performed a trick.] Yay for you." So he got what he wanted. [Clears throat] I think it looks like such a desperate attempt, personally. But that was a great way to sell the record. He's smart [laughs]. Smart guy.

What about the Fred Durst stuff?

That's my bad for just associating myself with people like that.

I think that was the general reaction of most people. Like, "God, what was she thinking?"

Yeah. We had two days of working together. We went out one night somewhere. And I'm dating the guy now. It was news to me. So [sighs], I don't know [laughs]. I'm not doing so good with the relationships.

Was that a surprise, when he started talking about you on "Howard Stern"?

I'm really embarrassed, like I said, for associating myself with him. Honestly, I believe everyone at their core has a good heart. But something must be going on for someone to be that desperate to go on a show and talk about a girl, about someone you don't really know that well. That is, like, morally . . . I'm really surprised at people. Like, holy shit, man.

Gilligan hat shading her round face and her long blond hair pulled back in a ponytail. After crouching next to one of the camp's instructors as he demonstrates a sort of hip-hop fiddling technique, she retreats to a private cabin with her entourage. After a few moments, though, she decides there are too many people

career path, she seems to be trying to take a positive view. "It's funny, I hate to say it, but I love reading *Us Weekly*, I love reading *Star* magazine. It's entertaining to me, because the stuff is so not true. It's, like, the other day, they had this huge article about me finding a hair in my sandwich. We were sitting there laugh-

66

I can be in the dumps of dumpsters and go put on a new pair of shoes, and then it's OK."

around and moves to a more secluded cabin so she can eat her Subway sandwich.

At five o'clock, when the recital begins, she appears and sits in the front row to watch the performances. She laughs during a skit in which a little boy plays Spears by miming a girl tossing her hair. When the recital is finished, she poses for photographs with groups of campers, who are quickly rushed offstage by the counselors. After answering questions from the kids for about five minutes, she heads back to her secluded cabin.

Earlier I'd asked her what she'd be doing if she wasn't at all involved in the entertainment business.

"Do you want me to be totally honest?"

Sure.

"I'd probably be a schoolteacher. I love kids."

But, of course, she is in the entertainment business, so that's a moot question. As for all of the problems that go along with her chosen

ing for eight hours about that shit."

During her breaks this year, she says, "I did party a little bit. But what the hell else am I gonna do? I'm a teenager. Of course, I experimented in that I partied and stuff. But that's not me. I know that. But, you know, I'd never been out that much before, and so it was kind of, like, a big deal for me to be at this club or that club. And then, all of a sudden, other people were so interested in it." She sighs, and her accent turns more Southern. "Ah don't know," she continues and chuckles. "I'm sick of talking about me now." She does not say "honestly," but she seems to mean it.

Contributing editor MARK BINELLI profiled Hilary Duff in RS 931.



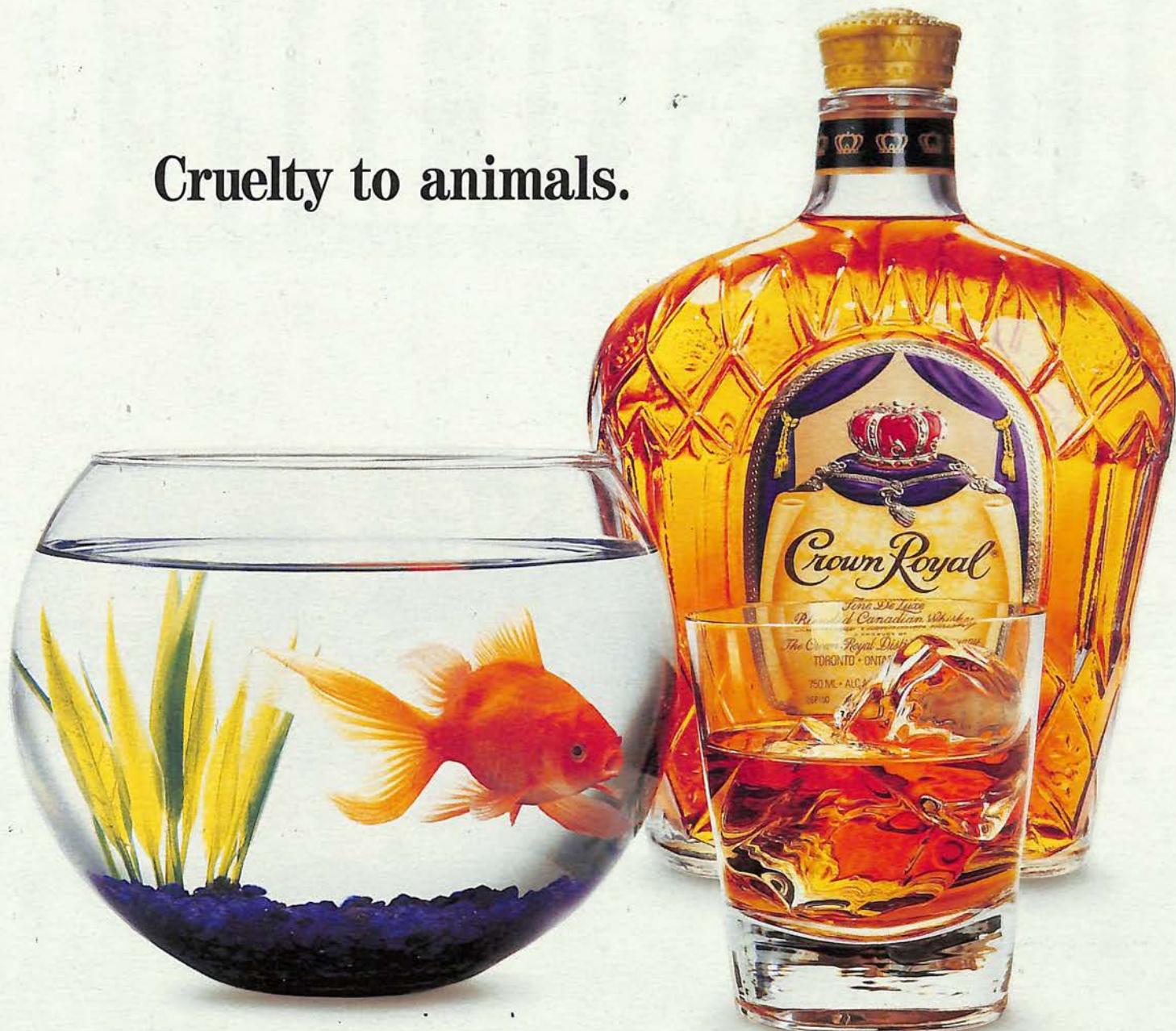
Spears started her "gypsy" lifestyle early.

A FEW WEEKS LATER, I SEE SPEARS once again, at her performing-arts camp, a ten-day program for children ages eleven to fifteen on Cape Cod. The camp is in its fourth year. Spears arrives on the last day to watch the kids' recital. She flew in from Los Angeles that morning, arriving at the camp at three and meeting briefly with a few of the campers. Someone whispers that she's tired, but she looks fresh-faced and extremely young. She's wearing an outfit similar to the other morning's: a flowery tank top and jeans, this time with a flop-



Britney and her mom cruising Los Angeles

Cruelty to animals.



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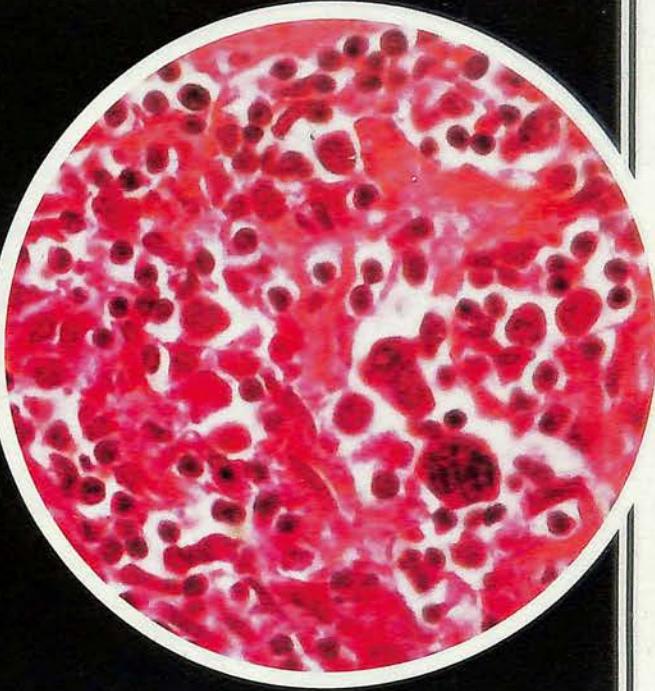
IS THE PENTAGON OUR SOLDIERS



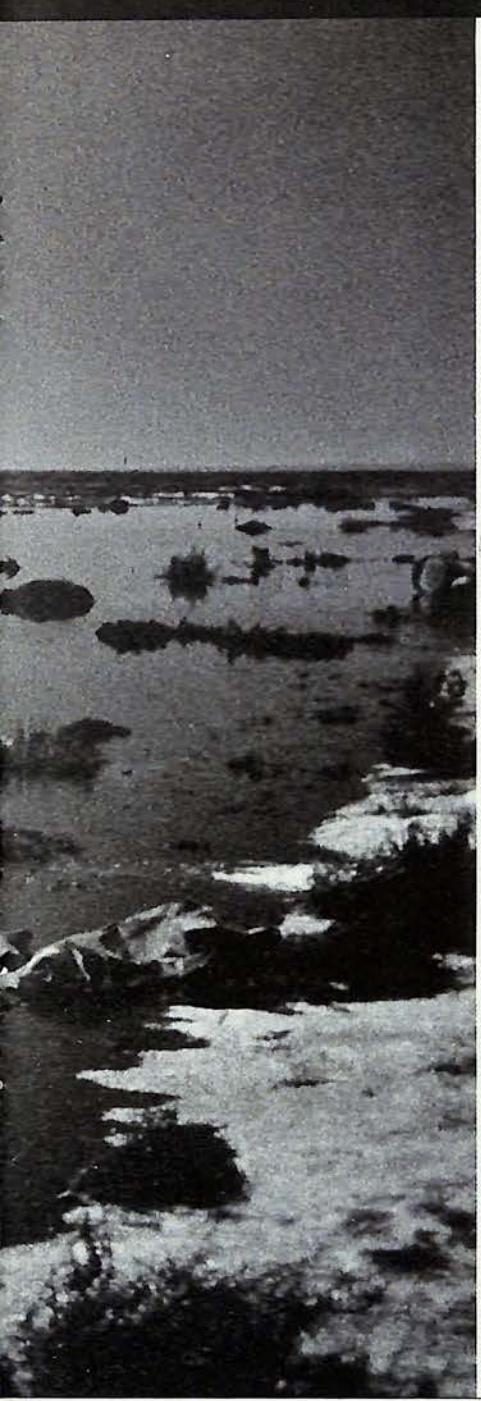
HEAVY METAL

U.S. soldiers exposed to tanks blasted with depleted uranium may be at risk for lymphoma, a cancer known as the "white death" (upper right).

ON GIVING CANCER?



U.S. military might relies on depleted uranium, which incinerates tanks on impact. But soldiers and civilians alike say the radioactive ammo is making them sick



THE WEAPONS OF WAR ARE QUIETLY CHANGING. The U.S. military's deadliest ammunition is now packed with depleted uranium — radioactive waste left over from nuclear bombs and reactors. These so-called hot rounds penetrate armored tanks like a needle pierces burlap, vaporizing steel in hellfires of 5,000 degrees Celsius. Unlike tungsten, the armor-piercing metal used since World War II that "mushrooms" when it hits a target, depleted uranium actually sharpens itself like a pencil as it bores into tanks. Flaming radioactive particles shear off in every direction on impact, igniting fuel tanks and whatever explosives the target might be carrying. With virtually no public oversight, radioactive weapons have replaced conventional weapons as the cornerstone of American military might. Whenever U.S. troops go to war, depleted uranium supplies the shock and awe.

In the annals of warfare, there has been nothing like DU, as it is often shorthanded. In both Iraq wars, and in Afghanistan, the U.S. military used depleted uranium to inflict enormous harm on the enemy while incurring almost none itself. During the first Gulf War, in 1991, "tank-killing" DU rounds brought Saddam Hussein's Repub-

lican Guard to its knees in only four days. Military experts estimate that at least 10,000 Iraqis were killed, compared with 147 Americans. In the corridors of the Pentagon, DU munitions quickly earned the nickname "silver bullet," and the Defense Department turned its attention to creating even faster, more powerful weapons systems fueled by depleted uranium.

"We want to be able to strike the target from farther away than we can be hit back, and we want the target to be destroyed when we shoot at it," Col. James Naughton told reporters at a Pentagon briefing last March. "We don't want to see rounds bouncing off. We don't want to fight-even. We want to be ahead."

BY HILLARY JOHNSON

And DU gives us that advantage."

Five days after the briefing, U.S. forces launched the second war on Iraq. This time around, however, DU projectiles were exploded not only in uninhabited deserts but in urban centers such as Baghdad — a city the size of Detroit. Stabilized in steel casings called sabots, the shells were fired from airships, gunships, Abrams tanks and Bradley troop carriers, striking targets 1.5 miles away in a fraction of a second. The weapons contained traces of plutonium and americium, which are far more radioactive than depleted uranium.

The Pentagon insists that the weapons pose no threat to U.S. soldiers or to non-combatants. "DU is not any more dangerous than dirt," declares Naughton, who recently retired after years as director of Army munitions. But a broad consortium of scientists, environmentalists and human-rights activists — as well as thousands of U.S. soldiers who served in the Gulf in 1991 — cite mounting evidence that depleted uranium will cause death and suffering among civilians and soldiers alike long after the war's end. DU projectiles spew clouds of microscopic dust particles into the atmosphere when they collide with their targets. These particles, lofted far from the battlefield on the wind, will emit low-level radiation for 4.5



The "silver bullet": A 30 mm shell tipped with depleted uranium



Soldiers measure radiation levels on a tank destroyed by depleted uranium in Kosovo.

field began modestly, without fanfare. According to a Pentagon official, U.S. troops carried DU "penetrators" into both Grenada and Panama. "It wouldn't have been very much, because there wasn't much to shoot at," says Naughton. "The first large-scale use was Desert Storm."

By its own estimates, the military exploded as many as 320 tons of DU in sabot-encased projectiles in the deserts of Iraq and Kuwait. Gunners shot DU rounds from the cannons of Abrams tanks or from airships such as the A-10 "Warthog." Depleted uranium is the heaviest of metals, which results in its superior penetrating abilities; it is also highly pyrophoric, bursting into flames at temperatures of 170 degrees Celsius. To imagine the carnage, one need only recall Iraq's infamous "Highway of Death," a desert road between Basra and Kuwait's border that remains strewn with radioactive trucks, cars and tanks. U.S. soldiers found bodies inside those vehicles that were burned in such astonishing ways that they dubbed the remains "crispy critters."

Iraqi civilians were also exposed to low-level radiation from DU — and preliminary evidence indicates that the consequences have been devastating. Iraqi doctors, many of them specialists trained at eminent Western institutions such as Sloan-Kettering in New York or Great Ormond Street Hospital in London, report twelve-fold increases in Iraqi cancer rates since the first Gulf War, as well as sharp rises in birth defects in southern Iraq, where much of the fighting took place. According

billion years — the age of the solar system itself. Some doctors fear that long-term exposure to such radiation could eventually prove as deadly as a blast from a nuclear bomb — causing lung and bone cancer, leukemia and lymphoma, a cancer of the immune system known in medical circles as the "white death."

"This is a war crime beyond comprehension," says Helen Caldicott, a pediatrician who has campaigned against nuclear weapons for years. "This is creating radioactive battlefields for the end of time."

Others are more measured but equally concerned. "There are medical nuances I don't fully grasp," says Chris Hellman, a senior analyst at the Center for Arms Control and Nonproliferation, in Washington, D.C. "But if you're going to be fighting wars for the goal of winning hearts and minds and bringing democracy and the altruistic things we associate with the campaigns in Afghanistan and Iraq, the last thing you want to be doing is poisoning the people you're trying to help."

The percussion of the first shell pulverized a glass rosary inside the vehicle and knocked the crew unconscious. Jerry Wheat remembers popping the hatch, climbing out and pulling off his burning Kevlar vest. "My whole body was pretty much smoking." That's when the second round struck. "I could feel myself getting hit with shrapnel in the back of the head and back."

Wheat, a divorced father of two who works for the post office in Las Lunas, New Mexico, was twenty-three when he found himself halfway around the world in the Iraqi desert at the center of a fierce tank battle in 1991. A sandstorm was raging. He was driving a four-man Bradley fighting vehicle, on which one of his crewmates had painted Garfield the Cat saying "Fuck Iraq." In photos of the vehicle,

two jagged holes are visible at the top. That's where the Bradley was struck by "friendly fire" from an Abrams tank as Wheat steered toward the center of the battle and rescued members of another American tank crew.

A day later, Army medics removed pieces of shrapnel from Wheat's body as he lay on the back of a truck. Curiously, the wounds hardly bled, though second- and third-degree burns marked the entry points. "They were worried about a chest wound, but the shrapnel was so hot when it went in, it sort of cauterized, and I wasn't bleeding that bad." His sergeant major stopped by to tell him he had been hit by an Iraqi tank. "When we asked if we were hit by friendly fire, they said no, so I ate, slept and lived off my vehicle for the next four days."

Wheat continued to drive the Bradley, though he noted a "dusty residue" coated it inside and out. "It was pretty nasty. Imagine a huge fireball going off inside your car — that's pretty much what the inside of my vehicle was like." He and his buddies also smoked eight cartons of cigarettes that had been stashed in the Bradley when it was hit. "You had these little pieces of metal falling out, and you would hold your fingers over the holes as you smoked them. They were all coated with DU. No one had ever even mentioned DU except to say that we were firing it. We were told not to worry. They said, 'It won't hurt you. It's depleted.' It was on your hands, your food. We didn't even think about it. We were just happy to be alive."

MILITARY SCIENTISTS BECAME INTRIGUED by depleted uranium in the 1940s, at the very advent of the nuclear age. But it wasn't until the 1960s that American weapons designers began inventing ways to use DU in battle. Depleted uranium is what remains after "enriched" uranium, a crucial compo-

nent in nuclear bombs and reactors, is processed from uranium ore. Although its radioactive properties have diminished by forty percent, it's hardly safe. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has strict rules pertaining to the handling and transporting of DU in this country — rules that don't apply to the military during battle.

Depleted uranium has long been used as ballast in military and commercial planes, but the introduction of DU onto the bat-

AMERICA'S RADILOGICAL WARS



Iraq 1991

DU incinerates targets; U.S. soldiers take to calling the remains "crispy critters."



Kosovo 1999

Kids play near a tank destroyed by DU, as Europeans protest the danger.



Afghanistan 2001

The U.S. military won't say how much DU it used in ousting the Taliban.



Iraq 2003

An A-10 "Warthog" delivers ammo tipped with DU; in all, 176 tons were deployed.

to Iraqi doctors, some infants there emerged from the womb with one eye or no brain or without limbs. They add that in the dozen years since the conflict, rates of childhood cancer linked to radiation exposure — especially leukemia and lymphoma — have jumped fourfold.

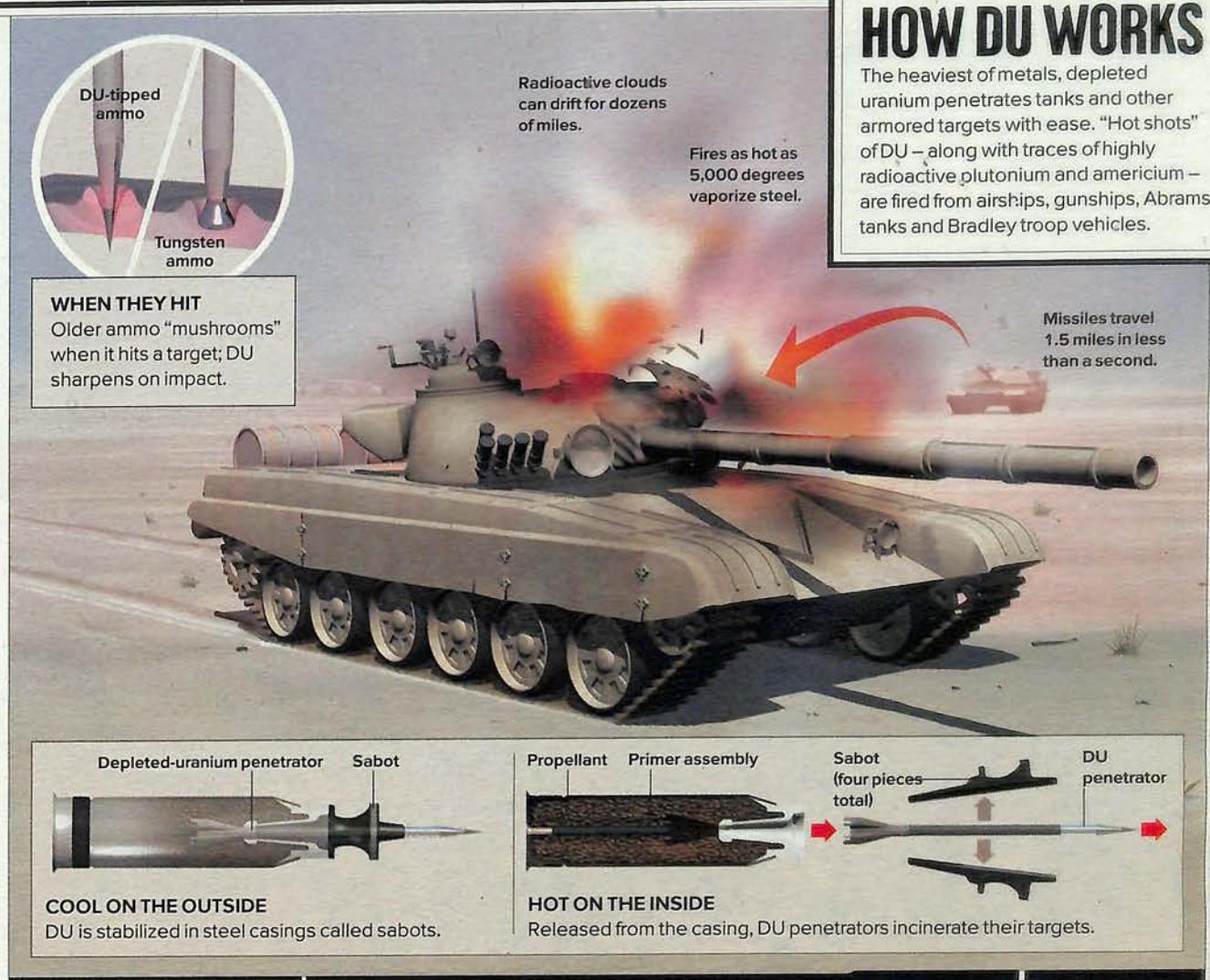
As for U.S. troops, the Pentagon says that only 900 of the 700,000 soldiers deployed during the war were exposed to DU, when they were fired upon or went into destroyed tanks to rescue others. But scientists and military whistleblowers who have studied the campaign say the number of soldiers exposed to DU dust and debris is closer to 300,000. Soon after the fighting stopped, soldiers who worked on supply lines at the rear were loaded on buses and taken to the battlefields so they could be photographed with their comrades on burned-out Iraqi tanks. No one warned them to avoid the sticky black soot coating the vehicles, which was radioactive.

Within months of the war's end, thousands of Gulf War veterans began suffering from odd, nameless maladies, including hair loss, bleeding gums, memory loss, joint pain, incontinence and disabling fatigue. In 1992, Sen. Ron Wyden (D-Ore.) asked the General Accounting Office, an independent research arm of Congress, to study American tanks that had been hit by DU rounds during the war. GAO investigators learned that most soldiers had never been informed by their superiors about the hazards of DU. The GAO's findings were summarized in the title of its report issued a year later: "Army Not Adequately Prepared to Deal with Depleted Uranium Contamination."

Military and civilian doctors agree that the host of ailments now known as Gulf War Syndrome were probably caused by a multitude of physical insults: vaccination, pesticides, toxic solvents and oil fires, which deposited a film in the nostrils so thick that soldiers relied on Popsicle sticks to remove it. But many of the diseases — including increased rates of lymphoma — are consistent with either radiation sickness or the toxicological effects of exposure to depleted uranium.

It will take years, if not decades, to determine how much of a role DU played in the illnesses, but the sheer magnitude of the problem could make the struggle over Agent Orange, the cancer-inducing chemical used to defoliate jungles during the Vietnam War, look like an encounter with Dr. Phil. More than 150,000 veterans of the first Gulf War are currently on medical disability, and another 50,000 have applied for benefits — nearly one-third of the entire fighting force. By comparison, nine percent of veterans from World War II and the Vietnam War applied for similar compensation.

"About two weeks after I was wounded, I was sent back to Germany. There was a lot of shrapnel — my sleeping bag had eighty-two holes in it. All my gear was filled with holes. I brought it all into the house. I had a son who was three months old at the time. Within



twelve hours, I was taking my baby to the hospital for respiratory problems. They kept him there for three days.

"I left Germany in December of 1991. I started having really bad abdominal cramps. I couldn't hold my food down. I was discharged, so I had no health insurance. Then, my wife miscarried, and no one knew why.

"In March, my dad calls me and says, 'Hey — did you know you were hit with depleted uranium?' I had given my dad a bunch of the shrapnel. I could still squeeze pieces out of my body. I had another piece up in my head. My dad was an industrial hygiene technician for the Los Alamos labs. So he decided to put a Geiger counter to the shrapnel. It was radioactive — the highest possible reading you can get. To this day, it's still in my system, and it's not losing any of its radioactivity."

THE PENTAGON NEXT USED DU WEAPONS in the Balkans in 1994 and 1995. Just as there is a disease called Gulf War Syndrome in this country, there is a corollary in Europe: Balkans Syndrome. Four years later, NATO pilots fired DU ammo at Serbian tanks in Kosovo, leaving thirteen tons of DU on the ground, according to the Pentagon. When the United Nations recently measured radiation at eleven sites in Kosovo where NATO fired DU rounds, eight were found to still be contaminated.

HOW DU WORKS

The heaviest of metals, depleted uranium penetrates tanks and other armored targets with ease. "Hot shots" of DU — along with traces of highly radioactive plutonium and americium — are fired from airships, gunships, Abrams tanks and Bradley troop vehicles.

Europeans are more acquainted with the DU controversy than Americans, in large part because a handful of Italian soldiers, most of whom were sent to Yugoslavia as peacekeepers when the Balkans conflict ended, developed leukemia. When seven of the Italians died, and the deaths of at least nine other Balkan veterans were linked in news reports to DU exposure, anti-DU fervor rapidly swept across Europe.

In Geneva, the Human Rights Tribunal declared DU projectiles weapons of mass destruction. The United Nations has made its position on depleted uranium abundantly clear: Use of such weapons is illegal, because they continue to act after the war ends, they unduly damage the environment, and they are inhumane. Next month, the first international conference on eliminating such weapons will convene in Germany, a country that outlaws the use of DU munitions.

"Depleted-uranium weapons are radioactive weapons, even if they are not by definition nuclear weapons," says Victor Sidel, co-president of International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War

and an expert in weapons of mass destruction. "And because they are radioactive, their use is contrary to international law." But the Bush administration remains unswayed by international opinion. The U.S. used DU weapons in Afghanistan, though the Pentagon will not say how much or where. In Iraq, the A-10 "Wart hog," the Apache helicopter, the M1 Abrams tank and the Bradley fighting vehicle were all equipped with DU. The Pentagon won't reveal how much depleted uranium it deployed in Iraq. "I can't reasonably guess," says the Army's Naughton. "Even if I gave you a guess, it would be classified." Nor will he say how much DU is left over from the first Gulf War: "It's not as if there's a massive pile of DU where we could say, 'Hah, here it is,' and clean it up."

Dan Fahey, a former Navy officer deployed in the Gulf in 1991, has reviewed the latest military assessments. He estimates that as many as 176 tons of DU were used in the second war on Iraq, roughly one-third to one-half the amount used in the first. In May, the *Christian Science Monitor's* Scott Peterson, who was touring battle sites with a Geiger

After the Gulf War, top brass called DU "our Agent Orange of the Nineties."



"IMAGINE A HUGE FIREBALL"

Jerry Wheat (inset) was rescuing soldiers during the first Gulf War when his vehicle was hit with depleted uranium. He still has radioactive shrapnel in his body – and a host of illnesses.

counter, reported that Baghdad and other cities were littered with DU ordnance, all of which was producing extremely high levels of radiation.

But the Bush administration flatly rejects Iraqi reports that lingering radiation from the first Gulf War is causing lymphoma and leukemia among civilians. A month before DU-plated American tanks began their steady crawl into Baghdad, the White House issued a report called "Apparatus of Lies: Saddam's Disinformation and Propaganda." The report implies that Iraq's "baby funerals," blocks-long processions of marchers carrying infants' coffins, were staged by Saddam to ward off DU attacks. "Uranium is a name that has frightening associations in the mind of the average person, which makes the lie relatively easy to sell," the report states.

Naughton is equally dismissive. "If you go to a cancer ward, you should expect to find cancer patients," he says. "If you go to a casino, you should expect to find gambling going on. The question that needs to be asked is whether the occurrence of cancer in Iraq is higher than places where there's been no DU. Aside from the fact that we're bombing the crap out of Iraq, and did so twelve years ago, what is the general state of the environment over there? I would look in the water. I'm pretty well convinced it's not DU."

Jim McDermott isn't so sure. The imposing, white-haired Democratic congressman from Seattle, who is also a doctor and child psychiatrist, visited hospitals in Iraq in September 2002. "I spent a good deal of time looking at the increase in childhood leukemia, lymphoma and malformations, which are felt by the doctors there to be directly related to the residue from the use of depleted uranium," McDermott says. "These are serious malformations – without eyes, limbs. One obstetrician told me, 'The average Iraqi woman giving birth no longer says, 'Is it a boy or a girl?'

She asks, "Is the baby normal?"

McDermott studied the records Iraqi doctors were keeping that show a rise in birth defects after the war. "You can say, 'They made it all up.' That's one explanation," he says. "But if they didn't make it all up, then there is something we made happen when we brought that war there. It would be a tragedy for us to bring democracy to Iraq and leave in our wake a horrendous cloud of nuclear waste."

"It felt like someone was ripping out my insides. I was going to the hospital in Albuquerque. They didn't know what was causing it. Back then, no one was saying Gulf War Syndrome. I didn't have a place to live. I was sick. I had just been put out of the military.

"Since I've been back, I've had joint pain, abdominal pain, headaches, minor respiratory problems – shortness of breath, my lungs make gurgling sounds. I don't run. I walk everywhere. Last time a doctor asked me to blow into a hose to check my lung power, I puked. I take methadone every day for the joint pain. My foot goes numb on me. I get shooting pains in my legs. In 1993, I went from 220 pounds to 160 in three months for no reason. The VA just said, 'If you could figure out how you did it, you would be a rich man.'

"My left arm started hurting several years after the war. They did a biopsy at the VA hospital in Baltimore, and said, 'It's not cancer, but we're going to take it out of you anyway.' So in 1998, I had a tumor taken out of a bone in my arm. When I went in to have it removed, I asked them to send it to a hospital in Canada. But they got rid of it! They said they sent it out to one of their military hospitals to be examined. I have no idea what they found, but lately my right arm is feeling like my left arm.

"I'm in touch with a couple of my crew – my gunner and my loader. My gunner's still in active duty. He's had health problems, but he didn't want to say anything or he would be kicked out of the military. The loader – the same.

"I'm only thirty-six right now, and I'll be lucky if I make it another two years before I can't work."

THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION HAS BEEN equally adamant in denying a link between depleted uranium and the host of illnesses suffered by American troops. So far, the Veterans Administration has agreed to study only ninety soldiers who were exposed to depleted uranium. "There has been no cancer of bone or lungs," Michael Kilpatrick, the military's top spokesman on Gulf War Syndrome, told journalists last March. He added that the vets, twenty of whom carry DU fragments in their bodies, have suffered "no medical consequences of that depleted uranium exposure."

Kilpatrick failed to mention that one of the vets being studied had been diagnosed with lymphoma, and that Jerry Wheat, who continues to report for testing twice a year, had a bone tumor. He also neglected to mention that every vet in the study continued to excrete depleted uranium in their urine nine years after their exposure – evidence that DU is present in their organs and tissues.

The few independent studies that have been done on Gulf War veterans also suggest a link between depleted uranium and cancer. Han Kang, an environmental epidemiologist at the Department of Veterans Affairs who examined death certificates of Gulf War-era vets, discovered a thirty percent increase in lymphoma. And Richard Clapp, an environmental epidemiologist at Boston University, used state medical records to track cases of cancer among 30,000 vets in Massachusetts. The statistical likelihood of finding even a single case of lymphoma among such a small sample is zero. So far, Clapp has found four.

Clapp warns it is too soon to draw conclusions from his research, noting that it usually takes at least ten years for those exposed to radiation to develop lymphoma. "That's especially true of other kinds of tumors such as lung cancer and solid cancers," he says. "So we have to keep looking at this."

The federal government, however, has supported almost no independent research into the effects of DU exposure. "The government depends on its own agencies for its information," says Rosalie Bertell, an expert in the relationship between low-level radiation and cancer who has been turned down for federal grants to study Gulf War vets. "Unless you say what the Pentagon says, they won't pay any attention to you."

Bertell and other scientists are looking into how the fireballs created by DU explosions spew vast clouds of radioactive dust into the atmosphere. The military insists that such "oxides" fall to the ground within fifty meters of a target. But Asaf Durakov,

a retired Army colonel and former chief of nuclear medicine at the VA hospital in Wilmington, Delaware, calls the assertion "a mind-boggling admission of ignorance. The particles remain permanently suspended in the atmosphere. And dust containing depleted uranium has been detected several dozen miles from the point of impact." Twenty years ago, he notes, a physicist in Schenectady, New York, detected depleted uranium in his workplace, thirty-eight miles from a plant manufacturing DU weapons.

Chris Busby, a British specialist in low-level radiation, conducted his own field assessments in Iraq before the second Gulf War and measured radiation more than 100 times normal near target sites. He concluded that oxide particles are blown far afield by the wind. Such superfine particles cannot be dislodged from the lungs by coughing; some will make their way into internal organs and bone, where they can irradiate nearby cells and eventually cause genetic mutations that lead to cancer.

Indeed, there is now concern that the latest fighting produced another Gulf War Syndrome. Two service members are dead, and at least sixteen others have been placed on life support as the result of a mysterious ailment that is afflicting U.S. soldiers in Iraq. The Army is investigating but so far is unable to explain the illness.

WHEN THE FIRST GULF WAR ended in 1991, the military needed to bring home fifteen damaged tanks and nine troop transports contaminated with depleted uranium. Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf asked Maj. Doug Rokke to head the effort to clean them up. The top brass knew the mission was dangerous. Rokke remembers those at the command level telling him, "We've got our Agent Orange of the Nineties."

Rokke went to Iraq with several hundred men under his command. "I planned how the decontamination should be undertaken," he says. "Nobody really knew anything about it then. We were wearing what we had available – gas masks and anti-contamination suits and coveralls. I was scraping up body parts from these tanks with a putty knife. If you listen to the briefings today, they say, 'All you need is a dust mask.'"

When it was all over, Rokke received a citation for meritorious service. That wasn't all he got, however. Today he suffers from cataracts, kidney damage and a disease called RADS, a lung-destroying malady caused by inhaling hazardous substances over short periods. Another colleague, an engineer, developed throat cancer nine months after the decontamination project and died. Rokke claims that thirty other men who worked with his

DU will emit radiation for 4.5 billion years – the age of the solar system.



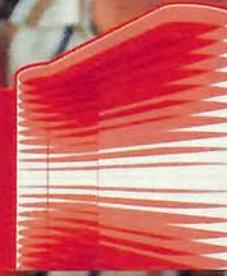
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THE BUSINESS OF WAR

DU contractors make millions – thanks to cheap raw material

On April 2nd, during week two of the Iraq War, twenty-eight protesters were arrested outside Alliant Techsystems in Edina, Minnesota. A defense contractor with annual revenues of \$2.2 billion, Alliant is America's largest maker of ammunition, half of which it sells to the Pentagon. "Who profits?" chanted the protesters. "Who dies?" As they marched, American A-10s were attacking Iraqi positions armed with an Alliant munition: tank-busting shells packed with depleted uranium. "They just dive into their adversaries and just rip them to shreds," CNN reporter Bob Franken told viewers that day.

The war has been good to companies that manufacture DU weapons. Alliant's production of DU shells set a fifteen-year record, and CEO Paul David Miller took home \$16.8 million in bonuses and stock options. Defense giant General Dynamics,

meanwhile, watched sales in its combat-systems group, which provides DU shells for the Army, nearly double since 2000.

There's a reason that DU shells are so profitable: The raw material is all but free. Eager to dispose of 1 billion pounds of depleted uranium accumulating in federal installations since the Manhattan Project, Washington sells the waste to munitions makers for pennies on the dollar.

But while defense contractors profit handsomely, their neighbors are exposed to radioactive waste. Starmet Corp. – among the Army's largest suppliers of DU weapons – dumped 400,000 pounds of uranium and heavy metals into an unlined holding pond in Concord, Massachusetts, polluting soil and groundwater. Faced with a massive cleanup, Starmet filed for bankruptcy last year – leaving taxpayers with cleanup costs estimated at \$50 million. Cleanup at the



DU cylinders at a plant in Piketon, Ohio

Twin Cities Army Ammunitions Plant in suburban Minneapolis, littered with DU shells manufactured by Alliant, is expected to cost \$235 million.

"We have a government heavily invested in using DU weapons," says Judy Scotnicki, a community leader in Concord. "As a result, our community is stuck with hundreds of thousands of pounds of radioactive waste."

SUSAN Q. STRANAHAN

team eventually died of cancer. Ask him about his own health today, twelve years later, and he says simply, "I'm trashed."

Ultimately, Rokke and his team shipped the vehicles to a military facility in Barnwell, South Carolina. "It's a giant facility that deals with the recovery of radioactive-contaminated equipment," he says. "There are exceptional scientists there, but it took three years to clean up twenty-four vehicles." Some of the vehicles, he says, were sent back into service, where they joined thousands of others that remain contaminated. Cleaning

them up, he says, "is not even feasible."

For the past twelve years, Rokke has tried to educate the military command about the dangers posed by DU. "I recommended medical care for every soldier who had been involved in friendly fire," he says. "They won't do it. They never looked for problems, so they didn't find any. And people wonder why a quarter of the vets are sick? But hey, I'm just a friggin' bluejean-type moccasin scientist. I'm not a lab guy. I'm the guy who is scraping this stuff up with a putty knife. It's real simple: This stuff is effective, and they're going to use it."

If they acknowledge what happened to the vets, they have to acknowledge what happened to the noncombatants. There are sick people all over the Gulf."

THE THREAT POSED BY DU ISN'T LIMITED to Iraqi civilians and U.S. soldiers. The military has been testing depleted uranium at home, even firing missiles into the Pacific. "We've fired DU all over the country," says Naughton, the retired Army spokesman. "If you shoot it into the same area over and over, you create a contamination problem that's just not worth cleaning up. If you have enough DU lying around, someone is going to ask you to clean it up, and you would rather not do that."

Depleted uranium has attracted its share of conspiracy theorists. Some say the military is deploying DU to help rid the United States of nuclear waste; others charge the Pentagon with genocide, claiming that radioactive weapons are being used to deliberately destroy the genetic future of targeted populations in Iraq and elsewhere. But even the most measured activists who take pains to distance themselves from such claims say the military is distorting the truth and putting troops at risk to keep its silver bullet in action. "The Pentagon is lying," says Dan Fahey, the former Navy officer. "This is the precedent that has been established with atomic veterans and with Vietnam veterans. If they're not going to let us know what they know, they should give the benefit of the doubt to the veteran. But they don't want anyone telling them what weapons they can and cannot use."

The military is certainly worried that public opposition could put an end to its favorite weapon. As early as 1991, Lt. Col. M.V. Ziehm of the Los Alamos labs in New Mexico sent a memo to his bosses at

the Pentagon warning that "DU rounds may become politically unacceptable and thus be deleted from the arsenal." Naughton concedes that the press briefing on depleted uranium held a few days before the attack on Iraq last March was called to blunt criticism. "There have been considerable efforts by a variety of people and institutions to take DU away from the U.S. Army," Naughton says. "We used a little bit in Kosovo, and got a really big reaction from our allies. The public-affairs people just wanted to get out there before the shooting started – before people start complaining there are sick people in Iraq."

Chris Hellman, the military-policy analyst, says the Pentagon is ultimately unconcerned with whether it is turning entire areas of countries into radioactive hot zones. "That's not the military's view of this," he says. "When they wake up in the morning and look at Iraq, number one is to win the war." The only way to put a stop to depleted uranium, he adds, is for Congress to pass a law banning DU ordinance. "It's up to the policy-makers to make this decision for them. It's the policy-makers, not the military, who make decisions about morality and collateral damage."

Left to its own devices, the military has made clear that it considers depleted uranium worth any risk it poses. "The military benefits are so much larger compared to any health problems," Naughton says. "We feel we have to use it. It's radioactive – I wish it wasn't – but I can't change the laws of physics. The issue is, once you've had the hit, once you're involved in the catastrophic failure of the tank, did the crew survive long enough to really care whether it was tungsten or DU that hit them? Anyone who does should count themselves damn lucky. I'm sure every one of them would thank God that they lived forty years to contract lymphoma."

"I don't even know what to say about the Veterans Administration. I put in for disability on my back, and they won't give it to me. I spoke with the chief investigator of the study, and I don't know whether she's downplaying it or what. She said, 'DU doesn't hurt you' – that was pretty much what she said in a nutshell. But that study is funded by the government, and I guess if I wanted the job, I would say what the government wants, too."

"At first, being hit with friendly fire really disturbed me. But at that point, I wasn't really aware of any problems with DU. Over the years, I've kind of changed. The friendly fire has become less important to me, and the DU is concerning me more and more."

"I personally think the Pentagon is covering this up. They have a shameful history of hiding these things from the vets. It's not until half of these people are dead or coming down with cancer that they say, 'OK, now we're going to take care of you.' Don't take me as un-American or anything, but there's no way in hell I would want one of my sons out there fighting now."

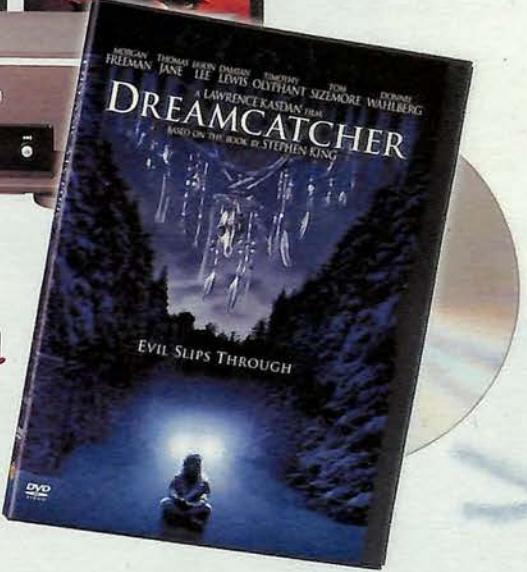
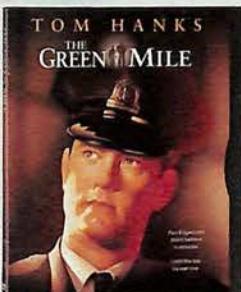
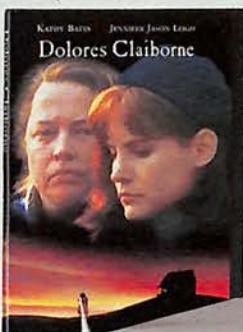
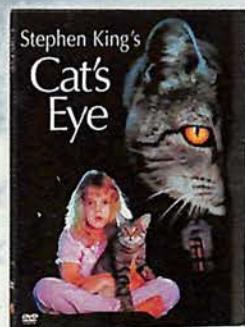
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An Iraqi woman grieves over her leukemia-stricken child in a Baghdad hospital.

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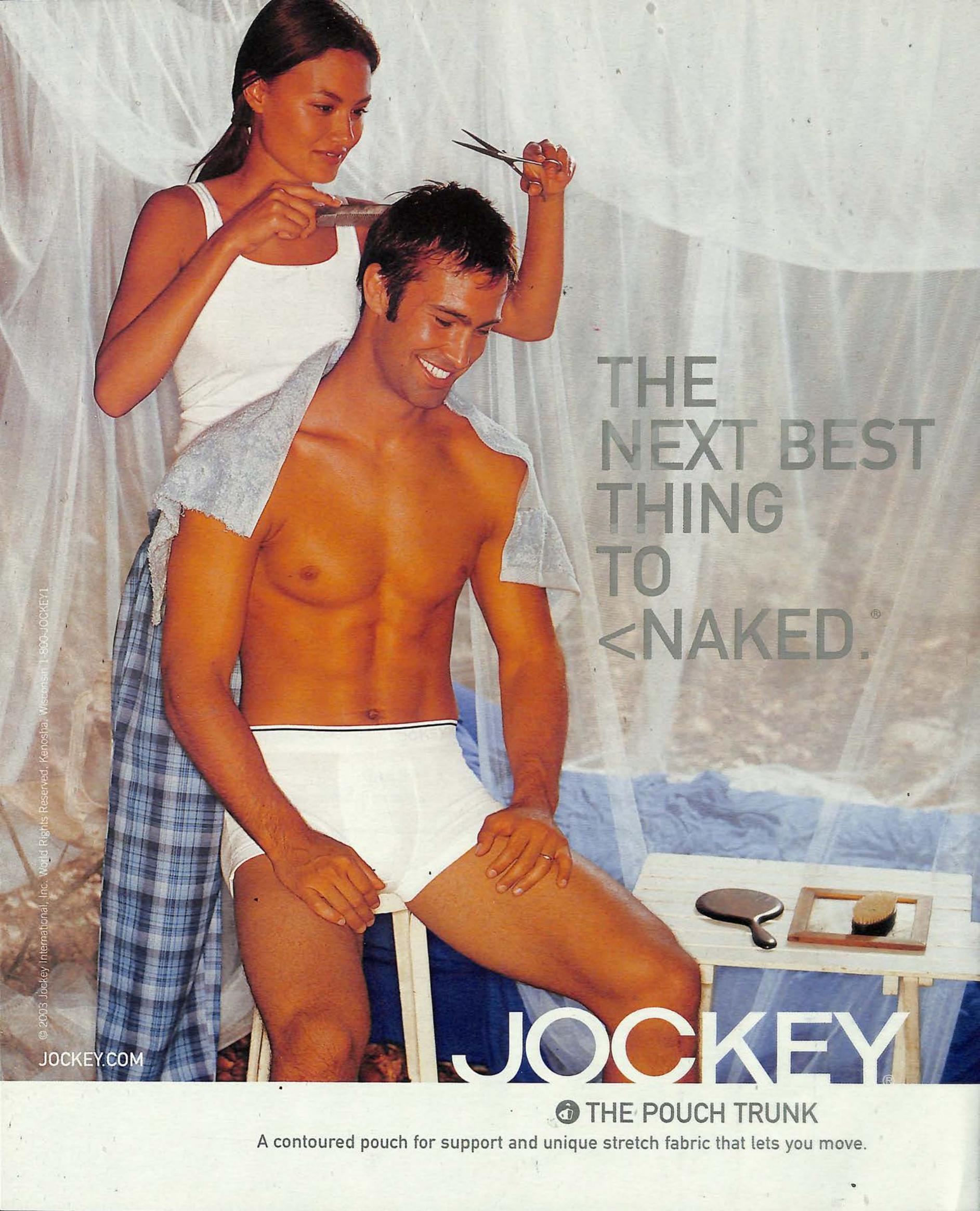
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A woman in a white tank top and plaid shorts is standing behind a shirtless man who is sitting in a wooden chair. She is holding a pair of scissors and appears to be cutting his hair. The man is smiling and looking down at his lap. In the background, there is a blue and white striped beach towel on a chair. On a small wooden table next to the chair, there is a ping pong paddle and a brush.

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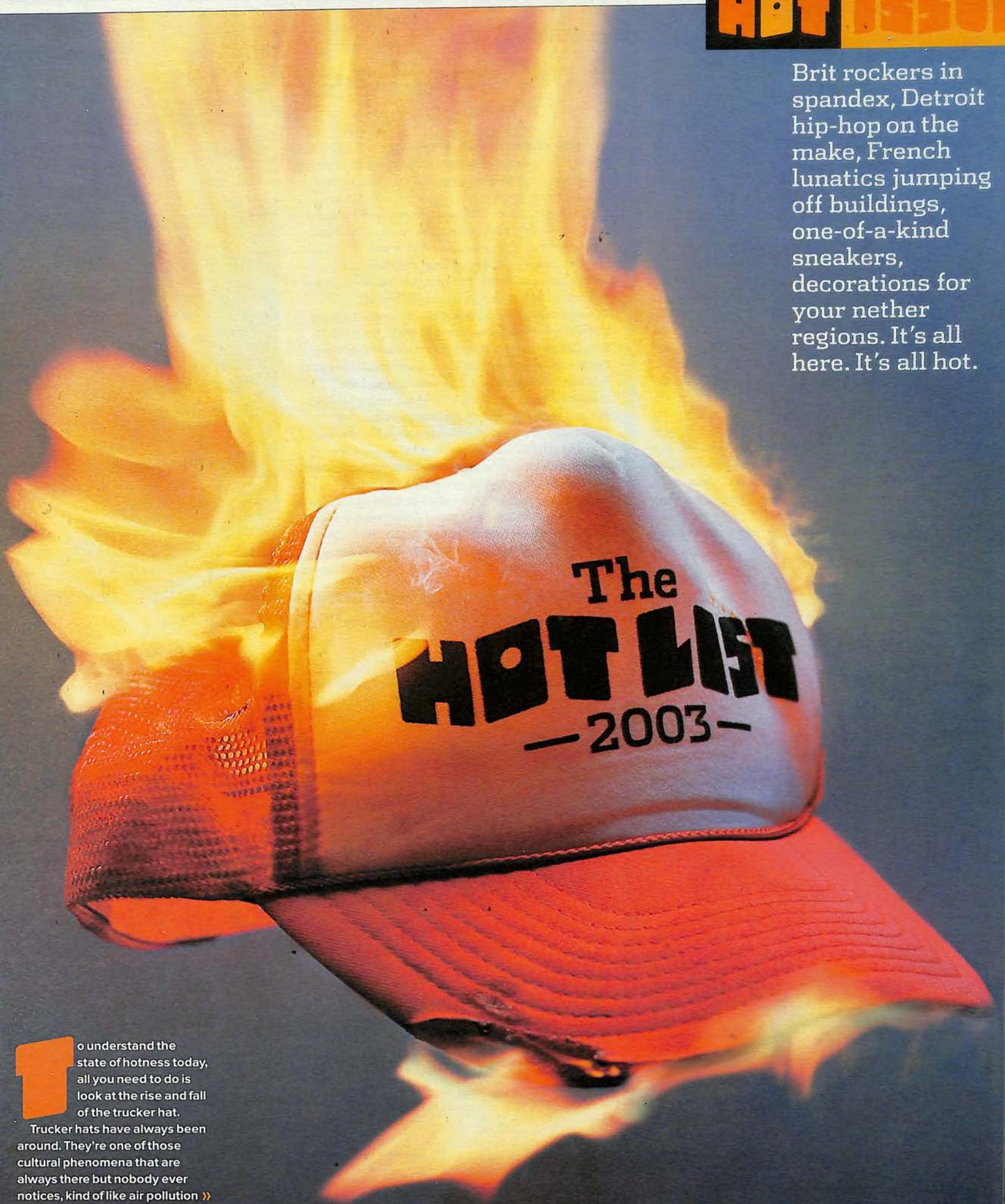
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The **HOT LIST**
—2003—

To understand the state of hotness today, all you need to do is look at the rise and fall of the trucker hat.

Trucker hats have always been around. They're one of those cultural phenomena that are always there but nobody ever notices, kind of like air pollution »

Trucker Hat [continued]

or the career of Chevy Chase. The ironic trucker hat has been a hipster cliché for years, going back at least as far as the Eighties. (The trucker hat I wore to a Hüsker Dü show in '86 read, THE FAMILY THAT PRAYS TOGETHER STAYS TOGETHER.)

It's no different from any of the other ironic-hipster staples that have remained exactly the same since Bob Stinson was still in the Replacements: the chunky glasses, the side-burns, the Chuck Taylors, the chain wallets, the gas-station shirts, the Pabst-and-Parliaments diet.

But this year, the trucker hat has gotten a major visibility bump, much like hipsters themselves, just because people started noticing them enough to hate them. The trucker hat has become our long national nightmare. At this point in American pop culture, mass hateration is the same thing as mass adulation. The trucker hat is not just another tired ironic cliché but a lightning rod for everything wrong with our country.

How did this happen? Is there a way to get word to the nation's truckers? Can't we tell them on the CB radio or something? (They still have those, right?) You'd figure the last gasp would have been the day Justin Timberlake wore one at the Rolling Stones' SARS benefit show in Toronto, trying to convince the crowd he was a rocker. While the kids pelted him with boos and bottles, he proclaimed, "I'm here for the same reason you are — to see the motherfucking 'Stones!" Actually, Justin, I'm here to see

you single-handedly kill off the trucker hat! Thanx 4 making my dreams come true! I <3 U! :) Except Justin just made trucker hats even more ridiculous, which made more people think it was cute to wear them.

That's the state of the nation: Hype and backlash are now the exact same thing. Anything that's hot is over because it's hot; anything that's over is hot because it's over. If it ain't overexposure, it ain't no exposure at all. The human equivalent of the trucker hat: the Hilton sisters. They're a breakthrough in the history of celebrity because they became Hot and Over at the same time. They're not even Famous for Being Famous — they're Famous for Being Over. By August, the Hilton sisters were already on Hollywood Squares. In one of the great TV moments of recent years, responding

to the question of what to call an adult female horse, the Hilton sisters guessed, "Uh, like, a pony?" (You can't write dialogue like that, folks. You can only savor it as it droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven.) I worship them even though I've never wondered which one is Nicky and which is Paris — let their mother worry.

The trucker hat has ascended to a sublime level of hotness simply because people care enough to bother hating it. That's what fame means today, and most stars would be happy to settle for that attention. (Beyoncé's a trucker hat, and so is

Ashton, but Demi's already back to a Members Only jacket. Last summer all four Osbournes were trucker hats, but now they're aviator shades.) All hail the humble trucker hat: It's the leg warmer of our time.

ROB SHEFFIELD



Hot? Or Hated: Ashton Kutcher, Taryn Manning, Pharrell Williams, Carmen Electra, Justin Timberlake (from top) in hats

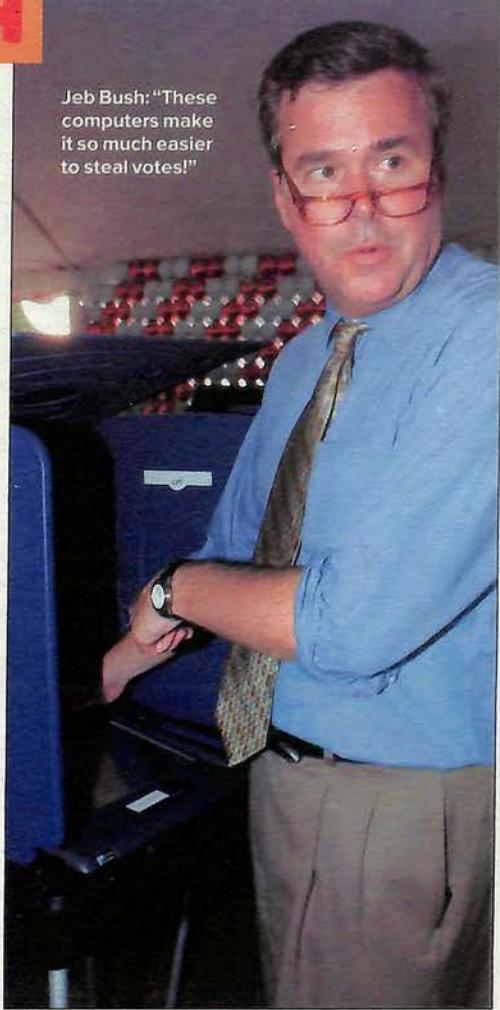
HOT PARANOIA

Hot Conspiracy

A new way to rig elections?

Since the election debacle of 2000, the federal government has spent billions on computerized voting machines, which are supposed to ensure foolproof tallies. Critics, however, believe the machines are deliberately designed to make evidence of electoral fraud vanish into a black box. Bev Harris, a Renton, Washington, writer who runs the Web site blackboxvoting.org, says that an anti-tampering feature in the software that runs the machines, made by Diebold Systems, has been switched off. Coincidentally, among Diebold's top executives are some major Bush fund-raisers. In 2002, Republican Sen. Chuck Hagel of Nebraska received more than five times the votes of his Democratic challenger in an election in which most votes were counted by machines made by ES&S, a company Hagel had once run and owned shares in. (Of course, Hagel and Diebold have denied any shady doings.) In her research, Harris has found lots of fishy black-box results, including a Texas county election in which three Republican officials won by the same number of votes: 18,181. It gets bigger: Some black-box theorists believe the TV networks dropped their joint exit-poll system earlier this year in order to help the GOP hide vote rigging. If the networks call the 2004 election before the polls open, we may be on to something. TOM CONROY

Jeb Bush: "These computers make it so much easier to steal votes!"



Hot Survival Strategy



We understand that the best possible response to all the badness in the world — the botched war in Iraq, mindless tax cuts for the rich, looming oil shortages, G.W. Bush and his cronies, Fox News, chart-topping American Idol winners — would be a "renewed sense of activism" or some equally noble shit. Which is fine for some people. But let's be serious for a second. When all your hopes rest on the governor of Vermont, doesn't even cautious hope feel a little excessive? Sometimes it seems that the only thing to do is withdraw in disgust and wait for the whole bad dream to pass. What else is there to do — buy a Prius? Start a blog? Problem is, disgust turns to despair pretty quickly. So maybe you should attend the next Dean meet-up — at least they're held in bars. Or you can learn to stop worrying and love Clay Aiken.

GAVIN EDWARDS

Hot Sign That They Hate Us

Osama Lighter

In Muslim nations such as Djibouti, smokers light up with a chilling 9/11 reminder

LIP OPEN THE TOP, AND THE North Tower glows with a bright-red fireball. Keep it lit, and watch the flame morph from orange to jet-fuel green. You can't buy it on eBay or anywhere in the United States — but in Djibouti, a tiny Islamic nation on the Horn of Africa, and the home of the U.S.' most covert anti-terror base, the Osama bin Laden lighter is everywhere.

"Everyone wants Osama," says Ali Hassan, a street vendor who sells the lighters for the equivalent of ten U.S. dollars. Hassan's best customers:

the 1,800 Marines stationed in Djibouti who track, and fight, terrorism across the seven-country Horn — a volatile region that has become a suspected haven for Al Qaeda and other like-minded groups.

Made in China, the lighters are rumored to have originated in Yemen, making their way across the Red Sea to Djibouti last winter. One U.S. Marine lieutenant colonel has bought several. "A lot of my guys hate them, but I find them kind of inspiring," he says. Oh? "It's just a little reminder that the enemy is still out there and that we have to stay vigilant." JANET REITMAN





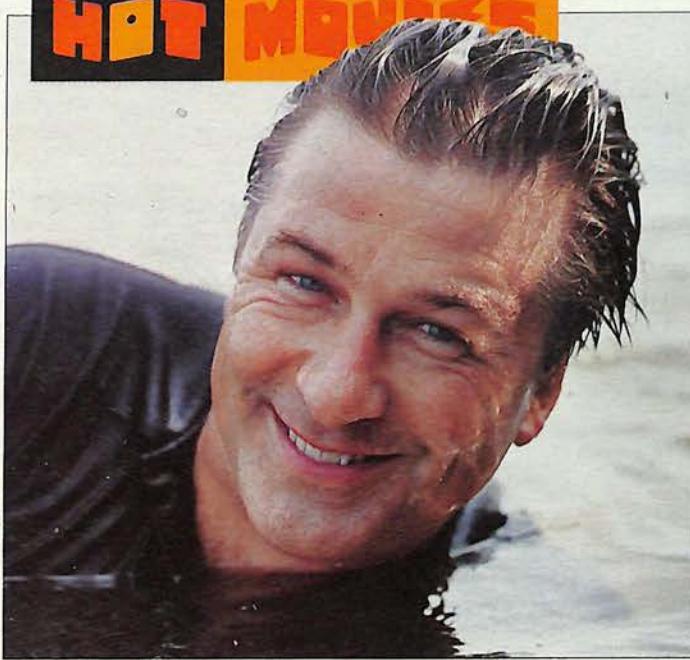
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HOT MACHO



Hot Character Actor

One-time leading man Alec Baldwin steals scenes with dark, seamy roles

As a leading man, Alec Baldwin may have made a few unsavvy choices. But as a supporting player, the guy does consistently amazing work, from the steak-knife speech in *Glengarry Glen Ross* to an extremely creepy turn in *Malice*. Most recently, Baldwin stands out in the Sundance hit *The Cooler*, in which he portrays a sociopathic casino boss who menaces a luckless employee played by William H. Macy. "Some actors are addicted to playing these kind of self-involved, 'elevating' roles, where their character is the only one who can see the truth," Baldwin says. "The movie might suck, but they get to carry the day with their own magnetism." He pauses and chuckles. "Though I guess Shelly, my character in *The Cooler*, is like that, in that he's one step ahead of everyone else. So maybe it is a Robin Williams movie; maybe Shelly is Patch Adams. He just kicks pregnant grifters in the stomach."

MARK BINELLI

In addition to *Glengarry Glen Ross* and *Malice*, you can find other great offbeat Baldwin performances in *State and Main* and *Miami Blues*.



Hot Actor

Viggo Mortensen

Star of one of history's biggest blockbusters, and a hero for the ages

WHY IS VIGGO MORTENSEN'S PORTRAYAL OF Aragorn in *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy so good? It could be his immersion in J.R.R. Tolkien's original novels: He can speak knowledgeably on why Aragorn carries a bow, although it's not directly mentioned in the original text. Or it could be his complete dedication to the role: During filming, Mortensen went everywhere with his sword, even to restaurants. Or it could be his overall intelligence: When he first read *The Lord of the Rings* (on the plane down to New Zealand, after he was brought in as a last-minute replacement), he was struck by the echoes of Beowulf and ancient Icelandic sagas. Once he had landed, he bought a pile of the books Tolkien himself had used as sources. "I made it a classroom in mythology and literature," he says — and he turned Aragorn into an uncommon film hero, one with genuine mythic resonances across the centuries.

Viggo (pronounced Vee-go) Mortensen, 44, has done enough to make everyone else in the Western Hemisphere feel like a slacker. He's acted in nearly forty films, starting with *Witness* and including particularly fine performances as a damaged Vietnam vet in *The Indian Runner* and a hippie blouse salesman in *A Walk on the Moon*. He paints and takes photographs (his latest works are collected in a book called *45301*), writes poetry in three languages and runs a small publishing house, Perceval Press.

Mortensen's father is Danish, his mother American, so, naturally, he spent a lot of his childhood in Argentina. As a kid he was happy to spend endless hours by himself — a preference that he still has as an adult. Mortensen was once married to Exene Cervenka of the legendary punk band X; their son Henry, now fifteen, is the one who encouraged Mortensen to take the role of Aragorn. In Tolkien's books, the hobbit Frodo is the central character, but in Peter Jackson's films, Mortensen's



He's looking forward to being done with "The Lord of the Rings" so he can devote more time to his art.

regal charisma steals the limelight, making him the subject of Oscar talk.

When we speak, Mortensen is in the kitchen of his home in Venice, California, drinking strong, green Argentinian mate tea, brewed from twigs, and cooking himself dinner (Korean dumplings). Our conversation ranges from the career of painter Gerhard Richter to the history of the Danish language to modern movie marketing ("You're usually in the business of talking people into seeing something they're not going to remember for very long"). He's heading off to London for some final reshoots on *The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King*. Although he's proud of the Middle Earth movies, he's clearly looking forward to being done with them so he can devote more time to his art and his publishing house.

Mortensen has one other movie in the can: *Hidalgo*, due out next March. He plays nineteenth-century cowboy Frank T. Hopkins, the first American to ride in the Ocean of Fire, a 3,000-mile horse race in the Arabian desert. Mortensen was particularly keen on the film, because he felt it didn't feature the usual jingoist plot in which an American goes abroad and solves the world's problems. At the end of a day of filming in the desert, the crew would pack up for the two-hour drive back to the hotel. Mortensen, however, would stay behind and sleep in the sand dunes, the rare Hollywood actor who is happiest when alone with a book, his thoughts and the stars in the sky.

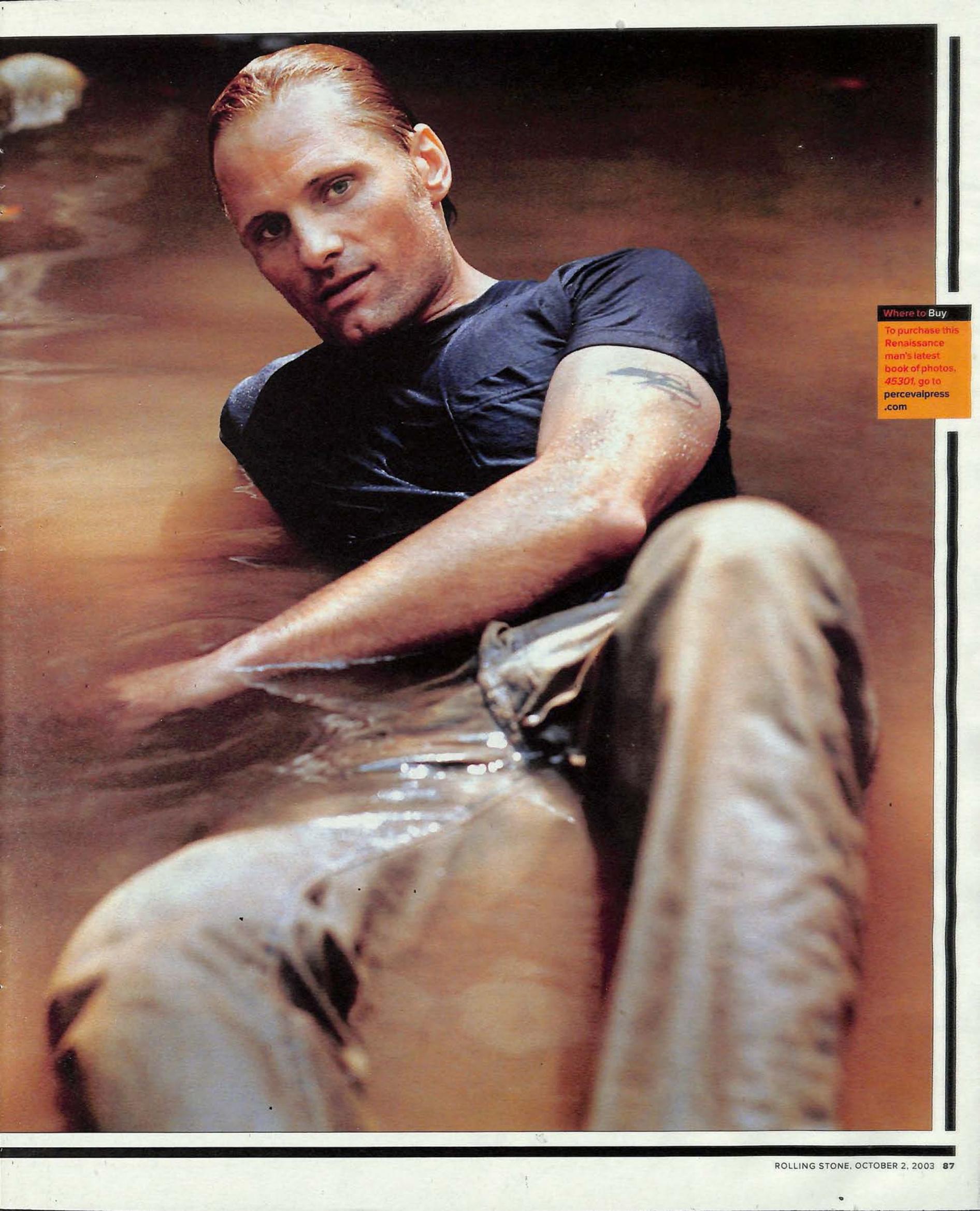
G.E.

Hot Newcomer

After five years in Hollywood doing grunt work for producers and agents, Wentworth Miller never expected to be typecast. But that's what happened when, for his first film, he landed a plum role in *The Human Stain*, the movie based on Philip Roth's novel, as a light-skinned black who passes himself off as white (Anthony Hopkins plays the elder version). The Brooklyn-raised Princeton grad is a one-man melting pot: His mother is Russian, French, Dutch, Syrian and Lebanese. His father is African-American, Jamaican, German and English. The script, says Miller, 31, "seemed almost too close to home." To him, *The Human Stain* is about "anyone who's ever been put into a box and been told, 'This is what you can do, this is what you can't do,' and has rebelled against that. And when you're somewhere between and between racially, you're there all the time."

DAVID HANDELMAN

The Human Stain, also featuring Nicole Kidman, Ed Harris and Gary Sinise, opens October 3rd.



Where to Buy

To purchase this Renaissance man's latest book of photos, *45301*, go to percevalpress.com

Hot Actress

Scarlett Johansson



Johansson: Little girl Lost

Just eighteen, she can hold her own with Bill Murray. And she's got really good gaydar, too

SCARLETT JOHANSSON DESCRIBES HERSELF: "Enthusiastic, a little selfish, compassionate, a New Yorker, very passionate . . . should I be saying, 'Beautiful, luscious, sexy?'" She laughs with the confidence that comes from being an eighteen-year-old who has already established herself as one of her generation's finest actresses.

Playing opposite Robert Redford in *The Horse Whisperer* at age thirteen, she portrayed a crippled child in a performance that would be extraordinary at any age.

Johansson brings to the screen a visible intelligence and a smoky voice reminiscent of Lauren Bacall — qualities usually associated with older actresses. "I think I'm pretty much an adult; I feel very responsible," she says. "I'm not quite womanly. But I am looking forward to being able to vote, and to buy porn if I want to."

Another sign of adulthood: the new *Lost in Transla-*

tion, directed by Sofia Coppola, in which she gives her best performance yet — she plays a young woman left for days in a luxury Tokyo hotel by her photographer husband (Giovanni Ribisi). Bill Murray is an aging star in town to shoot a whiskey commercial; the remarkable movie is about the intense, jet-lagged friendship that grows between them.

Johansson recently moved from New York to Los Angeles; after tiring of endless taxicabs, she finally got her driver's license but says she drives "like an old lady." She spends most of her life on location anyway; she's in the upcoming *Perfect Score* (about a gang of teens stealing SAT answer sheets) and has the title role in *Girl With a Pearl Earring* (an adaptation of the novel about Dutch painter Johannes Vermeer). She spent much of the summer in New Orleans filming *A Love Song for Bobby Long*, opposite John Travolta.

Johansson is a well-adjusted, unpretentious teenager. Her favorite bands are Belle and Sebastian and Pink Floyd; her favorite books are *The Catcher in the Rye*, *Marjorie Morningstar* and *To Kill a Mockingbird*. She's single — "for the first time since I was a baby," she says. "Everybody should be single for some time." As for talents outside acting? "My cat likes me. I've got really good gaydar. I sound great when I sing in the shower. And I've seen every episode of *Married...With Children*."

G.E.



What to See

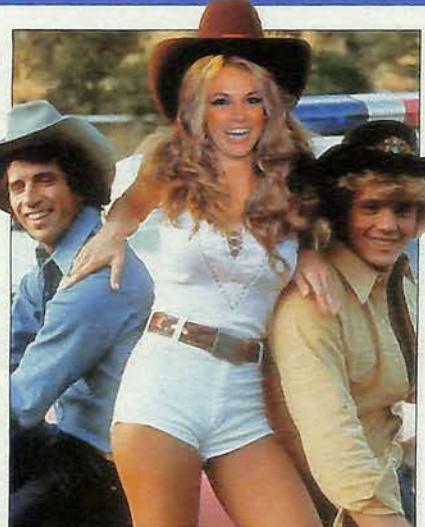
Johansson glowered sexily in *Ghost World* and flirted knowingly in *The Man Who Wasn't There*.

Hot Reason to Go On Living

Will Britney really put her Daisy Dukes up?

OK, you know better than to trust those rumors that Britney Spears is going to be starring in the *Dukes of Hazzard* movie. You've already been burned too many times before. Like when you believed the stories that she and Justin Timberlake were gonna do *Grease III*. Remember? That hurt. That really hurt. And, yeah, some of us actually believed what we heard about her starring in *Dirty Dancing II*. Instead, she just remade the first *Dirty Dancing*, changed the name of the character from Baby to Lucy, and called it *Crossroads*. (And, yeah, OK, some of us paid to see it.) (OK, twice.) But is there any American heart so cold that it does not swell with patriotic pride to think of Britney donning the skintight Daisy Dukes?

Look, Britney. Those shorts are yours.



Britney with the Dukes: Too good to be true?

Somebody's eventually going to make the *Dukes of Hazzard* movie, and somebody's gonna be the one driving Daisy's white jeep. Are you going to let Christina Aguilera grab the keys? That's a negatory. And do I hear Bubba Sparxxx as Crazy Cooter? Yeee-freakin'-haaaaah!

R.S.

Pioneer sound.vision.soul

Ironically, a near empty entertainment center will now be the mark of a true home entertainment enthusiast.



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HOT COMEDY

Fred Armisen:
"I'm just
keeeeding!"



Hot "Saturday Night Live" Actor

Fred Armisen

From punk rock to Tito Puente, he keeps 'em laughing

AFTER JUST ONE SEASON, "SATURDAY Night Live" featured player Fred Armisen has already struck gold: He has a catchphrase. As Fericito, an exasperated timbalist, he's guaranteed a laugh every time he turns to the camera, flashes a gold tooth and says, "I'm just keeeeding!"

"It's Tito Puente!" says Armisen, who began his entertainment career fourteen years ago as a drummer in the Chicago post-punk band Trenchmouth. "I saw Tito four times, and he always played the exact show and did the exact same jokes. After every joke, he'd put his elbow on the drum and look into the audience like, 'Oh, no!' So I just figured I'd get some timbales and do the same thing."

He's taken a circuitous route to *SNL*. Frustrated after years of lugging his drums in and out of small clubs, Armisen shifted

to comedy in 1998 and first generated a buzz by posing as a music journalist in a twenty-minute video spoof of the annual South by Southwest music conference in Austin. During a panel, in front of hundreds, he tried to get then-Capitol Records chief Gary Gersh and *ROLLING STONE* senior editor David Fricke to make out with each other.

Before long, he was scoring bit parts on *Conan* and lending his voice to *Crank Yankers*. He provided some much-needed comic relief in the Wilco documentary *I Am Trying to Break Your Heart*. Soon Armisen will appear in *Anchorman*, a Will Ferrell vehicle, but for now he's trying to score more *SNL* airtime with his newest character, Billy Smith, a blinged-out member of the Arapaho tribe. "I get to wear wigs and costumes — what could be better?" says Armisen. "And no more drum cases on my back."

AUSTIN SCAGGS

Where to Watch
SNL begins its
twenty-ninth year
on October 4th.

Hot Crack

VH1 Classic

A dangerous Eighties addiction

TELEVISION LATELY HAS OFFERED no reason at all to stay at home and watch — in fact, TV has been the greatest thing to happen to leaving the house since they invented the door. But VH1 Classic is the greatest thing to happen to not leaving the house since they invented the refrigerator. Check it out: Bet you didn't know that Paul Simon made a video for his 1972 hit "Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard" — in 1988! Bet you didn't know it featured Simon in a New York playground shooting hoops with a bunch of street kids, just because he's so freakin' down! Bet you didn't know the video began with a freestyle-rap intro from Biz

Markie and Big Daddy Kane! Or that it had a cameo from Mickey Mantle, who lip-syncs the chorus and looks as confused as you are! Bet you still kind of can't believe it happened, even after you watch it.

But no, you're not on drugs — you're on VH1 Classic. And it's more dangerous than drugs, because drugs eventually wear off, while VH1 Classic goes

24/7/365, except for the Metal Mania hour, which is the closest thing it offers to a bathroom break.

Some of the best videos on VH1 Classic are the ones that never got any airplay in the first place. For instance, how about the Breakfast Club's theme song for the Eighties teen flick *Licensed to Drive?* Dig the rockin' cameos from Corey Feldman, Corey Haim and Heather Graham. That's right: Heather Graham circa 1988, looking like she's just had her hair crimped by a pack of bloodthirsty wildebeests.

VH1 Classic will make you lose your friends, abandon your family, quit your job, just so you can spend more time

waiting for glimpses of the Psychedelic Furs. You catch yourself muttering, "You know, the early Missing Persons videos were much better." Whether showing us what the Byrds looked like or exhaling the obscure corners of the Human League videography, VH1 Classic helps us all to (keep feeling) fascination to the break of dawn.

R.S.



The Mick and Paul Simon down by the schoolyard

Hot Comedian

Hardcore "Hamlet" is just one part of Mike O'Connell's comic chaos



"Bourbon-riddled, barefoot and screaming" is how Mike O'Connell, 27, describes his chaotic comedy. "I attack the stage as if it were the enemy that needed to be told twice." A product of the Chicago comedy scene (dig the Ditka mustache, above), O'Connell is a throwback to the erudite physical comedy of the original *SNL* cast — but with an outsider's edge. A typical set traffics in his grandfather's dying moments, the existential bliss of being a robot and how to woo back a diabetic ex-girlfriend: "Steal her insulin." He's broken three ribs while reading a soliloquy from *Hamlet* and been blacklisted from a Sunset Strip comedy club for exposing himself. His debut CD hits later this year, likely featuring his heavy-metal song for toddlers, "Only Wet and Shit Yourself at Home." A.S.

Aimee Mullins

If she had legs, she'd kick your ass. And she probably could without them anyway

DON'T EXIST TO INSPIRE," SAYS Aimee Mullins. "That's not my thing at all." Maybe not consciously. But at twenty-seven, Mullins has proved herself to be one hot muse — enlarging the possibilities in areas as diverse as the art world, movies, fashion, sports and . . . the Pentagon. "Sometimes I look back over my life," she admits. "It's been strange."

Mullins was a year old when she had both legs amputated below the knees (she was born without fibulae). "I was raised to be very self-reliant," she says of growing up in small-town Pennsylvania. "The leg thing was so not a big deal." A top student, she won a Defense Department scholarship to Georgetown University and spent a summer working at the Pentagon for Colin Powell. "It was surreal," she says, "reading Jane's Defence Weekly, writing for Military Intelligence Digest. We all corresponded over a secure e-mail connection, so when I actually had meetings, you could see people turn red, thinking, 'How old is this fucking kid?'"

Meanwhile, Mullins, using a pair of high-tech carbon-graphite prostheses, was a star on Georgetown's track team. In 1996, she set

world records in the 100-meter dash, the 200-meter dash and the long jump at the Paralympics in Atlanta. Photos of the exquisite, blond Mullins, with her curiously beautiful S-shaped running legs, led to a cover shot on *i-D* magazine — a photo evocative at once of the Bionic Woman, mythological mermaids and pure sex. In 1999 she shared the catwalk with the world's leading supermodels in an Alexander McQueen fashion show, strutting on a pair of

polished wooden prosthetics. Since then, she has co-starred in artist Matthew Barney's acclaimed avant-garde cinema epic, *Cremaster 3*, playing both a glass-legged femme fatale in metallic sheath gown

and a ferocious cheetah with spectacularly realistic hindquarters. She recently wrapped an A&E production of an Agatha Christie mystery, in which her disability is not even featured. "I don't know if I could play a ballerina," she says with a laugh, "because of my lack of ankles. But other than that, there's nothing that's prohibitive."

JOHN COLAPINTO

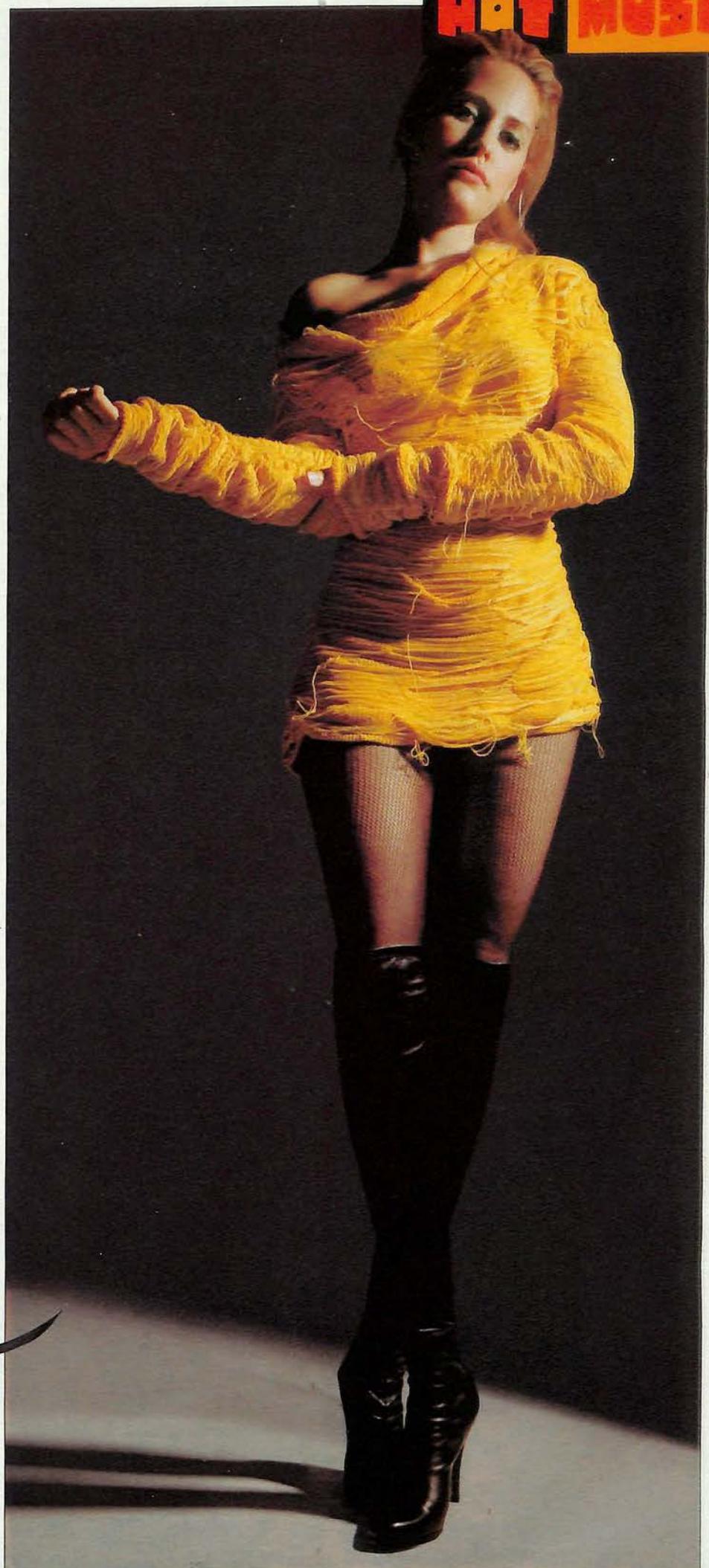
**"I was raised
to be self-
reliant. The leg
thing was so
not a big deal."**

RIGHT: MAKEUP BY DEBBIE STONE FOR PAUL AT PREMIER; HAIR BY GARETH VAN CALLEBURG FOR PAUL AT PREMIER; PHOTO ASSISTANT: KAREN GOS. LEFT: LYNN JOHNSON/AURORA PHOTOS



A world-record-setting Paralympian, Mullins trains with her high-tech prostheses.

HOT MUSE



HOT BUZZES

Hot Kink

Hippie Porn

Think earthy girls are easy on the eyes? Does patchouli turn you on? Then this site is for you

WE GET A FEW BITS OF NEGATIVE feedback," admits David Levine, who, with his wife, Emma Soji, runs the soft-core hippie porn site EarthMama.net. "But those mostly seem to be from very horny people saying, 'Where are the Barbie girls?'" says Levine, whose site offers its 2,500 paying customers models such as "Zoe, the Shy Goddess."

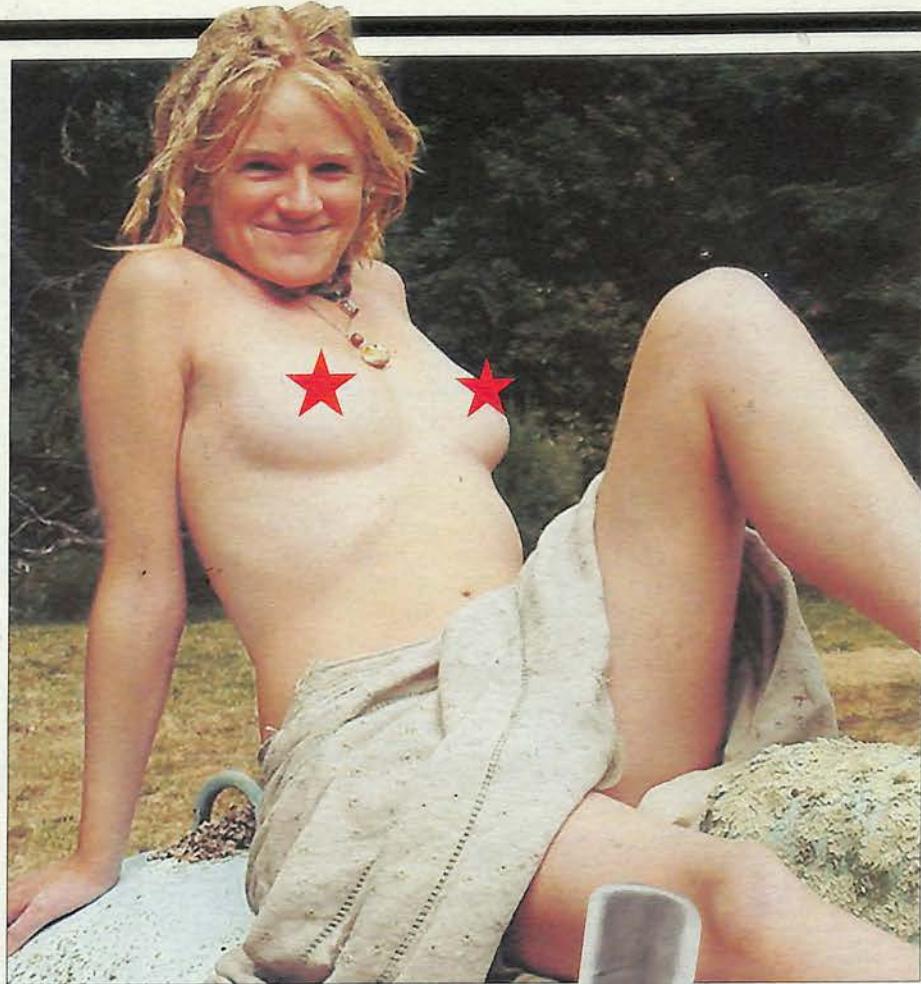
Earth Mama prides itself on keeping things natural and features girls more likely to be found aligning their crystals than shaving their armpits. "We'd shoot up in the redwoods," says Earth Mama model Shalom, a perpetual roamer who met Levine and Soji in Santa Cruz, California. "I'm broke. That's why I started

modeling. I could make money just by taking off my clothes."

Earth Mama is one of an increasing number of niche porn sites whose kinks unfold from subcultures rather than fetishes. SuicideGirls.com features emo types. Another site, BlackMirror.com, grew out of the New York art scene and features "bongwater butt babes." Its slogan: "Make sex magick against corporate kulture!" "That's the central premise of hippiedom: freedom of spirit," says Black Mirror founder Joe Gallant. "Porn is the one antidote we have against the corporate mind-set."

JESSE JARROW

Alternative beauty "Turtle" is one of many "natural, barefoot goddesses" to be found on EarthMama.net.



Hot Java

Coffee beans excreted by a raccoonlike animal

Want some crap in your cappuccino? Coffee connoisseurs do, and they're suddenly paying as much as \$300 a pound for kopi luwak beans. Kopi luwak comes to our breakfast tables via distant rectums. The raccoonlike palm civet (*paradoxurus hermaphroditus*) haunts coffee trees, helping itself to the ripest coffee berries. The civet's gastrointestinal tract basically processes the coffee berry, pulping and removing the outer hull and fruit.

The civet then poops fermented beans, which growers pick from the feces and sell to wealthy java nerds, who praise kopi luwak's gamy, syrupy flavor. It's almost as delicious as the thought of yuppie suckers paying hundreds of bucks per pound for raccoon shit.

ROB STORY

Where to Go

You can order kopi luwak beans on the Web at Ravensbrew.com or at Martinezfinecoffees.com

almost as delicious as the thought of yuppie suckers paying hundreds of bucks per pound for raccoon shit.

Hot Pipe

The Raydiator

A little bit of titanium helps the medicine go down

FINALLY, A PIPE YOUR DOCTOR COULD LOVE. FASHIONED from Space Age titanium, the Raydiator doesn't get hot like glass or metal, meaning smoke goes down cool. "We needed to come up with something that would reduce heat," says Jim Steen, founder of Mori Design, "so that we can just get that medicine that everybody wants." In Canada, a number of MDs who counsel medical-marijuana users have given the pipe the official stamp of approval. Steen has sold 7,000 pipes since 1998, but now he's thinking of getting out of the business. Of late, Attorney General John Ashcroft has been harassing the paraphernalia industry's buzz, going after head shops and pipe manufacturers. "It's not just people who are sick who need this," Steen says with a sigh. "Regular people need some stress relief that won't kill them."

PAT DANGERFIELD

Where to Buy To order the Raydiator (small, \$50; large, \$60), send an e-mail to sales@cannabishealth.com



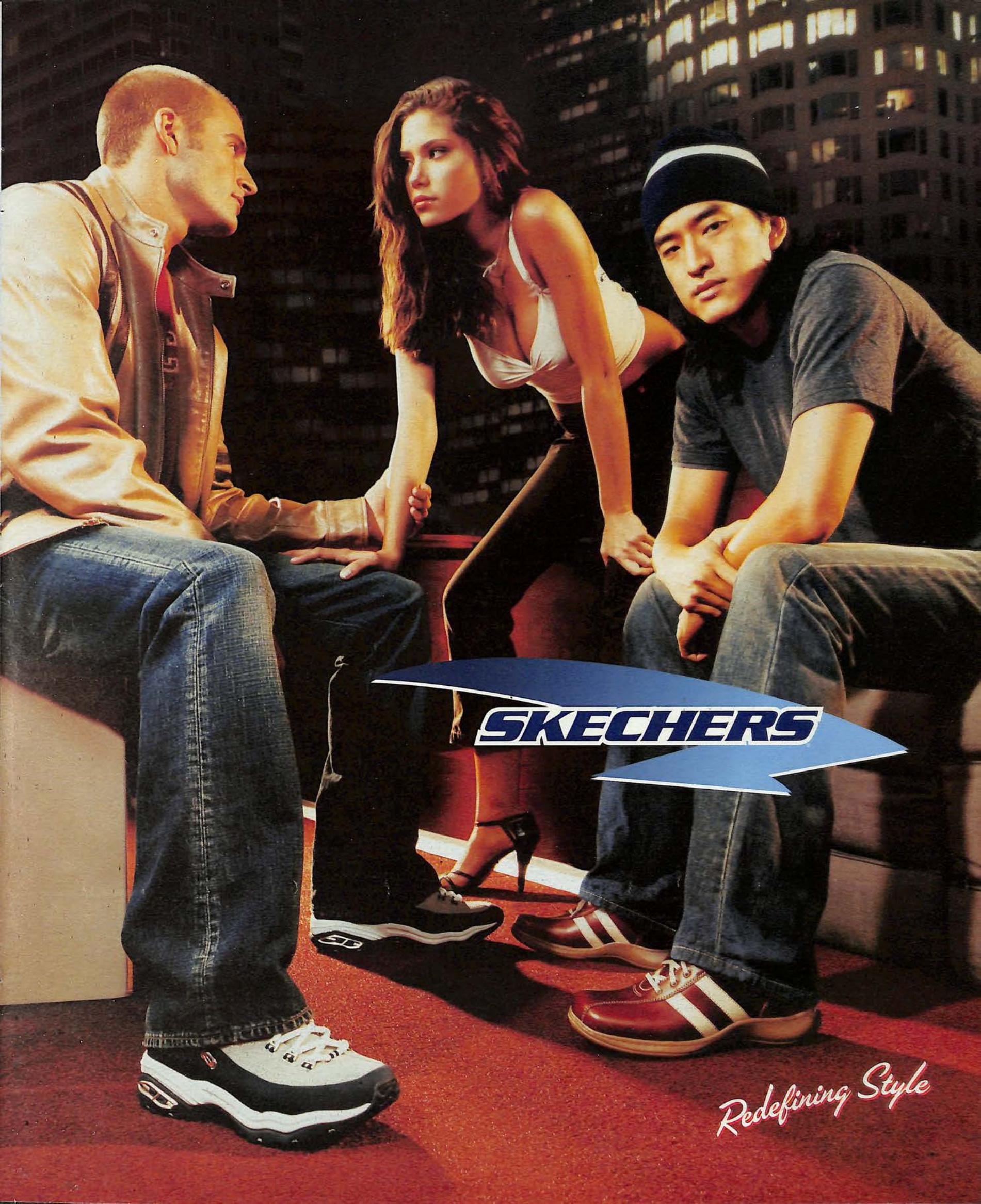
Hot Cure

In the late 1980s, with the Soviet Union on the brink of collapse, KGB scientists sought to develop a drug that would allow their agents to drink any foe under the table, without the agents getting bombed themselves. Problem was, the KGB pill didn't stop drunkenness. But it did prevent hangovers—not much use to spies, but a boon to all the lushes clogging Moscow's bars. Now available stateside as RU-21, these pills neutralize acetaldehyde, a toxic byproduct of alcohol that's been linked to cirrhosis of the liver, cancer, brain damage—and hangovers. Just pop a few and kiss mornings of splitting headaches and turbulent bowels goodbye.

DAVID SWANSON



To get the KGB pill, visit RU-21.com



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Hot Way to Get Around Town

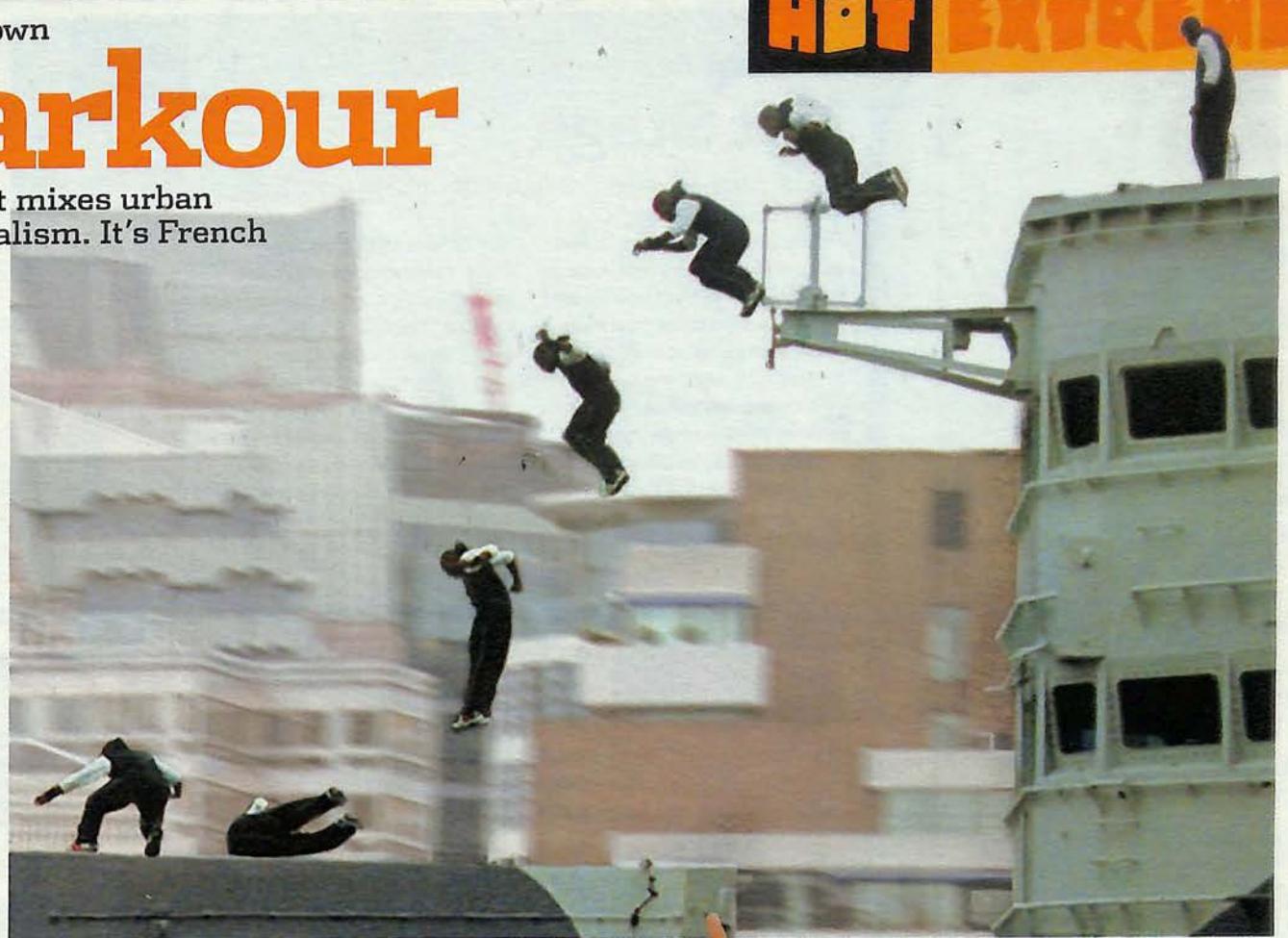
Le Parkour

The latest extreme sport mixes urban obstacles with existentialism. It's French

IT TAKES A SPECIAL KIND OF PERSON to view a twenty-story building as a launching pad for a midair somersault. But David Belle, 29, originator of the fledgling extreme sport called Le Parkour, is more Sartre than *Jackass*. "We feel a need to move, we feel a need to exist," says the Frenchman. For Belle, this means scaling buildings, executing handstands on narrow ledges and leaping across sixty-foot gaps. Mixing martial arts with Marvel comics, Belle and his childhood pal Sébastien Foucan perfected the sport on the rooftops of Paris, attracting the attention of both the police and director Luc Besson, who featured them in his recent film *Yamakasi*. Other European teams soon followed, as did a series of Nike TV spots. In one, Foucan vaults over cars and runs up walls in an effort to evade an angry chicken. "Walking is a wasted opportunity," Foucan says. "What you need is a more imaginative approach to propelling yourself along the street."

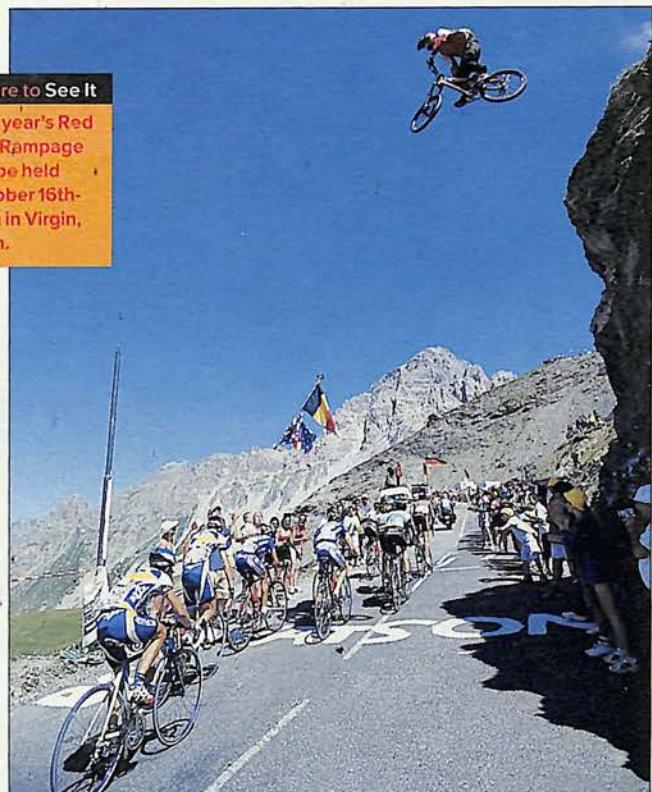
LC SMITH

"Walking is a wasted opportunity": A time-lapse Parkour runner in Paris.



Where to See It

This year's Red Bull Rampage will be held October 16th-19th in Virgin, Utah.



Hot Daredevils

Free-ride Mountain Bikers

Big air goes over the edge. Ouch!

ON JULY 13TH, DAVE WATSON, A twenty-seven-year-old Canadian, launched his mountain bike off a cliff in the French Alps — clearing a road and the peloton of the Tour de France. It was the latest Evel Knievel-type dare in the burgeoning "free ride" mountain-biking scene. Stunts like Watson's are even sanctioned in events such as the Red Bull Rampage. Held each October, the Rampage has no course, just the rocky strata of the southwest Utah desert. Riders pick their own line down sheer cliffs and hope their full-face helmets and body armor keep them from snapping bones and puncturing internal organs. A staff of twelve EMTs works each Rampage. "It's almost like *Cops*," says one competitor. "People like to see destruction."

The sport's biggest hucker, Alaskan Josh Bender, has missed the last two Rampages due to injury, but he still holds the free-riding record, with a sixty-foot jump off the Jah Drop in Kamloops, British Columbia. Bender got his free-riding start by launching fifteen-foot drops with a dozen \$199 bikes bought in bulk from Costco. He crushed all of them and now rides a motorcycle-like fifty-two-pound bike called the Apocalypse, with thirteen-inch front and rear shocks. His goal is to stick a 100-foot jump. Says Bender, "I break bones like normal people. What makes me different is that I get back up and go for it again." R.S.

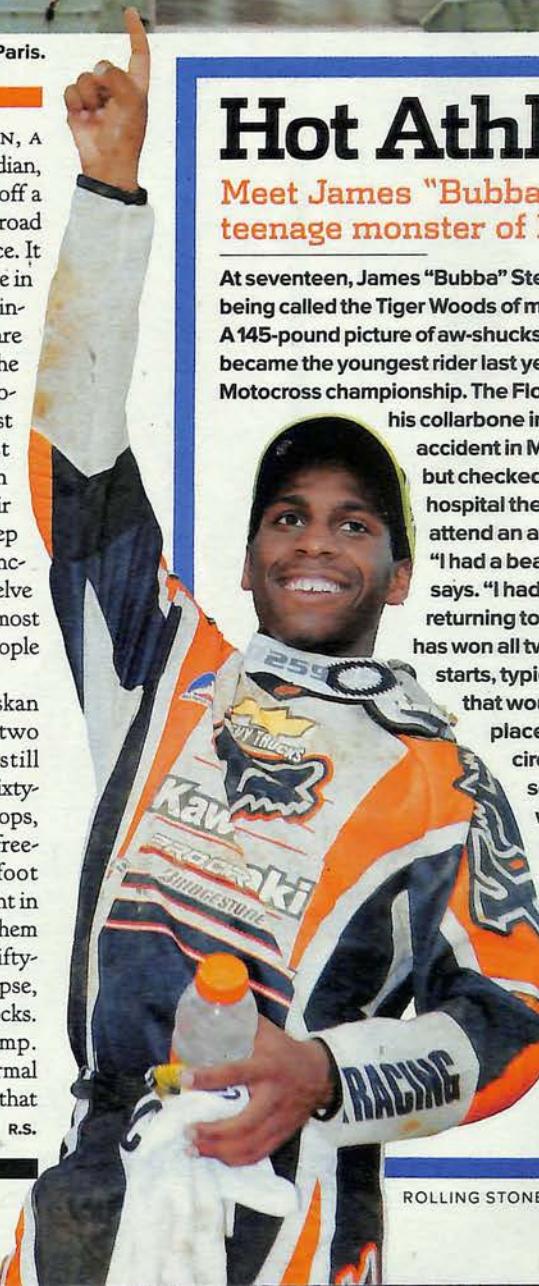
Hot Athlete

Meet James "Bubba" Stewart, teenage monster of Motocross

At seventeen, James "Bubba" Stewart is already being called the Tiger Woods of motorcycle racing. A 145-pound picture of aw-shucks geniality, he became the youngest rider last year ever to win a Motocross championship. The Florida native broke

his collarbone in a gruesome accident in May in Las Vegas, but checked out of the hospital the next morning to attend an awards ceremony. "I had a beautiful date," he says. "I had to go." Since returning to racing, Stewart has won all twelve of his starts, typically at speeds that wouldn't be out of place on the 250cc circuit, the league senior to his 125cc world. But he's getting ready to move up. "I haven't done everything I can do at 125," he says. "I want people to be shaking in their boots."

JON CARAMANICA



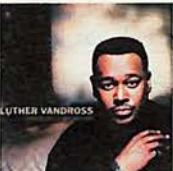
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GOOD LUCK!



LUTHER VANDROSS
DANCE WITH MY FATHER



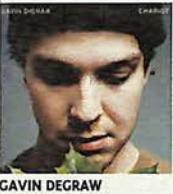
MAROON 5
SONGS ABOUT JANE



RUBEN STUDDARD
SOULFUL



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Open to legal residents of the continental U.S. (other than residents of AK, HI, FL, and PR) who, as of 10/08/03, are 13 years of age or older. To enter, send your album review of one of the artist choices listed with your name, address, telephone number, age, email address (if you have one) to: "dnl, Flip It & Rolling Stone Contest," c/o Rolling Stone, Attention KF, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104, or email your entry to promo@rollingstone.com. Album reviews will be judged on the criteria of style (50%) and creativity (50%). Limit one entry per person, regardless of entry method. One Grand Prize winner will have their review published within a dnl special advertising section in a future issue of Rolling Stone and receive dnl/Rolling Stone merchandise, record label merchandise, and CDs (approximate retail value of Grand Prize: \$300). (1) One First Prize runner-up winner will receive dnl/Rolling Stone merchandise, record label merchandise, and CDs (approximate retail value \$200). Total approximate retail value of all prizes: \$500. No substitution or transfer of prize permitted except as provided herein. Prizes are non-redemable for cash. Limit one prize per person. All federal/state/local taxes are the sole responsibility of prize winners. Contest begins at 12:01 a.m. (Eastern Standard Time) on 9/10/03. All electronic entries must be received by 11:59 p.m. (Eastern Standard Time) on 10/08/03, and mailed entries must be postmarked by 10/08/03 and received by 10/05/03. Certain restrictions may apply. Contest void in AK, HI, FL, PR, and where prohibited and subject to applicable federal, state, and local laws. For Official Rules, visit rollingstone.com/sweepstakes or send a SASE to the "dnl, Flip It & Rolling Stone Contest" to the address listed above.

HOT NIGHTS

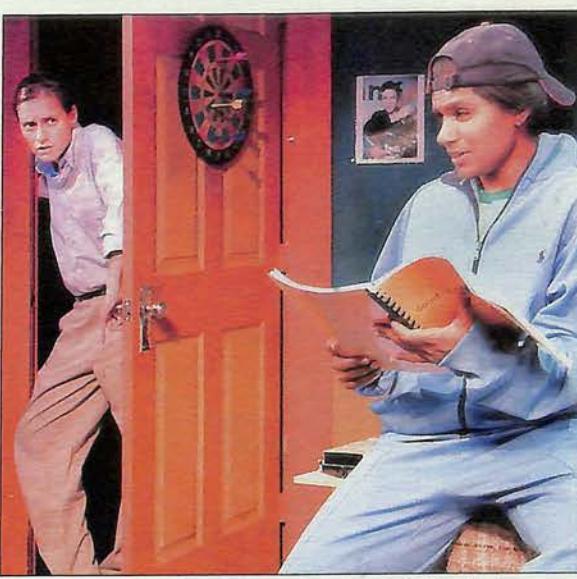
Hot Stage

Girls take absurdist stab at "Matt and Ben"

Finally, an answer to one of life's deeper mysteries: What, exactly, is the appeal of Matt Damon and Ben Affleck? "I think their story is inspirational," says Brenda Withers, 25, (left) the co-star and co-creator of the two-woman off-Broadway hit *Matt and Ben*. "They're friends, and they come from humble backgrounds. That's attractive." While the show takes its potshots ("We wrote a script?" wonders a

dim Affleck after *Good Will Hunting* literally falls from the sky), the play is more surreal than cynical. "I'm an Indian girl playing Ben Affleck—that's absurdist," says co-creator Mindy Kaling, 24. Neither Damon nor Affleck has seen the hommage. But when they do, says Kaling, things will happen: "Ten minutes after they see it, J. Lo will be history, and Ben and I will be on the cover of *Us Weekly*."

KIRK MILLER



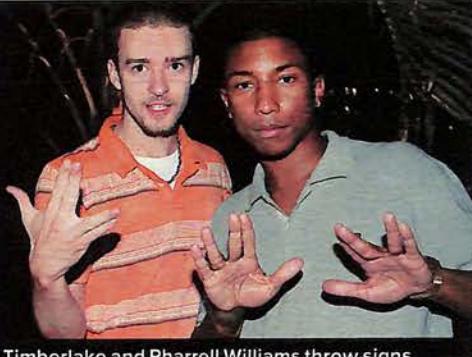
Where to See It Catch *Matt and Ben* at P.S. 122 in Manhattan.

Hot Retro Brew



If you're looking to take a big gulp of authentic Americana, you're best advised to avoid big-brewery swill such as Pabst Blue Ribbon (now made by Miller in Texas, even though they put a Milwaukee P.O. box on each can) and reach for a bottle of longtime Minnesota favorite

Grain Belt Premium. Like many Midwest beers—not to mention the region itself—Grain Belt went through a rocky transition period in the last few decades. But now the brand has been resurrected by New Ulm, Minnesota's August Schell brewery, and the company is working hard to relaunch the brand. Its new ad campaign features pitchmen such as 1970s wrestling icon Baron "The Claw" Von Raschke. "Grain Belt is a street beer," says Schell president Ted Marti. "It doesn't get sold over the airwaves, it gets sold in the bars. We've got a lot of them here." **TOM VANDERBILT**



Timberlake and Pharrell Williams throw signs.



Johnny Knoxville and the Neptunes' Chad Hugo



Kelly Osbourne schmoozes with Jermaine Dupri.



The R&B girls of 3LW

Hot Club

The Deck

With celebs everywhere, it's like St-Tropez-on-the-Hudson at this exclusive new hot spot

IT SEEMS LIKE EVERY GOOD-LOOKING PERSON in New York can be found at the Deck, a restaurant-lounge on a Hudson River pier. Because it's an expansion of the always-hopping Pier 59 photography studios, celebrities and models frequently drift over to the Deck after shoots. The Deck also hosts bashes frequented by the likes of Justin Timberlake, Cameron Diaz, Mariah Carey, Christina Aguilera and members of Coldplay, and where else could you see Barbara and Jenna Bush in the same spot as Chris Cornell? The fun-lovin' twins asked their Secret Service agents to wrangle an introduction to the singer, who was celebrating

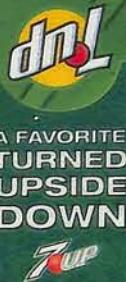
his birthday with members of Jane's Addiction, Incubus and Jurassic 5.

The small space, says spokeswoman Jenné Lombardo, is perfect for their famous clientele. "It's intimate," she says. "It's a place where a celebrity can go and maintain her privacy." It's also by invitation only or guest list, so if you're a dentist from Cleveland hoping to catch a glimpse of a model, your chances of getting in are about nil. But then you probably couldn't afford it anyway, especially if you want to sit in the sought-after open-lounge area. "There's a two-bottle minimum," says Lombardo, "at \$250 a bottle." **JANICE DUNN**



GREEN

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ISSUE 1



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BELIEVE IN GREEN.



HOT PRINT

Hot Novelist

Jonathan Lethem

This fall's big book, straight outta Brooklyn

THE BOOK THAT MOST PEOPLE will be comparing Jonathan Lethem's *Fortress of Solitude* to is another recent big, brainy, socially realistic novel by a writer named Jonathan, *The Corrections*, by Jonathan Franzen. But Lethem, 39, jumps onto the one subject that Franzen avoided: race. This supremely entertaining, pop-culture-drenched novel tells the story of Dylan Ebdus, an "ur-white boy of Brooklyn" much like Lethem himself, growing up in a mostly black, pre-gentrification 1970s neighborhood.

Rarely has a white novelist presented such an unflinching portrayal of American racial dynamics. Dylan is repeatedly mugged and hassled but also finds refuge with his black best friend, Mingus Rude, son of fallen R&B singer Barrett Rude Jr. (inspired, Lethem says, by Phillippe Wynne of the Spinners and David Ruffin of the Temptations). Dylan's passage into

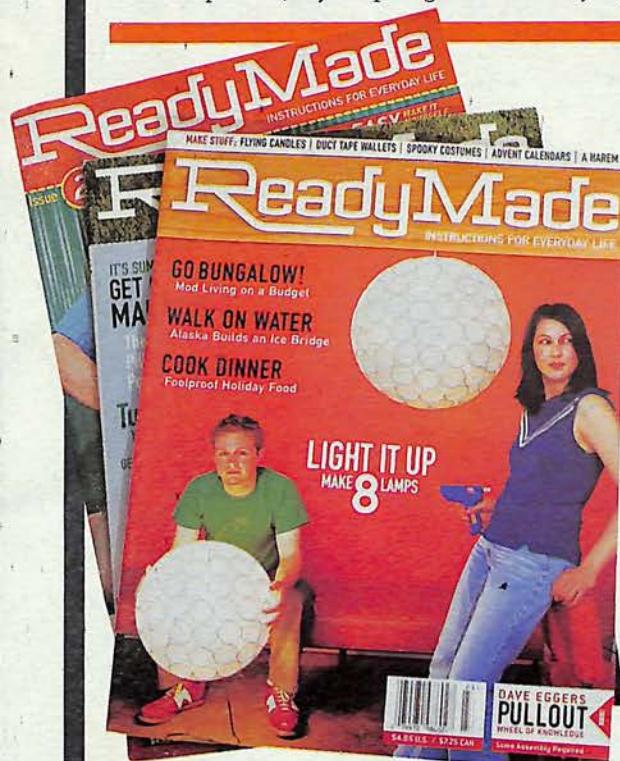
the world of white privilege, and the guilt he carries, drives the narrative. What gave Lethem the license to tackle the subject head-on was his choice to "scrupulously intimate that it was a report from one body moving through time," he says. In other words: He was there.

Dylan and Mingus inhabit an insular world of fading children's sidewalk games and the burgeoning crack epidemic, of negligent fathers and missing mothers, of graffiti artists, sidewalk DJs and, especially, caped crime fighters — on the pages of comic books and whizzing through the night skies of Brooklyn. Lethem mingles the supernatural with specific references to the New York of the 1970s. "I was already dealing with such mythic times that it didn't take much" to introduce the superheroes, he says. "There's something innately magical about adolescence, and about the Seventies, and about New York anyway."

GAYLORD FIELDS



In *Fortress*, his sixth novel, Lethem navigates the complex racial interplay of his Brooklyn youth.



Hot Magazine

ReadyMade

Forget Martha. Here's a DIY bible for the pawnshop brain

READYMADE," A TWO-YEAR-OLD quarterly based in Berkeley, California, is a low-key arts-and-crafts instructional for "smart young people with a creative gene." Its kooky yet strangely irresistible projects include making bowls out of scratched LPs, coffins from Ikea bookcases and lamps out of ordinary objects such as blenders (blamps!) and discarded McDonald's cups.

Grace Hawthorne and Shoshana Berger founded ReadyMade after Berger and a friend were watching Martha Stewart on TV. "We were thinking, 'Why isn't anyone doing this for us?' That is, for twentysomethings who like to make stuff but don't live in Connecticut country estates," she says. Eighty percent of the ideas are solicited from readers. Some of the submissions resemble something that Bob Vila would construct after a few bong hits, but all of them make you think of ordinary objects in a different way. "Our generation has been oversaturated with technology and mass-produced products," Hawthorne says, "so there's a hankering among us to take a more hands-on approach."

J.D.
• Where to Go For stores carrying this magazine, visit readymademag.com

Hot Pundit



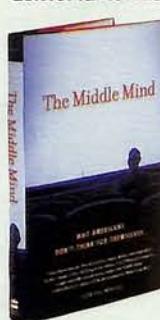
Finally, something that Tina Brown is good at. The most famous and controversial magazine editor of her time has, since the failure of buzz-seeking (and -missing) *Talk*, been reborn as a newspaper columnist, explaining American culture and politics to Brits in a column for the *London Times* that has a refreshingly bitchy, know-it-all edge. "I had thought the column was going to be more my doing," Brown says. "But gradually I realized how opinionated I am. I thought I wasn't, but it turns out I have hundreds of opinions — I just always gave them to writers." G.E.

Hot Diatribe

A new book tackles the dumbing-down of the U.S.A.

At first, Curtis White's *The Middle Mind: Why Americans Don't Think for Themselves* looks simply like this season's lefty screed against what he calls "the deep vacuum that is American life, culture and thought." But where White, a fifty-two-year-old English professor and novelist at Illinois State University, departs from most liberal ranters is that he doesn't blame the stupidizing of America on brainwashing politicians and sinister corporations. He blames you and me: "It's not like an external force has to do anything to us," White says. "We've internalized all the mechanisms for that kind of management. We ask for it." It was different back in the late

Sixties, when White came of age. "For a moment," he says, "the imagination was at large." He wants to bring that moment back: "The Sixties happened because things were so awful, people just couldn't stand it. Things are similarly awful now. The sad thing is that people don't see it." JOHN COLAPINTO



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Hot Rapper

Obie Trice

The latest MC from the Shady camp makes his mark with goofy rhymes and a vicious flow

THE CLUB JOINT IS A NOBLE TRADITION in hip-hop music, its narrative typically involving expensive champagne, punks who'd best step the fuck off and overall bootyliciousness. Obie Trice, the latest rapper to debut on Eminem's Shady Records, has a club song of his own, but one with considerably more modest goals. It is called "Got Some Teeth." As the chorus explains, "If I leave here tonight and I fall asleep/And I wake up, hopefully she got some teeth."

"It's a glorified way of saying hopefully she's fine and good-looking enough to sleep with," says Trice. The twenty-five-year-old Detroit native's album, *Cheers*, is one of the most anticipated debuts of the year. Though the Em connection hasn't hurt, Trice has a buzz all his own, thanks to his unvarnished, angry flow and a couple of standout moments on the *8 Mile* soundtrack: the hot

"Adrenaline Rush" and a verse of "Love Me," on which Trice more than holds his own alongside Em and 50 Cent. *Cheers* runs the gamut from goofier songs such as "Teeth," which opens on a woozy ragtime



note and then proceeds to riff on Em's own "Without Me," to more anthemic tracks such as the love (OK, sex) song, "Hands on You," which features a zigzagging synth line and a chorus sung by Mr. Mathers himself—who, incidentally, produced many of the tracks, along with Dr. Dre and Timbaland.

Trice grew up in a rough neighborhood

on Detroit's West Side with his mother and three brothers. Yes, his mama named him Obie—as he boasts on an early single, "I ain't got no rap name."

Trice's mother bought her son a karaoke machine when he was eleven. Obie would use it to record instrumental tracks by groups including N.W.A, over which he would karaoke-rap his own rhymes. By fourteen, he was attending the Detroit rap battles that would be immortalized in *8 Mile*. "The battle scenes were depicted to a T in that movie," Trice says. "There was a place called the Hip-hop Shop. We'd go up there on Saturday afternoons for the battles. They were hosted by Proof, from D12. I got a response every time I went. That's when I said, 'OK, I wanna get into this music.'

"Really, I didn't have a back-up plan," he adds. "I wasn't planning on doing shit."

Trice's goal proved easier said than done, especially in Detroit's then-undiscovered rap scene. "There's a lot of dope and thieves in the city, and there wasn't anything happening," he says. To get by,

Trice worked day jobs, though not very successfully. "I never worked one job for more than a month from '94 to like, shit, '99," he says. "I just had problems with authority—motherfuckers telling me what to do. Working at Old Country Buffet or some shit, it's just the way people talk to you."

His big break came two years ago, when D12's Bizarre set up an extremely casual

audition for Eminem. "I spit for him through the window of his car," Trice says. "He was in a rush, I guess. But when he heard me, he was feeling me. I got a call a week later."

That call led to his appearance on the *8 Mile* soundtrack (and a cameo in the movie, as a parking-lot rapper), and since then he's been featured on the Anger Management and Rock the Mic tours.

But at the moment, Trice seems ready to take center stage. And even though the previous guy to debut on Em's label has racked up almost as many platinum records as he has bullet wounds, Trice insists he's not feeling the pressure. "I wasn't antsy for the record to come out, and I'm not worried," he says. "I was waiting for my turn. 50 had momentum, he been in the game longer, he did his thing. Now I'm gonna do me."

M.B.

Hot National Treasure

The coked-up Cuban is hip-hop's biggest hero

Say hello to hip-hop's *leettle fren'*: *Scarface*, the epic 1983 gangster flick starring Al Pacino. Long the essential B-boy bible, it's about to get another day in the sun: a theatrical rerelease and a deluxe two-DVD revamping, featuring many new extras and a documentary detailing its impact on the rap generation. As a musical tie-in, Def Jam is releasing *Def Jam Presents Music Inspired by Scarface*, which collects appropriately themed jams from the likes of Mobb Deep,

Ice Cube, the Notorious B.I.G., Joe Budden, Cam'ron and, of course, the Houston gangsta rapper known as Scarface.

"It's the urban American dream," says Damon Dash, CEO of Jay-Z's Roc-A-Fella empire, who adds he has seen *Scarface* "100 million times."

"Tony Montana came from a slum and got rich," Dash says. "But then he got killed, so there's a lesson there as well."

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HOT MUSIC



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Hear an acoustic version of "The Boy Who Blocked His Own Shot," and six other songs at brandnewrock.com

Hot Band

Brand New

When is emo worth a million dollars? When it's made by these four punk sophisticates

IT'S A DAMP AUGUST EVENING IN NEW YORK, AND outside a midtown bar and grill Brand New singer Jesse Lacey is propped up on crutches. "I was trying to be Pete Townshend," he says, describing the excessive rocking out that led to a torn patella tendon. Brand New spent nearly 300 days of the past year on tour, and in spite of Lacey's knee trouble, the work has paid off for the emo band: Its second indie album, *Deja Entendu*, has sold 95,000 copies since June, and the single "The Quiet Things That No One Ever Knows" shares radio airtime with Audioslave and Dave Matthews. They are touring with Dashboard Confessional and have just signed with DreamWorks — a deal that sources estimate at more than \$1 million.

Brand New formed four years ago, in the Long Island, New York, suburb of Levittown, where the boys — Lacey, guitarist Vin Accardi, drummer Brian Lane and bassist Garrett Tierney — still live with their parents. They credit their success to their relentless road schedule, but anyone can get in a van for 300 days. *Deja Entendu* is an emo masterpiece if ever there was one, applying the intensity of post-hardcore and oddly sexy grooves to sophisticated and impassioned songwriting.

Like all the bands in their scene, Brand New prefer not to be called emo, as melodic, heart-on-sleeve punk has come to be known. "This is the music where we talk about how we've been wronged and got our hearts broken and nobody understands," says Lacey, running off his litany of complaints about mainstream punk-pop bands such as Good Charlotte. "Some of that's true, but I've hurt people just as often as I've been hurt. I'm trying to be honest about the kind of person I am underneath it all." That's evident in such songs as "The Boy Who Blocked His Own Shot," an apology to a girl Lacey dumped for no reason. "If it makes you less sad, we'll start talking again," he sings. "And you can tell me how vile I already know that I am."

The lyrics, Lacey says, were inspired by the fits of anxiety and depression he suffered while finishing the album on a tight deadline. "I'd sit up watching *Blind Date* on TV with a notebook in front of me," the singer says. "I'd be thinking, 'What do I have to say to anyone? The only thing I'm feeling right now is panic.' The first things that came to my head were the most stripped-down and emotionally honest."

Though Brand New would prefer to follow in Radiohead's footsteps than Good Charlotte's, they're not chasing art for art's sake. "Top Forty and TRL and being on the cover of *Seventeen* magazine — none of that stuff will last," Lacey acknowledges. "But if an opportunity arrives, you just grab it. I'd love for millions of people to hear our music." JENNY ELISCU

Brand New kids on the block (from left): Vin Accardi, 20, Jesse Lacey, 24, Brian Lane, 22, and Garrett Tierney, 22



Hot Guitar

Six months ago, Ryan Adams was in a slump. "I'd sort of lost my interest in playing music," Adams says. "I'd been obsessed with writing all these confessional songs. I didn't know how to not be so self-serious, because I was so bummed out. It was like I was caught in some really shit Kafka novel — it was, like, country goth." After taking some time off, he started doing what he does best: writing songs. The notoriously prolific Adams holed up in a converted rehearsal space in the basement of Hi-Fi, a bar in Manhattan's East Village, and began recording four-track tapes with a friend. The difference this time

around: Adams was playing almost exclusively electric guitars, which gave the tunes a looser, less-depressive feel. "I always just figured that I was crap as a guitarist," he says. "But I really like to turn up the guitar and get all Black Flag about it. It was a lot more interesting than confessional folk rock."

Adams rerecorded some of the songs at a New York studio, and the result was his electrified new record, *IloR N kcoR* (hint: Hold the title up to a mirror). Though he says he can't compete with his boyhood guitar heroes — Johnny Marr, Bob Mould, the Grateful Dead's Bob Weir and

Ryan Adams plugs in on "IloR N kcoR," his amped-up, six-string tour de force

Jerry Garcia — there are traces of those players all over the place, from the grating dissonances that kick off the album to the classic-rock clamor of "1974" to the delicate interplay of "Song for a Girl in Los Angeles." In fact, *IloR N kcoR* serves as a primer of basic guitar strategies from Lynyrd Skynyrd to U2. It's a successful, if not shocking, artistic makeover for the increasingly upbeat-sounding Adams. "I really want my playing to be good," says Adams, who hasn't exactly been known for his humility in the past. "But it always comes out a little shitty. I guess I just want it to sound f-u-n." It does. CHRISTIAN HOARD



Hot Video Directors

"We don't actually have MTV," says Richard "Kenny" Kenworthy, one-fourth of the Shynola video-production team. "And we never watch it." That may explain why Shynola's clips look like little else on TV today. A mix of animation, found images and live action, they're both unpredictable and kind of trippy — witness the brilliantly phantasmagoric waterworld Shynola created for Radiohead's "Pyramid Song" or the red-drenched desert road trip of Queens of the Stone Age's "Go With the Flow."

The London foursome — Kenworthy, Gideon Baws, Jason Groves and Chris Harding — met as art students and bonded over their interest in comic books and Kubrick films. "We're not technically great at animation," Baws says. But they are resourceful — their recent video for the Rapture's "House of Jealous Lovers" is built around images clipped from a book of old Black Flag concert fliers. "We just find the best way to tell the story," says Baws. "Videos are never just a way to sell the band." C.H.

HOT MUSIC

Hot Metal

The Darkness

They have the loudest riffs, the tightest trousers and the biggest mouths in rock

IS AMERICA READY FOR THE DARKNESS? "It bloody better be, because we're coming, ready or not," says frontman Justin Hawkins. The Darkness are the toast of Britannia right now, with a metal sound that defies description: four Brits in spandex and leopard-skin cat suits, playing cock-rock boogie riffs with titles such as "Love on the Rocks With No Ice." But what gets your attention is Hawkins' multi-octave voice, which hits unbelievable falsetto highs. The band's sound is a cross between Queen and Motley Crue. "We play bombastic, big-balled, tight-trousered rock," Hawkins says. "Rock of that nature has been ridiculed for many a moon. But people in England are tired of fucking boring shit."

The band also includes Hawkins' younger brother Dan. "My brother is up there with Malcolm Young from

AC/DC," Justin says. "Dan is one of the great rhythm-guitar players who ever walked the earth. But when it comes to soloing, I piss all over him."

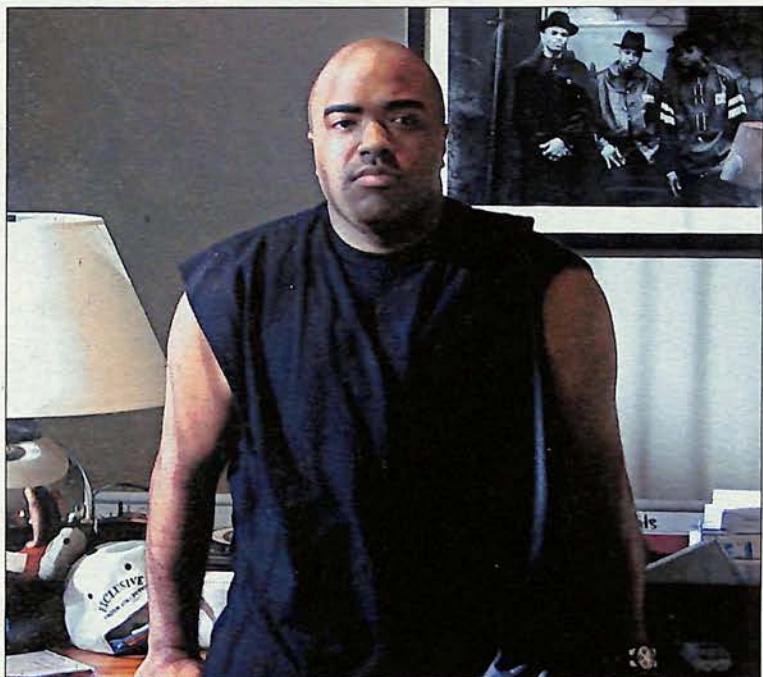
The Darkness' debut album, *Permission to Land*, already a U.K. sensation, has to be the loudest, raunchiest and funniest metal you'll hear all year. "Our personality, you can smell it in the music," Justin says. "We're not introverted, really." But he bristles at the idea that some fans may hear the Darkness as an ironic put-on: "We live it. We embrace it. We're going to keep growing as a worldbeating unit and hopefully avoid dying at all costs, which we strongly wish to do."

R.S.

Listen to This "Get Your Hands Off My Woman," the sleazy whiskey-soaked boogie that crashed the U.K. pop chart.



"I've got a real eclectic batch of influences," says Justin Hawkins (center). "From AC/DC to ZZ Top."



Hot Producer

Rich Harrison

The man to see for R&B

DON'T DO ALL THAT MUCH real well," says Rich Harrison. "The only thing I take credit for is being a great listener." After his remake of Burt Bacharach's "Beautiful Ones" made it onto Mary J. Blige's 1999 album *Mary*, Harrison

produced Amerie's debut album and then scored his first Number One hit with Beyoncé's "Crazy in Love." Now one of the most in-demand producers in R&B, Harrison will produce songs for Janet Jackson, Gwen Stefani, Britney

Spears, Alicia Keys and Ruben Studdard before the end of this year.

Harrison's goal is "to bring rap's funk-friendly, high-energy ethos to R&B without sacrificing melody." A native of Washington, D.C., he played drums, keyboards and trumpet in countless go-go bands. Go-go, a live-based, groove-heavy cousin of hip-hop, taught him "how to feed off the energy of a crowd, which is invaluable in making an up-tempo song today."

Harrison is one of the few producers who writes complete songs, lyrics included. "When I meet an artist, we talk for an hour or so about life, then I go and write a song," he says. "I try to see what's in an artist's heart and hear what I as a fan would like to hear them say."

C.H.

Listen to This Find another Harrison track, "Be With You," at beyonceonline.com

Hot Maritime Sounds

Drunkenness, depression, drowning — these are the themes of *Sea Music*, an album of chanteys sung by Dan Zanes (right) and friends. Originally made as a holiday present for cronies including Bob Weir, the CD

will be released this month on Zanes' own label (danzanes.com). "We wanted to preserve the rawness, to make it sound like bent nails and broken boards," says Zanes. Certainly, when he and

Donald Saaf weave through the harmonic sine and cosine of minor thirds and fourths in tracks such as "Farewell Nova Scotia," they create a taut soundtrack, streaked with sweat and longing.

ELLEN TIEN



Hot Rock Posters

Aesthetic Apparatus: Midwestern and subversive at the same time

Michael Byzewski and Dan Ibarra, two Minneapolis graphic designers who work under the name Aesthetic Apparatus, are reinvigorating the rock poster: Their rigorously hand-screened prints have advertised bands from Mission of Burma to the New Pornographers. Like punk rock, the company's work emphasizes the forceful singular stroke.

"It's this raw, garage-type look," says the Mooney Suzuki's guitarist-vocalist Sammy James Jr. The designers strive for a kind of Midwestern-ness in their work. "It's timeless," says Ibarra. "Subversively timeless," adds Byzewski. Ibarra chews on that a minute before responding, "I don't know what that means, but it sounds good."

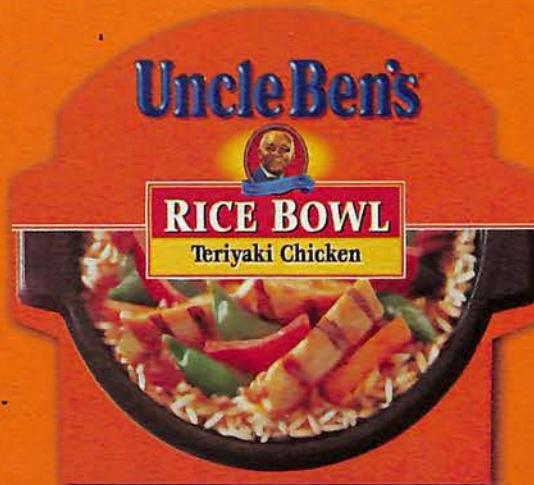
T.V.



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HOT FASHION

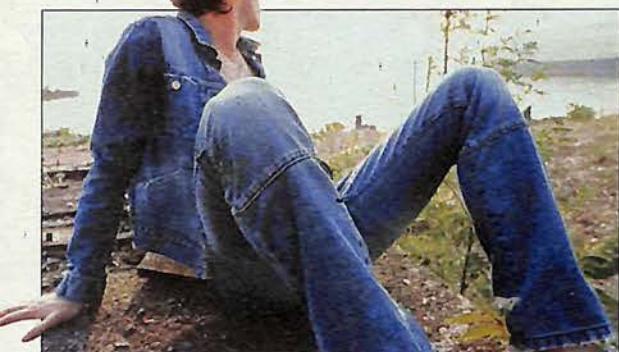
Hot Model

Liya Kebede

Say hello to the hysteria-inducing, barrier-busting wife, mother and Gothamite

MEN JUST CAN'T HELP THEMSELVES FROM going bonkers when they get near model Liya Kebede. "I think the worst is when I tell them I am married, and they say, 'But I am married, too,'" says Kebede. Cripes, who can blame them for trying? With her impossibly long legs, exotic bone structure and liquid gaze, Kebede, 24, is the latest sensation of the modeling world, especially after Tom Ford signed her exclusively to do his fall 2000 Gucci show. Now she is the first black woman to be the face of Estée Lauder cosmetics. Born in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, Kebede now lives in New York with her husband and son. Aside from the obvious, the most appealing thing about Kebede is that she isn't one of those I-won't-get-out-of-bed-for-less-than-10,000-a-day mannequins. "I hope in ten years I will be doing something that will impact the world in a positive way," she says earnestly.

Aww—give us a hug.



Hot All-Time Low

Loose Bastard Jeans

Pants that say, "Shut up and show us your hips"

THE PELVIC DIP AND SMILE OF LOW-RISE jeans has finally infiltrated men's clothing, with denim hip-clingers being produced by companies such as Seven for All Mankind, Earl and even reliable old Levi's. Arguably, though, no one has sunk lower than Andrew Buckler, whose Loose Bastard jeans stop a good planetary plane below the navel. Unforeseen bonus: Shave valuable seconds off your fly-zipping time!

E.T.

Where to Buy If you want to squeeze into a pair of these sweet low-risers, check out bucklerjeans.com



Hot Kicks

Think the new Nikes are the hottest shizzle to hit your feet? You gotta get the remix

What DJs do with turntables, Peter Kim does with sneakers. Known as Methamphetamine, he remixes production Nikes, creating some of the rarest limited-edition shoes out there. Recently, kids camped out in front of the L.A. boutique Undefeated to score a pair of Meth's custom \$275 Nike Dunks. They sold out in minutes—and now sell for up to \$1,000. "My main demographic is collectors," says Kim. "Most likely, the shoes will not end up being worn."

T.V.

Where to Buy Find out which stores are selling the custom Nikes at Methamphetamine.com

Hot Protection



With its sleek silhouette and flared collar, the No-Contact Jacket brims with urban paramilitary esprit. Turns out what's under the hood is pretty potent, too: a system that can shoot an 80,000-volt charge crackling to the jacket's surface. Touch the jacket for as long as three seconds, and it will knock you to the ground. Still in prototype, the jacket was created by Adam Whitton, a researcher at MIT, and apparel designer Yolita Nugent. They are talking to manufacturers and hope to bring No-Contact to market for about \$1,000.

T.V.



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HOT OBSESSIONS

Hot Addiction

Celebrity-Worship Syndrome

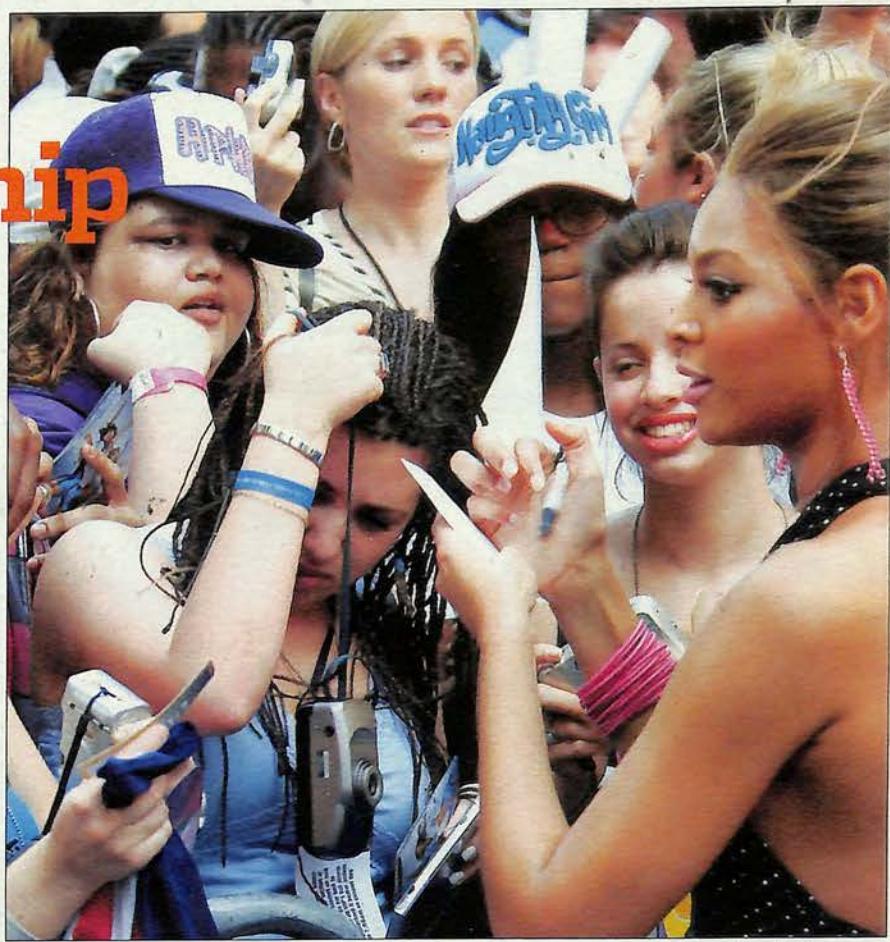
Thinking about buying Ben and Jen a wedding gift? You have a problem. And you need help

IT STARTS OUT INNOCENTLY ENOUGH: You subscribe to the *National Enquirer*, but you're being ironic! Then you start Tivo-ing *Extra*. From there, you could well be on a hellish descent to *One Hour Photo*-style stalkerdom. Psychologist James Houran and three colleagues at the Southern Illinois University School of Medicine interviewed more than 600 people about their interest in the famous and found that a third suffered from a scary "clinical problem." As with drug addiction, there are stages. Stage one: Celebrity-worship-syndrome victims follow famous people for "entertainment/social reasons." Not to worry, says Houran, but if you "start to feel a personal connection with a celeb-

rity," well, you're talking stage two. Second-stagers are prone to thoughts such as "Kobe and I were wronged, damn it."

The third stage is borderline pathological. "These people will endorse statements like, 'If my favorite celebrity asked me to do something illegal as a favor, I'd probably do it,'" says Houran. "At this stage, you're going to see stalkers." Teenagers, Houran says, are especially susceptible. So let's review. Is your "special" room papered with photos of Jennifer Garner? If so, get help. Now! "Someone who writes a celebrity twenty times a week is just as intense as someone who might have an entire room devoted to him," says Houran. "That person is just as sick."

J.D.



Crazy in love: Fans swarm over Beyoncé Knowles as she performs on the *Today* show in June.



Hot Lost White Stripes Song

The White Stripes had to cancel their summer shows after guitarist Jack White broke his finger in a car accident. Nonetheless, ROLLING STONE has managed to snag a secret copy of the last song White wrote before the accident. Rumors that the tune was inspired by his lady friend Renée Zellweger (above, with White) could not be confirmed by press time.

Fell in love with Renée
I got a Bridget Jones for her squinty bleating
Can't keep away from Renée
Me and Jim Carrey gotta have a meeting
She had me from hello, it's true
I watch E!, so I know that her love is fleeting
She just wants us to be Fab and Drew
I said it once before, but it bears repeating.

Hot Social Disease

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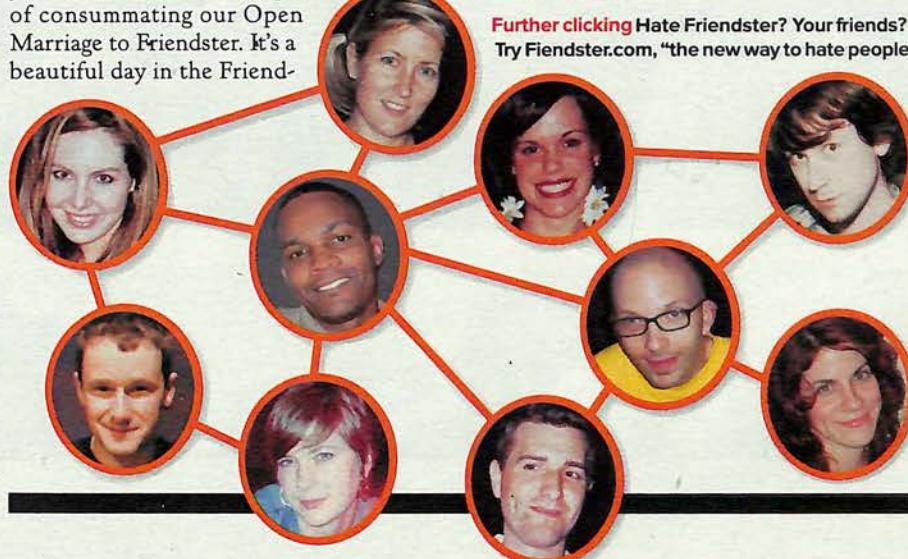
IN THE ABSENCE OF ANY ANTHEMIC JAMS this year – no "Hot in Herre," no "Get Ur Freak On" – Friendster.com was the only bona fide pop sensation of the summer of 2003. When America needed a star, Friendster came along. It was Just Here to Help, and it helped us into a computer sugar coma, as we the people got addicted to playing with other people's lives like baseball cards. Collect them all, add and delete, be the first in your network to crack a hundred, browse your own iPod playlist of human beings, some of whom you've even met. It's all part of consummating our Open Marriage to Friendster. It's a beautiful day in the Friend-

sterhood. Won't you be my Friendster?

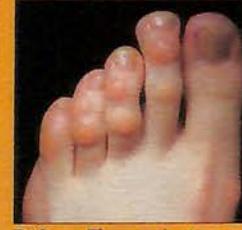
Everybody keeps swearing they'll ditch Friendster soon. But until the site starts charging money, which will clear the room faster than fuck, Friendster is the hotel where you can check out but never leave. You live with the struggle not to Friendster your high school girlfriend. You live with Friendster, because Friendster lives with you. And if you unplug it, you'll just make it mad. In other words, Friendster life is surprisingly similar to dealing with your real friends. It's pure hell.

R.S.

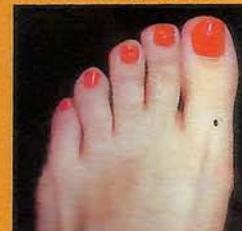
Further clicking Hate Friendster? Your friends? Try Friendster.com, "the new way to hate people."



Hot Surgery



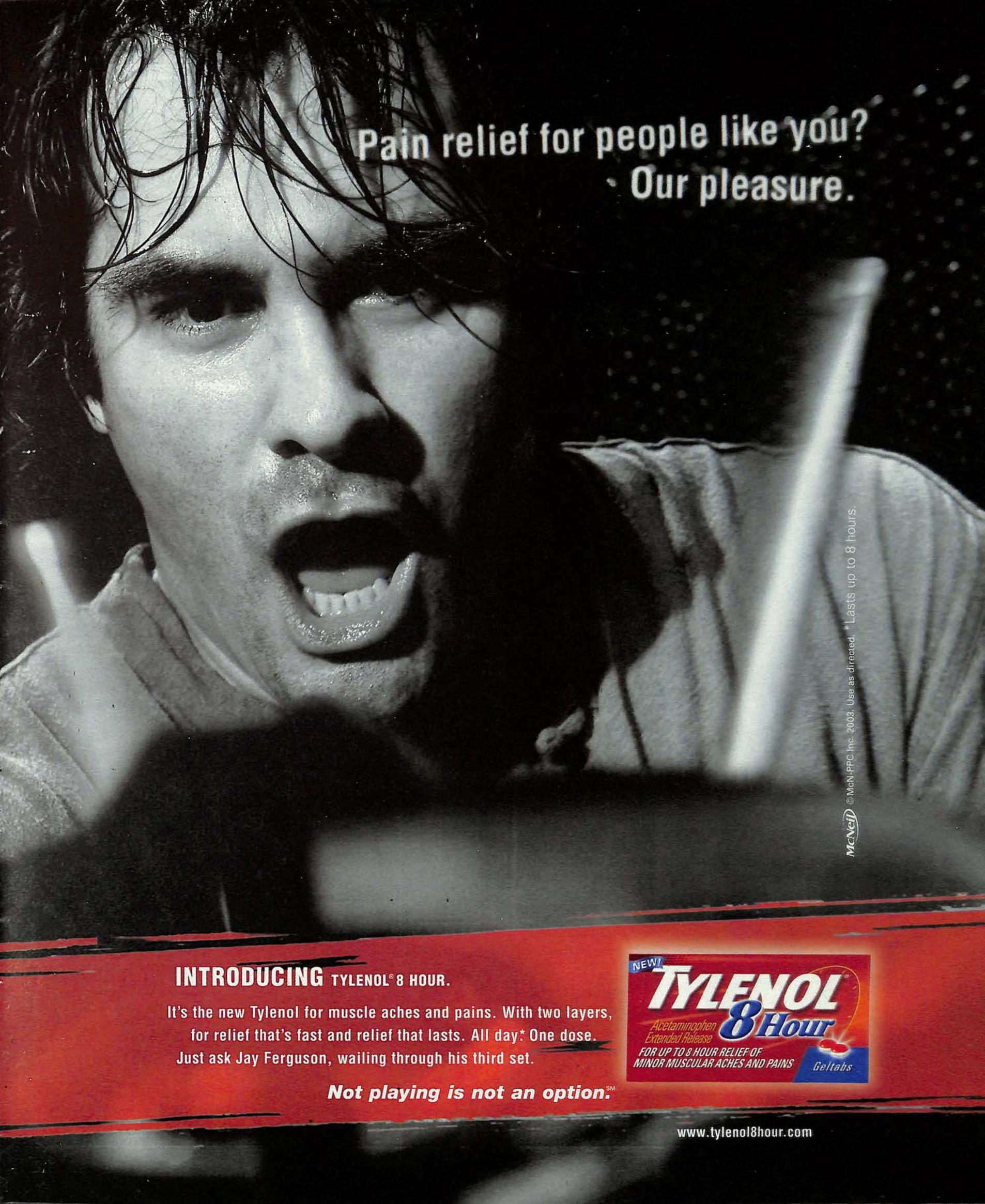
Before: Five yucky toes



After: From blah to Blahnik

You've had your nose fixed, your teeth straightened and your love handles sucked out through a tube. What next? A toe job. "There's nothing voodoo about it," says Dr. Stuart Mogul, who has lopped the ends of about seventy-five protruding second toes in the past year. The Manhattan podiatrist will also make your feet more sandalworthy by adding length to a stumpy toe. Many women, complaining that their feet are too long for Blahniks, want him to shorten their entire foot. But he says that's going too far. RS prediction: Soon men will start asking for hand jobs.

J.D.



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HOT BODIES



Hot Trim



What more tempting a blank canvas could there be than the freshly waxed pubis, in all its pale and pouchy majesty? This season's newest netherlook: the Kama Sutra bikini, a stripped-off, sketched-on treatment that gentrifies the neighborhood with intricate henna tattooing or even glued-on Swarovski crystal embellishments. The designs are customized, with clients (such as Howard Stern's girlfriend, model Beth Ostrosky) choosing anything from a flowering vine to a map of Texas. Prices start at \$105, depending on how detailed that map of Texas needs to be. E.T.

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Hot International Babe

Aishwarya Rai

This vindaloo-hot former Miss World is charting her course from Bollywood to Bond girl

ULIA ROBERTS CALLS HER "THE world's most beautiful woman." Just look at her. Can you argue? Aishwarya Rai, a former Miss World and a Bollywood fixture, causes a frenzy when she makes public appearances in her native India. "It's a bit difficult to just jump up and go out and play," she says. "I do have security with me at all times." Ash, as she is known, is poised to cause a commotion on these shores. She is filming *Bride and Prejudice*, from Gurinder Chadha, the director of *Bend It Like Beckham*, and is in talks to be the first Indian Bond girl — "But only if she holds her own," says Rai, 29. "Just being a pretty face doesn't excite my creative juices." She believes the age-

old maxim that beauty comes from within, anyway. "I know plenty of beautiful women on the outside but not so on the inside," she says darkly. "This I see reflected through their eyes."

Rai claims she doesn't have a master plan and trusts God to bring forth opportunities, but she helped Him out by meeting with a trio of American heavy hitters: Harvey Weinstein ("Powerhouse of energy") Robert De Niro ("He understood where I was coming from") and Spike Lee ("He and I were not on the same page, but I respect his work").

The green-eyed beauty is also rumored to be a virgin, which she will neither confirm nor deny: "I never discuss my personal affairs." J.D.

"Just being a pretty face doesn't excite my creative juices."

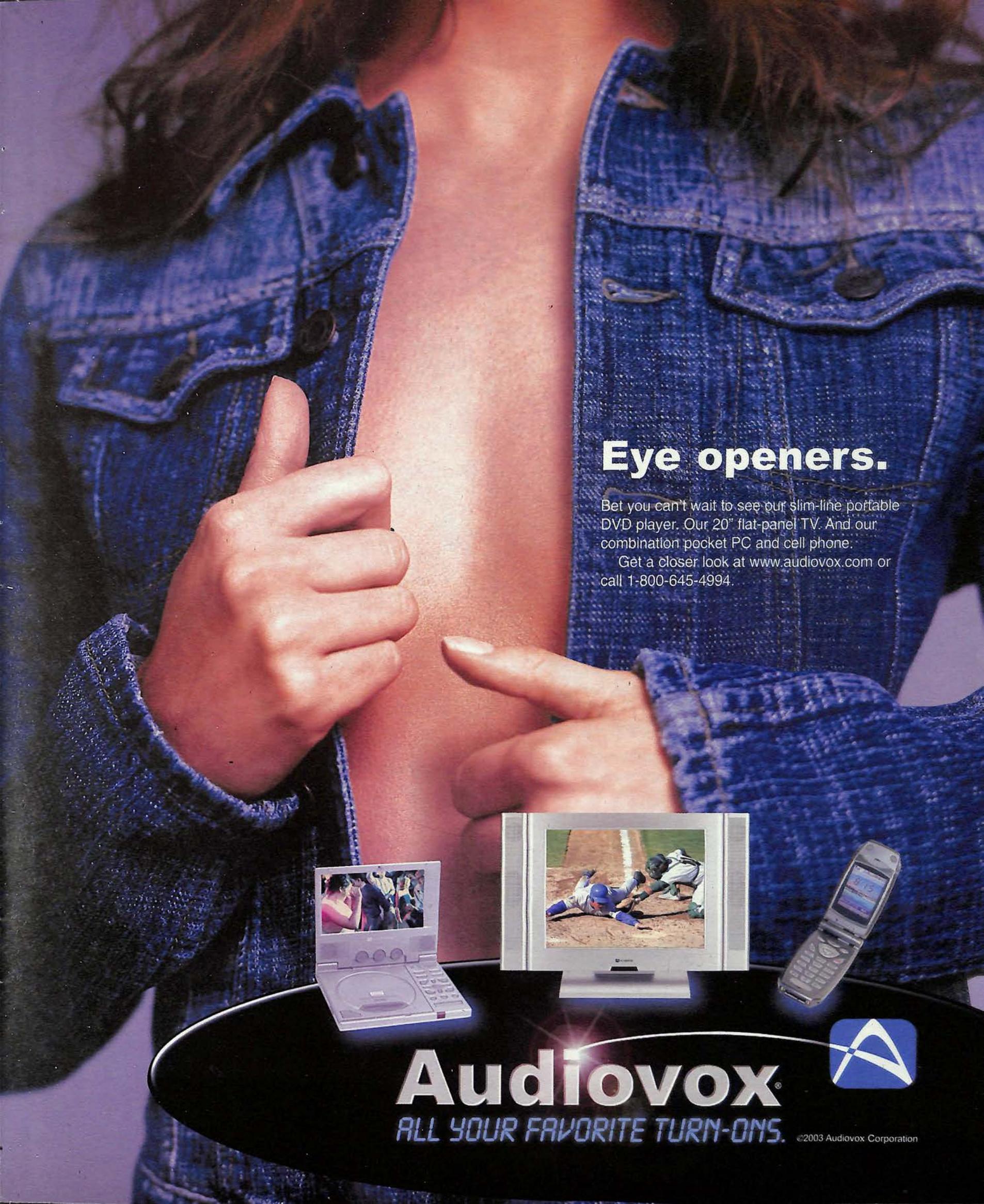


Hot Panty Party

Pretend you're Tom Cruise and dance in your undies

Since May, Opaline bar in New York has hosted a weekly Panty Party on Saturday nights. Admission is free for those who come pantsless. DJs spin hip-hop and early-Nineties jams while revelers drop trou, get drunk and perv out. "It's totally fun and innocent," says co-host Debbie D. "We're like little kids." Maybe, but one recent invasion of a gang of go-go dancers has given the party a raunchy reputation. "The dancers were taking the guys' clothes off and jerking them off," says Debbie D. "It was gross but funny."

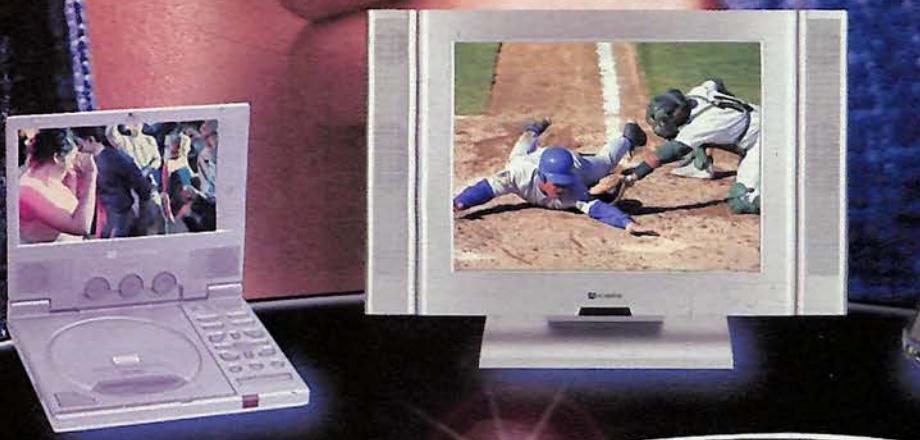
Modesty isn't allowed in the Panty Room. "Everybody looks stupid in their underwear," says Debbie. No kidding. The sight of hundreds of pale legs bookended by chunky footwear and saggy skivvies is about as sexy as an Army physical. "We want to take Panty Party on the road," says co-host Grantly Panties. Then everyone can share their finest undergarments with a roomful of strangers — a bad dream come true. AMELIA McDONELL-PARRY



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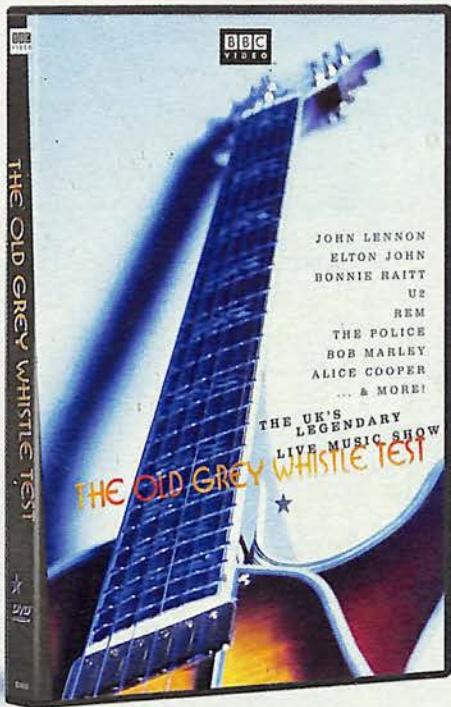
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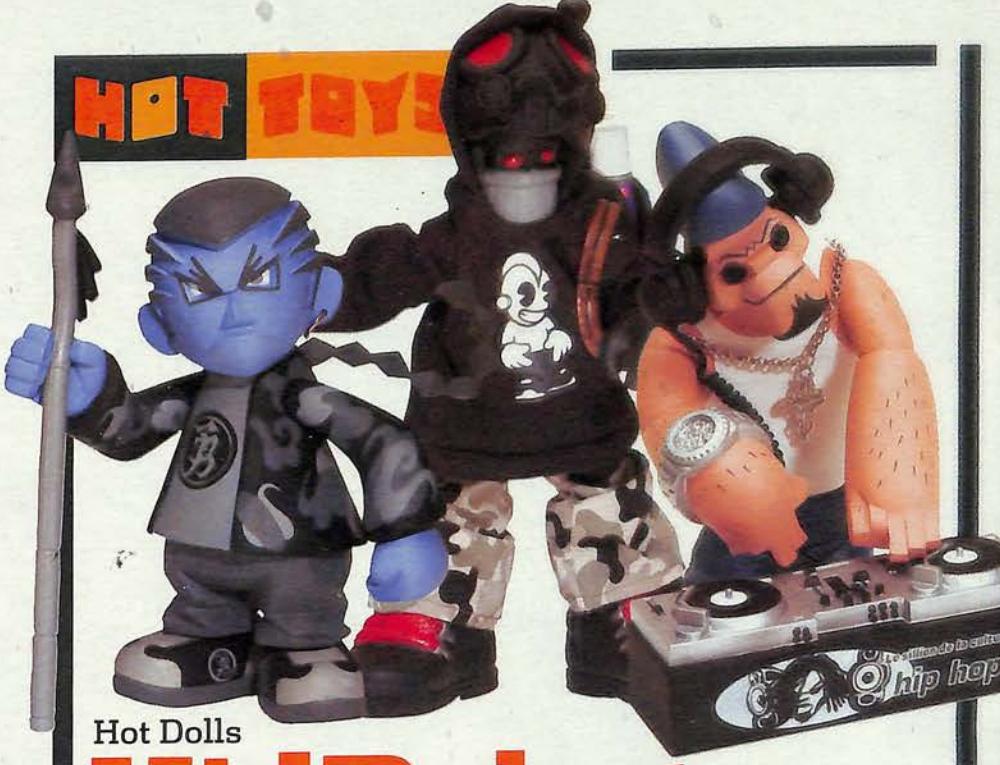
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HOT TOYS



Hot Dolls

KidRobot

Fashion accessories turned pop art, these sci-fi
hip-hop action figures go for up to \$10,000 on eBay

HI-P-HOP WAS BORN IN THE BRONX, but the first hip-hop dolls were a product of Hong Kong. In the late 1990s, artists such as Michael Lau started customizing vinyl figures, turning out dolls that borrowed from graffiti as much as they did from anime. "The dolls are both cute and scary, not sanitized like what we have in the U.S.," says Paul Budnitz, who sells and designs so-called urban vinyl figures through his nearly two-year-old company Kid-Robot. "One might look like a Smurf, but then you'll see that he's wearing a gas mask. It's so cool."

After Budnitz opened the first Kid-

Robot store, in San Francisco, the designer figures went from being fashion accessories for Japanese teenagers to pop art for adults. "Robin Williams personally kept us in business the first few weeks," Budnitz recalls, although others soon lined up to pay hundreds of dollars for limited-edition figures such as Fiery Jack, a dead elephant that glows in the dark. And collectors have since grown rabid: A figure from the first Lau set recently commanded nearly \$10,000 on eBay. "Some of these people," Budnitz says, "are complete addicts."

L.C.S.

Where to Buy KidRobot will open its second store this fall in SoHo, New York.

Hot Gadget

Multi-tasking übertoy
mixes phone and games

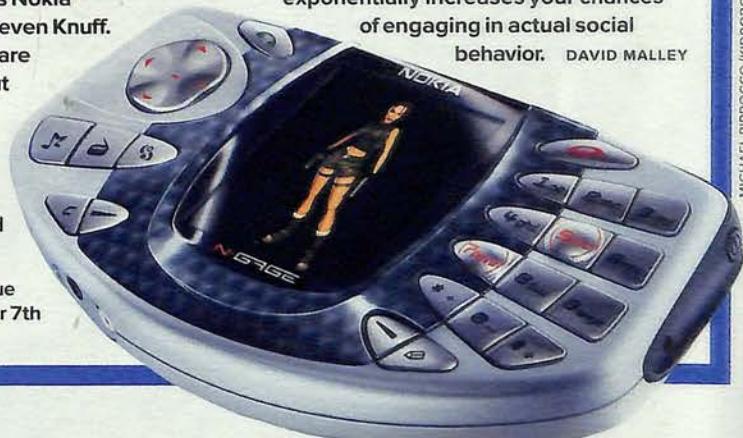
Meet the Swiss Army knife of hand-held gaming systems — the Nokia N-Gage. It doesn't just play addictive games such as Virtua Tennis and Tomb Raider, it's also a top-end global telephone that operates in 170 countries. "Tony Hawk's Pro Skater rocks, and SonicN really blew me away," says Nokia spokesman Steven Knuff.

"The graphics are incredible." But what makes N-Gage kick so much ass is that it isn't just for gaming and

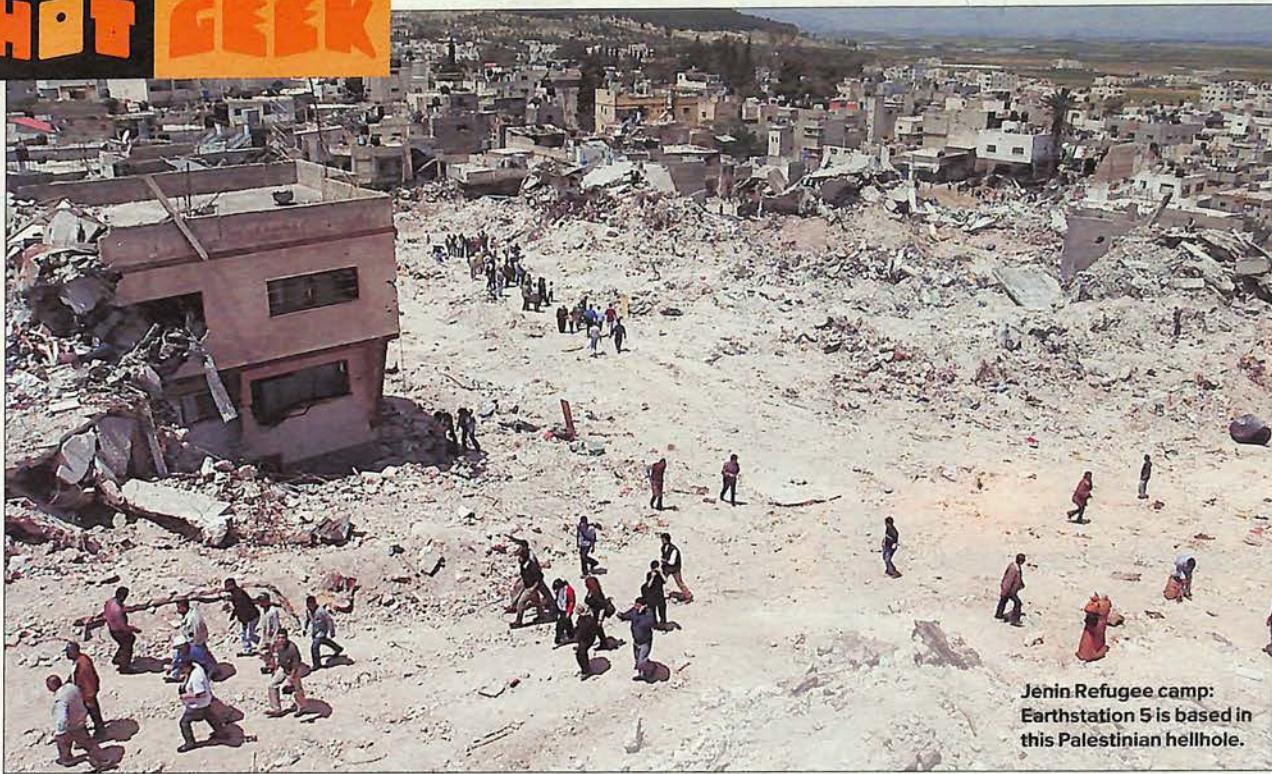
Where to Buy
The N-Gage is due
in stores October 7th
and costs \$299.

phone calls — it uses a 128MB memory card to power an MP3 player, it's e-mail capable, it plays FM radio, has a built-in speakerphone and can be used for multimedia messaging. Though the N-Gage costs way more than its rivals, the extra coin is worth it since the device exponentially increases your chances of engaging in actual social behavior.

DAVID MALLEY



HOT GEEK



Jenin Refugee camp:
Earthstation 5 is based in
this Palestinian hellhole.

Hot Hot-wire

The Segway Human Transport is a marvelous piece of technology. But it has problems. It didn't, as the hype promised, change the world. At \$5,000, it's too expensive. And, topping out at just 12.5 mph, it's too slow. You can't do much about the first problem. But hackers have figured out how to soup up the Segway by rewriting the starter key's software, which controls the machine's top speed: One Segway was recently clocked going 24 mph. Still not fast enough to change the world but a damn good way to end up in the hospital. — MICHAEL MOYER

Where to Go: One Segway hack can be found at robot.net/segway.html



Hot Cyber Thugs

Earthstation 5

From the heart of Middle Eastern terrorism, it's the new Napster

WITH ALL THE NUANCE OF THE IRAQI INFORMATION minister, Earthstation 5, billing itself as the "largest P2P portal in the world," declared war on the entertainment industry in August. "The next revolution in P2P file sharing is upon you," reads a company press release. "Resistance is futile, and we are now in control!"

ES5 develops clumsy file-sharing software (downloadable at es5.com) that promises untraceable downloads of music and first-run movies. The company is based in Jenin — a Palestinian refugee camp usually associated with suicide bombers, not file-

sharing. It's also beyond the reach of international copyright laws. "If they made a law against oral sex in Kazakhstan," says ES5 president Ras Kabir, "would you stop having oral sex [in America]?"

It's hard to verify any of Kabir's claims. He says he was born in Palestine, grew up in England and has never visited the U.S., though he speaks with an accent that sounds American. He claims his company is funded by Saudi and Russian investors and staffed by a we-are-the-world assortment of Muslims, Jews, Hindus and Christians — with no recording-industry lawyers in sight.

MAUREEN TKACIK

Hot Sign Language

Digital-age graffiti marks the spot for free high-speed Web access

Have mysterious chalk hieroglyphics appeared on your doorstep? It might be because you're sharing your wireless network — which usually spreads to around 100 yards from the access point behind your computer — with the world, whether you know it or not. War-chalking's got some of the tech elite carrying around sticks of chalk like they're hobos from seventy years ago, marking up sidewalks to signal which houses will offer a free slice of pie. Or in this case, a free slice of high-speed Web access.

The principle of war-chalking: If you find an open node — a network that's not password-protected — chalk a symbol so other people



X OPEN NODE
This symbol indicates free and open access inside.

O CLOSED NODE
Building has access, but you need a password to log on.

W WEP NODE
Wire Equivalent Privacy. Not only closed but encrypted.

will be able to use it later. Some attack war-chalking as encouraging illegality, but Cory Doctorow, outreach coordinator of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, begs to differ: "That's assuming that people don't want to share their unmetered Internet access. It's like condemning criminals who like to read in dim light and mark up homes that have a porch light."

G.E.

Where to Go Warchalking.org, a site maintained in England, provides up-to-date listings of open-access wireless spots throughout the world.

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The Rolling Stone Review

What to hear, what to see and what to buy:

117

New CDs

David Bowie

On *Reality*, Bowie stops trying to subvert the truth and tries to figure out what the hell's really going on here. Also reviewed: Bubba Sparxxx, A Perfect Circle, My Morning Jacket, Aretha Franklin, Thursday, the Darkness.

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Santana

Revisiting Carlos Santana's gypsy-caravan Seventies with the reissue of *Caravanserai*, *Love Devotion Surrender*, *Moonflower* and *Welcome*. Also reviewed: Elvis Costello, Björk.

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Bill Murray and Scarlett Johansson get cute in Tokyo in Sofia Coppola's new film. Also reviewed: *Matchstick Men*, *Once Upon a Time in Mexico*.

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Adam Sandler and Jack Nicholson go nose to nose, but the bonus material is the real winner. Also reviewed: Radiohead.

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The dark side of the Celtic soul master.

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Live!

Björk

The Icelandic sprite takes her act — and a dress made of doilies — to Coney Island. Also reviewed: R.E.M., Dashboard Confessional.

rollingstone.com

Post your own reviews.

John Mayer

Call him the unrocker: On his triple-platinum 2001 disc *Room for Squares*, John Mayer was neither punk nor prom king, just a tall kid from Connecticut playing Southern coffeehouses and chasing girls who listen to techno. The twenty-five-year-old singer-songwriter follows it up with *Heavier Things*, an equally accessible yet more sophisticated album.

Read James Hunter's review on Page 116.

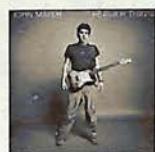


>> NEW CDS

Corduroy Boy

John Mayer knows that even square dudes get the blues. By James Hunter

John Mayer / Heavier Things / Aware/Columbia ★★★★



IN 2001, JOHN MAYER RELEASED *Room for Squares*, which has since sold more than 3 million copies. Then based in Atlanta, Mayer had recently left Boston's Berklee College of Music. His songs didn't have the fussiness that many of us associate with trained musicians, but there was something *correct* about them. The fast, epiphanic "No Such Thing," the afternoon valentine "Your Body Is a Wonderland" and the steering-wheel singalong "Why Georgia" all had a very precise mood and their own notion of cool. Neither punk nor prom king, Mayer was a tall kid from Connecticut, driving on the freeways, chasing slippery techno women, inhabiting a world of parents and slipcovers and holidays and gracious Southeastern metropolises; he was smart, inquisitive, articulate, a touch off in places. In post-9/11 America, he could have come straight out of a 1950s J.D. Salinger novel. Mayer's music was an unexotic oasis — you could hum along to its agile melodies, getting headaches from nothing more devastating than his everyday corduroy conundrums.

With his follow-up, *Heavier Things*, Mayer offers an equally available yet more sophisticated album. Recorded in New York — where he now lives — and in Los Angeles with producer-engineer Jack Joseph Puig, *Heavier Things* marks no grand departure from Mayer's previous calm. Yet it does profit from a few key adjustments. The songs — with the exception of the pop-funk "Only Heart," whose fast harmonies are almost as hook-mad as those in "No Such Thing" — are sparser, no longer leaping for journalism-style detail and borderline-power-pop melodies. Most of these tracks proceed more subtly, with an emphasis on interior life.

In "Split Screen Sadness," a guy sits by the phone, arguing in his

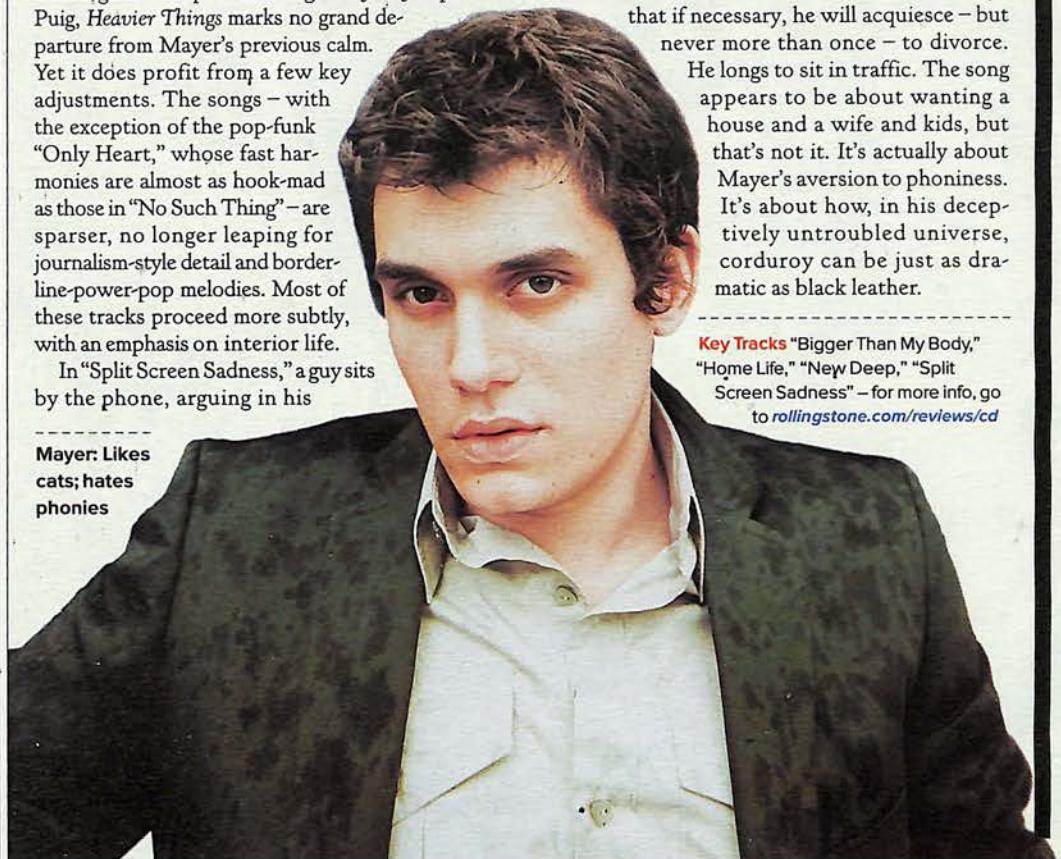
head with his girlfriend, wondering just what in hell will become of their relationship. As keyboard strings saw jarringly away in the background, the music bears down and Mayer delivers the poignant, descending five-note phrase, "I can't find a flight." In "Clarity," Mayer is unsure how long his current romance is going to stay in flower. In the final choruses, as jazz-trumpet player Roy Hargrove circles around with warm harmonies, Mayer abandons his closely chosen lyrics altogether, adopting a wordless falsetto.

These songs have no trouble lifting off when they want: "Someday I'll fly," Mayer sings in "Bigger Than My Body," propelling a chorus that's pure radio bliss. In the hilarious-pathetic "New Deep," a "new man" wears "new cologne" yet still feels blank, as amelodic verses skitter softly, alternating with a bigger, more boldly built chorus. Songs such as "Daughters" and "Come Back to Bed," which show off Mayer's Shetland-wool tenor, take more conventional blues-pop melodic shapes.

In one place, Mayer's new methods swirl into unusual majesty. The song is called "Home Life"; it has an Asian-accented coffeehouse groove in which the narrator makes some odd yet familiar admissions. He says he was "born a house cat." He likes geometry and architecture. He wants to know the name of his future wife. He says that if necessary, he will acquiesce — but never more than once — to divorce.

He longs to sit in traffic. The song appears to be about wanting a house and a wife and kids, but that's not it. It's actually about Mayer's aversion to phoniness. It's about how, in his deceptively untroubled universe, corduroy can be just as dramatic as black leather.

Key Tracks "Bigger Than My Body," "Home Life," "New Deep," "Split Screen Sadness" — for more info, go to rollingstone.com/reviews/cd



Mayer: Likes cats; hates phones



Slow Burn

Reverb-soaked Southern dreamers *My Morning Jacket* make sad songs that feel really good

My Morning Jacket / It Still Moves / ATO/RCA ★★★★



Inside the oceanic reverb that soaks every twang and sigh on *It Still Moves*, the third album by the Louisville, Kentucky, quintet *My Morning Jacket*, is a first-class acid-country Radiohead swimming slowly to the surface. The group's lack of hurry can be exasperating; some songs seem to take days to hit chorus pay dirt (the swollen-pain refrain in the Day-Glo crawl "Master Plan") and guitar-jam daylight (the midsection of "Run Thru"). But *Jacket* mastermind Jim James, the band's vocalist-songwriter-producer, knows the difference between wasting time and warping it, although he sings a lot about being fogged in by liquor and hopelessness. "I Will Sing You Songs" is a long bath of rolling-tide guitars, cymbal splashes and James' liquid-silver hallelujah — Fleetwood Mac's "Albatross" via *Smile*-era Brian Wilson. And there is a sharp, Southern-barbecue tang to the brass behind the '68-Fillmore-dream guitars in "Easy Morning Rebel." *My Morning Jacket* are going nowhere fast — but in all the right ways.

DAVID FRICKE

A Perfect Circle



★★★

Thirteenth Step

Virgin

Hard-rock supergroup combines Tool, Nine Inch Nails, Marilyn Manson — and gets the Cure!

A PERFECT CIRCLE ARE THAT RARE supergroup: A collective of veteran musicians that actually adds up to more, not less, than the sum of its parts — in this case, Tool vocalist Maynard James Keenan, former Nine Inch Nails roadie Billy Howerdel, session drumming ace Josh Freese and former Marilyn Manson bassist Jeordie White, a.k.a. Twigg Ramirez. The band's second album, *Thirteenth Step*, sounds more like the dusky thrum of Disintegration-era Cure than it does any of the members' previous bands. A vague concept album about recovering from recovery or something, *Thirteenth Step* doesn't

bludgeon listeners into submission — it lulls them with droning guitars, dub-deep bass and simmering vocals. The anticipated shit hammer of thundering guitars doesn't drop until the end of the slow-burning opener, "The Package." Standard chugging metal rhythms appear late in the album, and only for two tracks. The disc's centerpiece is the arch "The Nurse Who Loved Me," a baroque pop number that would make a great comeback single for someone like Nancy Sinatra — if she were huffing ether. "Clever got me this far," intones Keenan on "The Package." By the end of *Thirteenth Step*, it's gotten him even further.

ROBERT CHERRY

>> Star Ratings

★★★★★	Classic
★★★★	Excellent
★★★★	Good
★★★	Fair
★	Poor

Ratings are supervised by the editors of ROLLING STONE.

Aretha Franklin



So Damn Happy
Arista
Slick, adult-contemporary surroundings don't help the Queen of Soul's latest disc

THE QUEEN OF SOUL IS STILL THE Queen. But that doesn't mean the material on Aretha Franklin's latest album is deserving of her crown. Last time around, on 1998's *A Rose Is Still a Rose*, Lauryn Hill, Puff Daddy and other hot hitmakers plied fresh beats and old-school samples to aim Aretha's R&B at young ears. Here, Mary J. Blige appears on and co-writes two of the hipper tracks, "Holdin' On" and "No Matter What," but both come up

short in the melody, hook and rhythm departments, and those deficits afflict much of the rest. Ten different producers replace Rose's hip-hop energy with an adult-contemporary slickness that sometimes makes the sixty-one-year-old legend's voice seem shrill. Her Highness deserves more respect than this.

BARRY WALTERS

Beulah



Yoko
Velocette

Four members of Bay Area sextet break up with their mates. Guess what the album is about?

BEULAH'S FOURTH ALBUM WAS RECORDED the same year that four members of this Bay Area indie-rock band broke up with their girlfriends and wives (the title, *Yoko*, may not so coincidentally reference a certain woman whose name has been associated with band breakups). Beulah do more than cry into their beer, though: Tracks such as "Landslide Baby" present the nuanced evolution of an ailing relationship in the form of conversations between lovers figuring out what went wrong. The band has tossed some of the sunny pop of 2001's *The Coast Is Never Clear*, paring down some of the horn-happy melodies that have defined their style, but their songs are still bright and elegant.

"Your Mother Loves You Son" matches powerhouse pop rock with front-man Miles Kurosky's mournful, aching lyrics. On "A Man Like Me," he admits he's "a man gone wrong" but begs, "Try wasting all your days on a man like me." With *Yoko*, Beulah make up for the breakups with the most personal album of their career.

AMELIA McDONELL-PARRY



Peaches: Nasty as she wants to be

Buy These Now

The best releases of the last three months



Warren Zevon

The Wind
Artemis

On what is probably his last album, the terminally ill singer-songwriter gives a lesson on how to live — and how to face the truth — with his usual humor and talent.



The Neptunes

The Neptunes
Present... Clones
Star Trak/Arista

Guest spots from a deep crew of big-name rappers and wall-to-wall Neptunes beats combine for the best hip-hop compilation of the year — if not all time.



Kings of Leon

Youth and Young Manhood
RCA

Four hairy young Southerners turn out jacked-up garage punk and scruffy blues, with help from drunken solos and singer Caleb Followill's raunchy slurs.

Peaches



Fatherfucker
XL/Beggars Group
Hardcore drum loops meet artsy raunch — what's not to like?

HOW DO YOU FOLLOW UP A DEBUT album best known for a party-starter called "Fuck the Pain Away?"

Former schoolteacher Peaches seems to intentionally drop the ball throughout *Fatherfucker*, the sequel to her notorious art-punk-funk disc, *The Teaches of Peaches*. Adding thrash guitars to her beatbox arsenal, she gets strangely monotonous on "Rock 'N' Roll," and she's just as dull as she strips down to early Run-DMC rhythms on "I'm the Kinda." Yet these flops set up the monster tracks: Teaming up with Iggy Pop isn't a good idea for mere mortals, but the potty mouth matches him cuss for cuss on the flat-out fantastic "Kick It" — and be-

comes the trash-takin', pussy-whippin', polysexual mama we all knew she could be.

BARRY WALTERS

Thursday



War All the Time
Island
New Jersey emo up-and-comers think bad thoughts

OF ALL THE PASSIONATE, SOUL-BARING young guitar bands slogged together under the emo heading, Thursday are among the darkest and most powerful, and their fourth album brims over with all the jagged guitars and bad thoughts a bunch of suburban New Jersey kids can muster. Singer Geoff Rickly voices a cavalcade of complaints in his full-bodied, agitated wail, but despite the title, *War All the Time* doesn't reflect the band's political sentiments so much as Rickly's dim view of personal relationships ("The distance between us will rup-

ture/In our hearts the disease won't touch us"). If Thursday want to hit it big, they'll need to develop their melodic side, but with *War All the Time*, they've produced an album that's desperate and intense enough to resonate outside their corner of the underground.

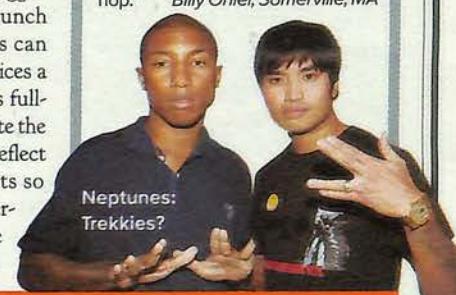
CHRISTIAN HOARD

rollingstone.com/reviews/cd

Your Turn

Disagree with us? Post your own reviews at RollingStone.com.

"The Neptunes mix experimental sounds with fantastic songwriting. They are the Radiohead of hip-hop." *Billy Ohler, Somerville, MA*



Neptunes: Trekkies?

Truth Hurts

Bowie searches for reality, finds guitars. By Anthony DeCurtis

David Bowie / Reality

ISO/Columbia ★★



As a young subversive, David Bowie played with Sixties verities about gender, identity and rock & roll itself, insisting that truth was nothing but another mask. Now

fifty-six and a revered figure himself, he's searching for some version of truth — or, as this album title puts it, *Reality* — and it turns out he was right the first time. To his mixed dismay and amusement, meaning comes and goes. "I still don't get the wherefores and the whys," he sings over the roaring guitars of the title track. "I look for sense, but I get next to nothing/Hoo, boy, welcome to reality."

And *Reality* turns out to be an intriguing place. As on last year's *Heathen*, Bowie ponders life after 9/11 — he lives about a mile from Ground Zero — and his role in a world that has trumped all his apocalyptic fantasies. Part of that role, at least, is rocking hard. With co-producer Tony Visconti, Bowie toughens up his sound, sawing at the edges of Jonathan Richman's "Pablo Picasso" and, on "New Killer Star," reclaiming the insinuating guitar propulsion he'd loaned to Lou Reed when he produced *Transformer*. On a quieter note, his version of George Harrison's "Try Some, Buy Some" becomes a waltzing memorial to a fellow spiritual searcher.

Reality closes with "Bring Me the Disco King," a surreal ballad that runs close to eight minutes. It's another of

Bowie's ambivalent farewells to the era in which he wreaked such havoc "in the stiff, bad clubs/Killing time in the Seventies." The difference is he now knows that time is killing him, and all of us, and that the Disco King, that master of revels who promised eternal life on the dance floor, is nowhere to be found.



Bowie covers Jonathan Richman and George Harrison.

New CDs



The Darkness



★★★

Permission to Land
Atlantic**For those about to rock, the Darkness salute you**

LIKE MANY HARD-ROCK REVIVALISTS these days, this British quartet is immersed in the one-two punch of AC/DC and early Queen. But the Darkness have a secret weapon: unifard-clad singer Justin Hawkins, a man unafraid to perpetrate Tiny Tim-worthy falsetto shrieks in every song on their debut album. Make no mistake, though — this is no irony-damaged novelty. Songs such as "Get Your Hands Off My Woman" and "Givin' Up" display industrial strength riffs, vigorous hammer-on

guitar solos and a rhythm section that swings like a wrecking ball. Ballads such as "Love Is Only a Feeling" are rendered with gusto undreamed by metal parodists like Satanicide. *Permission to Land* is the first retro-metal album that's worth more than a momentary chuckle. Eighties hard rock is alive and well in the hands of the Darkness.

ROB KEMP

Bubba Sparxxx



★★★

Deliverance
Beat Club/Interscope**Hillbilly rapper gets deep on second CD**

BUBBA SPARXXX'S SINGLE "UGLY" — A frenetic riff on Missy Elliott's "Get Ur Freak On" — was a one-off hip-hop smash in 2001, probably before anyone realized Sparxxx was a

Seventies throwbacks the Dark-ness: Hands off their women.

husky-sized white dude from rural Georgia. There isn't much chance of mistaken identity on his second album, *Deliverance*. Bubba works more of his hillbilly roots into the music, notably on "Jimmy Mathis," where he represents the sticks hard over a shit-kicking harmonica loop. Producer Timbaland sounds like he's almost cracking himself up, especially on "Comin Round," where he samples an obscure hillbilly band and somehow makes it

funky. A few of the honky-tonk touches — such as the corny country crooning on "My Baby's Gone" — feel like gimmicks. But Sparxxx's lyrics are no shtick: On "Nowhere," a song about growing up broke and isolated, he asks, "Can you relate to five kids/Six fish sticks on the plate?" Ironically, Bubba seems most comfortable rhyming over the OutKast-flavored tracks by Organized Noize. *Deliverance* may verge into *Hee Haw!* territory, but its heart is in *Stankonia*.

NATHAN BRACKETT



Cher ★★



Live: The Farewell Tour
Warner Bros.
With Cher, it's never truly farewell, but here's a concert album

CHER? FAREWELL? CAN IT BE true? No — it's too horrible to be true. But hopefully this is just the first of many farewell tours for Cher, the indestructible pop downer with the consonants-only vocal style and the timeless fashion chutzpah. On *Farewell*, she reprises "If I Could Turn Back Time" and "Believe," though, unfortunately, she snubs "We All Sleep Alone," the proudest moment of her all-too-brief Bon Jovi period. She opens with her version of U2's "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For," and wow — Bono is probably still hiding under the couch. From the devotional cheers of the crowd to the purple top hat she wears on the cover, *Farewell Tour* is so Cher it hurts. Damn it, Cher — we miss you already.

ROB SHEFFIELD

Sparxxx reps the sticks.

Out There

WITH DAVID FRICKE



The Chesterfield Kings

The Mindbending Sounds of the Chesterfield Kings
Sundazed

The Chesterfield Kings have been bending minds back to the heaven that was '67 since 1979, when the 1960s-punk revival barely filled a two-car garage. Led by bassist Andy Babiuk and singer Greg Prevost, the Kings (above) still write and rock like calendars are for chumps, cranking up the simulation with pinpoint love and mischief. "Flashback" kicks exactly like "Jumpin' Jack Flash" — with Electric Prunes-like guitar. Jorma Kaukonen, ex-Jefferson Airplane member, puts the lysergic twang in the pure-Chocolate Watchband snort of "Mystery Trip." And Little Steven drops in from the Underground Garage airwaves to produce "I Don't Understand," a bright ball of jangle and sneer. Yesterday's wow played with a whole lotta now.

Fra Lippo Lippi

The Early Years: In Silence and Small Mercies
The Best of Fra Lippo Lippi

Rune Arvik

Named after an Italian Renaissance artist, Fra Lippo Lippi are the New Order you never knew, an electro-sadness institution in their native Norway since 1980. These two compilations are a belated but revelatory introduction: baritone-vampire vocals; grand, empty-castle piano; snowball electronics; the crisp haunted ambience of ECM jazz records. Fra Lippo Lippi are also huge in the Philippines. Now it's our turn to swoon.

Mosquitos

Bar/None

Just in time for summer's end: the endless summer and tender Braziliania of this New York trio's debut, a sweet hybrid of bossa nova hypnosis and indie-pop restraint. Juju Stulbach is a genuine girl from Ipanema, a Rio de Janeiro native, with a voice like warm night air; singer-guitarist Chris Root and keyboard player Jon Marshall Smith dust the soft hip shake of "Rainsong" and "So Far Away" with sprinkles of Neu! and Yo La Tengo. As the cold arrives and the nights grow long, this album will come in handy.



David Fricke has been with RS since 1985. Read his column in every issue.

THE SINGLES

Rock stars review the hits! In this issue, hip-hop adventurer Kool Keith listens to the latest singles and hottest album tracks

Dirt McGirt With the Neptunes, "Pop Shit"

ROLLING STONE says: Fresh out of the clink, the artist formerly known as Ol' Dirty gets a homecoming present from the Neptunes.

KOOL KEITH: He's a cool guy, he's my friend. This track fits him and his voice. It's nice to hear his voice again — it's been too quiet without Ol' Dirty. I like the Neptunes guys, because they're making distinctive beats.

Hilary Duff, "So Yesterday"

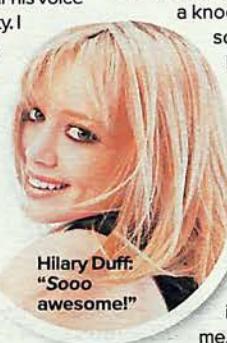
RS: Little Lizzie McGuire goes pop and tops the charts.

KEITH: [In a Valley girl voice] She is so, sooo creative, I must say. Totally awesome. This sounds like something to take out your garbage to. An engineer actually mixed this? Sounds like dollar signs. Enough. My God.

Korn, "Did My Time"

RS: California metal men raid new material for "Lara Croft: Tomb Raider" single.

KEITH: I love Korn. Korn is a very distinctive rock group — perhaps one of the most distinctive in history. They were always good for bass. Good



Hilary Duff: "Sooo awesome!"

The Mars Volta, "Roulette Dares"

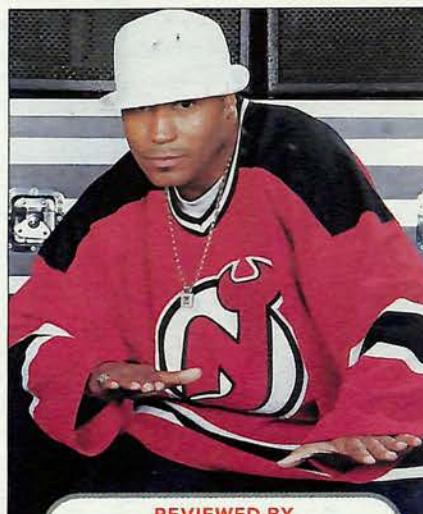
RS: At the Drive-In spinoff serves up majestic psychedelia.

KEITH: This might be different. Let's cross our fingers. A mysterious intro... www, they disappointed me. Warped Tour again. I hear a lot of these groups when I'm on the road. They slow down — then they speed up.

Chingy, "Right Thurr"

RS: The latest St. Louis discovery drawls and misspells his way to success.

KEITH: Right thurr, right thurrrrr! Well, the South is



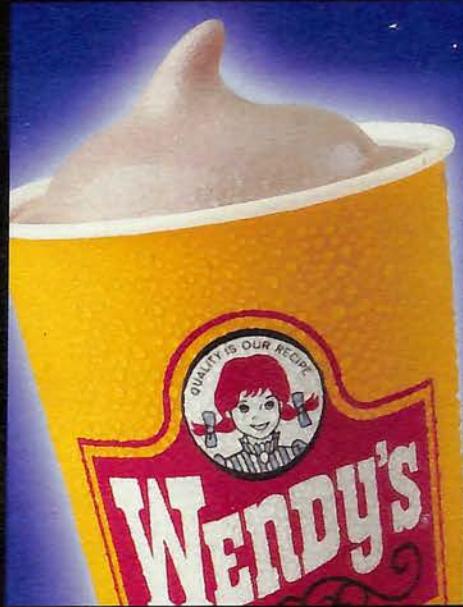
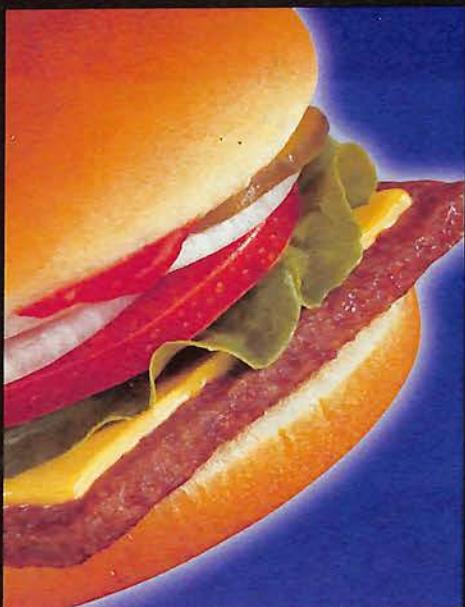
REVIEWED BY
KOOL KEITH

doing it right now. They've got their slang, and he's a young guy, the girls like him. It's a catchy song and the record company likes it, but what does he do next? He's gonna need another single like this.

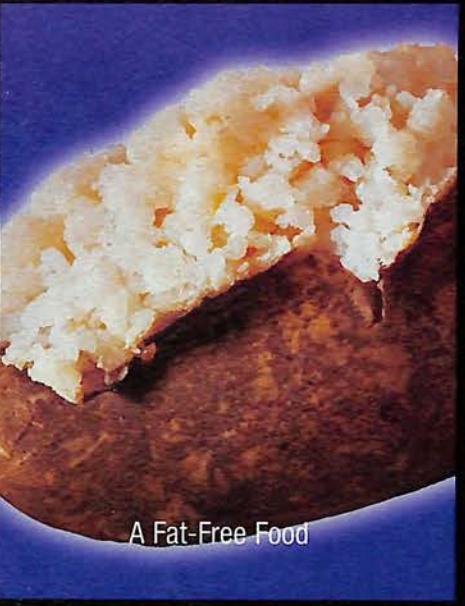
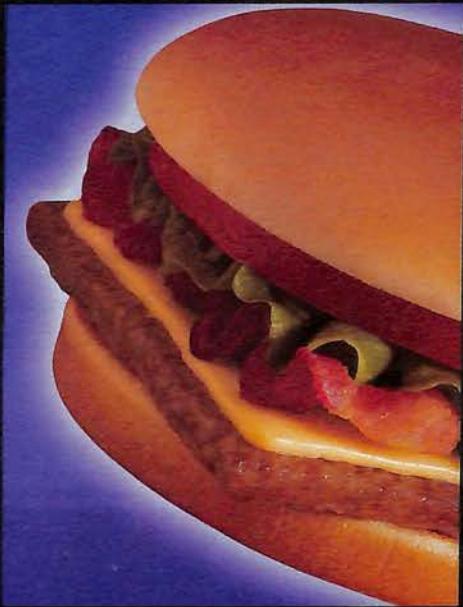
The Used, "Just a Little"

RS: Kelly Osbourne's ex and his gaggle of hooligans make more racket than their song title implies.

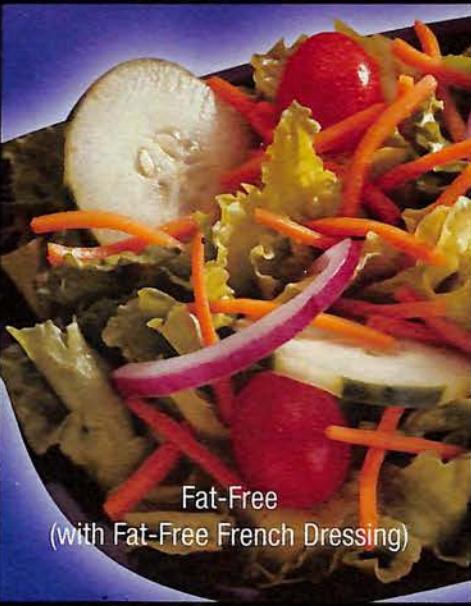
KEITH: First thing we have to talk about is this album artwork. The artist should lose his job. This group, they call them the Used. They sound used and over-abused. What are they so unhappy about? I don't wanna listen to it anymore.



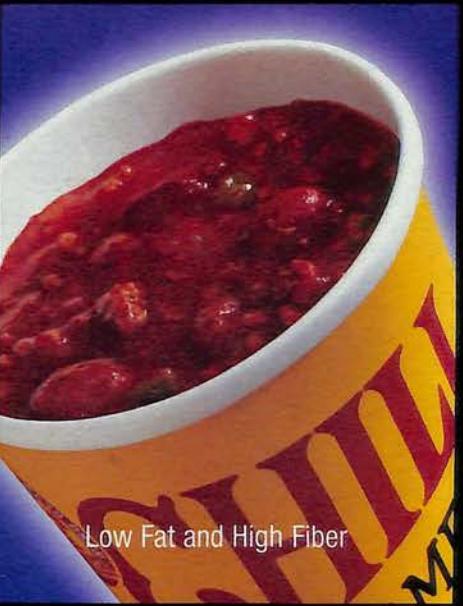
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New CDs

>> COMPILATIONS & Soundtracks



Johnny Cash: Artist's Choice

★★★★★

Hear Music

There's something wrong about Starbucks – which owns the label Hear Music – selling celebrity mix tapes. But Johnny Cash's handpicked collection of songs and singers that helped make him the Man in Black is so damn sweet that it transcends its dubious distribution. From Glen Campbell to Bruce Springsteen and Red Foley to Mahalia Jackson, these tracks flow like the rivers in Cash's own compositions. The singer may be celebrated as a badass outlaw, but selections such as Eddy Arnold's "I'll Hold You in My Heart 'Til I Can Hold You in My Arms" reveal him to be an earnest, loving softy.



DFA Compilation #1

★★★★★

DFA is the New York production team and record label of James Murphy and Tim Goldsworthy; the label's first compilation reflects the pair's punk and electronic backgrounds, encompassing the Rapture's furiously rigid dance rock, the Juan Maclean's messy synth disco and Black Dice's extended noise collage. As LCD Soundsystem, Murphy turns in the funniest, most ironic ode to hipness ever, "Losing My Edge." It's unlikely that he and his label will ever be this hip again.



Underworld: Music From the Motion Picture

Lakeshore

★★★★★

The big, undistinguished din from the Damning Well (featuring members of Limp Bizkit, Filter, A Perfect Circle and Nine Inch Nails) may catch some attention on this gothic-themed soundtrack, but Milla Jovovich, David Bowie, Lisa Germano and Concrete Blonde's Johnette Napolitan provide quieter, yet ultimately more absorbing material. Bonus: Stripped-down, string-laden remixes of A Perfect Circle and Trust Company reveal the sensitive sides of rock noisemakers.



Verve Remixed 2

★★★★★

Verve

This second serving of remixes matching new beats to vintage classics and hidden treasures from the Verve label's jazz vaults equals its playful predecessor, and displays lots of genre-crossing craft. Remixers Dan the Automator, Gotan Project, Miguel Migs and other knob-twiddling talent draw on the musicality of Willie Bobo and Ella Fitzgerald while twisting their arrangements into new shapes. Appropriately, the late Nina Simone gets the most respect: Felix da Housecat abandons his electroclash and pumps up her piano.



Cash picks
Springsteen,
other favorites.



Global Indie Clubpop!

★★★★★

Eenie Meenie

A reflection of what's playing at L.A.'s eclectic nightspot Club Par Avion, this winsome compilation presents a plethora of perky dance-floor styles with supercuteness as the common denominator. Buoyant, boundary-free fun.

BARRY WALTERS

Björk



Livebox ★★★★

Gling-Gló ★★★

One Little Indian



A new four-CD box of live material documents Björk's addiction to change. Also: The singer's days on the Icelandic jazz scene

BJÖRK GUDMUNDSDÓTTIR IS ADDICTED TO change – in singing, songwriting and concert artistry. The four CDs and five-track DVD of Livebox is a chronicle of bravura, with one CD devoted to each of the touring periods associated with Björk's studio albums: Debut (1993), Post (1995), Homogenic (1997), Vespertine (2001). The radical curvature of Björk's march through genre is evident on the Debut-era disk, taken from an MTV Unplugged show where she rescores the original LP's hip-hop candy as high-tea psychedelia with Indonesian gamelan and deep-blue jazz saxophones. The delicacy of the electronics, strings and arctic female harmonies of the Vespertine-tour disk is equally extreme – and exquisite. Gling-Gló, first released in Iceland in 1990, is even more eccentric: Björk singing straight-up jazz with a piano trio, swinging through Icelandic translations of Tin Pan Alley standards. Björk has too much power and range for the occasion; she is more fireworks than nuance. But Gling-Gló is a rare chance to hear the pure art in her voice, without a shred of artifice. DAVID FRICKE



THE FILM THAT CRITICS AND AUDIENCES RAVED ABOUT.

★★★★★ A TOUR DE FORCE

C. W. Nevius, San Francisco Chronicle

"TWO BIG THUMBS UP!"

Ebert & Roeper

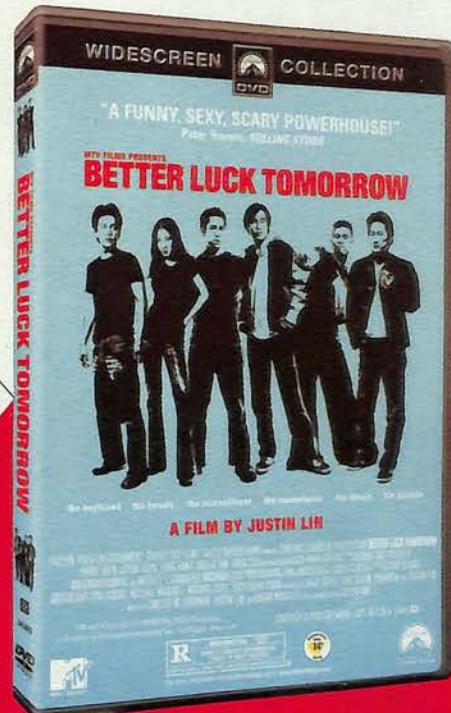
"A BRILLIANT FILM!"

Roger Ebert

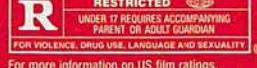
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**Leona Naess: Troubled and worldly hippie**

Rock You but You Only Roll, yet seems somewhat adrift here. More fiery tracks such as "Dues to Pay" and "Home" ease up on the pain, but the album still appears, for all its charms, unbalanced. It juggles frequently unintegrated agendas: torch, pop, refined country and a serious ban on drum machines. Often beautifully sung, always pretty, the album still seems troubled beyond heartbreak.

JAMES HUNTER

Seal ★★★**Seal IV**

Warner Bros.

British pop-soul master returns from five-year hiatus, humming with old soul vibrations

WITH HIS LONG-AWAITED RETURN AFTER A five-year absence, Seal brings an effortless masculinity — strong without being a macho caricature; sensitive without being a wuss — that's been sorely missing from the pop charts. Working with his longtime producer, the brilliant Trevor Horn, the singer-songwriter retreats from the lush, moody introspection of 1998's *Human Being* for a more accessible collection of soul pop. He retains his unwavering, if bruised, faith in the powers of love and forgiveness, but he sounds like he's been immersed in Stax, Bobby Womack and Sam Cooke — at least on the best tracks, openers "Let Me Roll" and the horn-driven "Get It Together." They decry materialism's triumph over love and plea for us all to "trust and forgive each other," respectively. While that heal-the-world sentiment soon becomes repetitive and rarely approaches the poetic heights of past classics (the glimmering ballad "Touch" being an exception), that gorgeously granulated voice is never less than sublime.

ERNEST HARDY

Leona Naess ★★

Geffen

Singer-songwriter strives for album of organic purity, ends up sounding somewhat adrift

ON HER THIRD ALBUM, THIS NORWEGIAN-born, London-raised, NYU-educated singer connects in Los Angeles with producer Ethan Johns, singing an album of new organic purity. Naess basically has written a torch collection: The songs have titles such as "He's Gone"; on "Star Signs," she reads her ex-boyfriend's astrology charts. Naess has a seamless voice, which can mask transitions between phrases with an eerie Ella Fitzgerald-like quality. There's also a worldly statelessness to Naess' singing, which was enchanting on the earthier work she did with Swedish producer Martin Terefe on 2001's *I Tried to*

Also Released**Big Gipp ★★★****Mutant Mindframe***Koch/In the Paint*

The big problem with the debut from this Goodie Mobb soldier is the production, which too often relies on generic, buzzy Dirty South bounce. But Gipp's husky rhymes are twangy and comic in the best ATLien tradition, and the guest spots — especially OutKast's Andre 3000's cameo on "Boogie Man" — are solid across the board.

Pennywise ★★★**From the Ashes***Epitaph*

On earlier records, these California speed punks have been more about raw energy than memorable tunes, but on this well-produced statement of principles, they channel some fine West Coast punk exemplars (Dead Kennedys, Unwritten Law) and manage to sprinkle some solid hooks and

Big Gipp: Fashionista!

choruses among their breakneck rhythms.

Quasi ★★★**Hot Shit***Touch and Go*

The sixth album from the formerly married couple Sam Coomes and Janet Weiss feels as much like a hidden indie-pop gem as its predecessors. Coomes bangs his piano, tortures his guitar and sings in a cracked indie wail, while Weiss keeps the backbeat steady and varied and chips in some more soothing vocals. Somehow the whole thing remains

shambolically tuneful and engaging.

American Juniors ★★**Kids in America***Jive*

Coming from a bunch of precocious preteens, the usual *American Idol* schmaltz is somehow easier to take. Like their older counterparts, most of these kids are more suited for Broadway than the pop world, but the bouncy production on the less obvious tunes ("Build Me Up Buttercup" — yuck) could produce a few Radio Disney smashes.

Adema ★★**Unstable***Arista*

The more upbeat numbers on this dark post-grunge record are impressive, tossing together crunchy near-metal guitars and arena-ready choruses. But the slower songs find the band wallowing in new-metal-ish self-pity, and a bunch of lame pseudo gothic lyrics don't help.

CHRISTIAN HOARD

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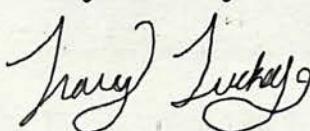
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Tracy Tuckey



StudentsAgainstMovieline.com



STUDENTS AGAINST MOVIELINK COLLEGE FILM FESTIVAL

>> REISSUES & Anthologies

Elvis Costello

Rhino

Two gems and one pebble
from the early Eighties



Get Happy!!
★★★★★



Trust ★★★★



Punch the
Clock ★★

PROLIFIC, WEIRDLY CHARISMATIC and very often brilliant, Elvis Costello released a flood of music in his early years, most of it amazing. *Get Happy!!* and *Trust* – which bookend a thirteen-month stretch from 1980 to 1981 in which Costello released more than fifty songs – brought a fitting end to this fertile period. For *Get Happy!!* Costello and the Attractions embrace the soul rhythms of classic Stax and Motown, discovering – against all odds – a perfect vehicle for a batch

of Costello's most misanthropic songs. Typical of the spirit of *Get Happy!!* is Costello's sneering wordplay on "Opportunity": "The

chairman of this boredom is a compliment collector/I'd like to be his funeral director." Many of the bonus tracks on this package's extra disc are filler, but there are some gems: The ingenious "Girls Talk" stands up well against Costello's finest songs.

Trust is even darker and more cynical than *Get Happy!!* But it was also Costello's most musically ambitious effort to date, capturing both the energy of its four predecessors and setting the stage for the moodier soundscapes to come on *Imperial Bedroom*. Costello also made great leaps forward as a singer on *Trust*, showing signs of becoming the nuanced vocalist he is today.

If the titles of *Get Happy!!* and *Trust* are offered with irony, the name of 1983's *Punch the Clock* is all too apt. Though just two years removed from *Trust*, Costello's creativity was at a career low when he turned himself over to some studio hacks for a sonic makeover. The hit "Everyday I Write the Book" and the beautiful "Shipbuilding" (featuring a solo by Chet Baker) stand out on an otherwise flaccid collection.

RICHARD ABOWITZ

THE ROLLING STONE HALL OF FAME

THE GREATEST ALBUMS EVER MADE

Metallica Master of Puppets /Elektra, 1986 ★★★★★



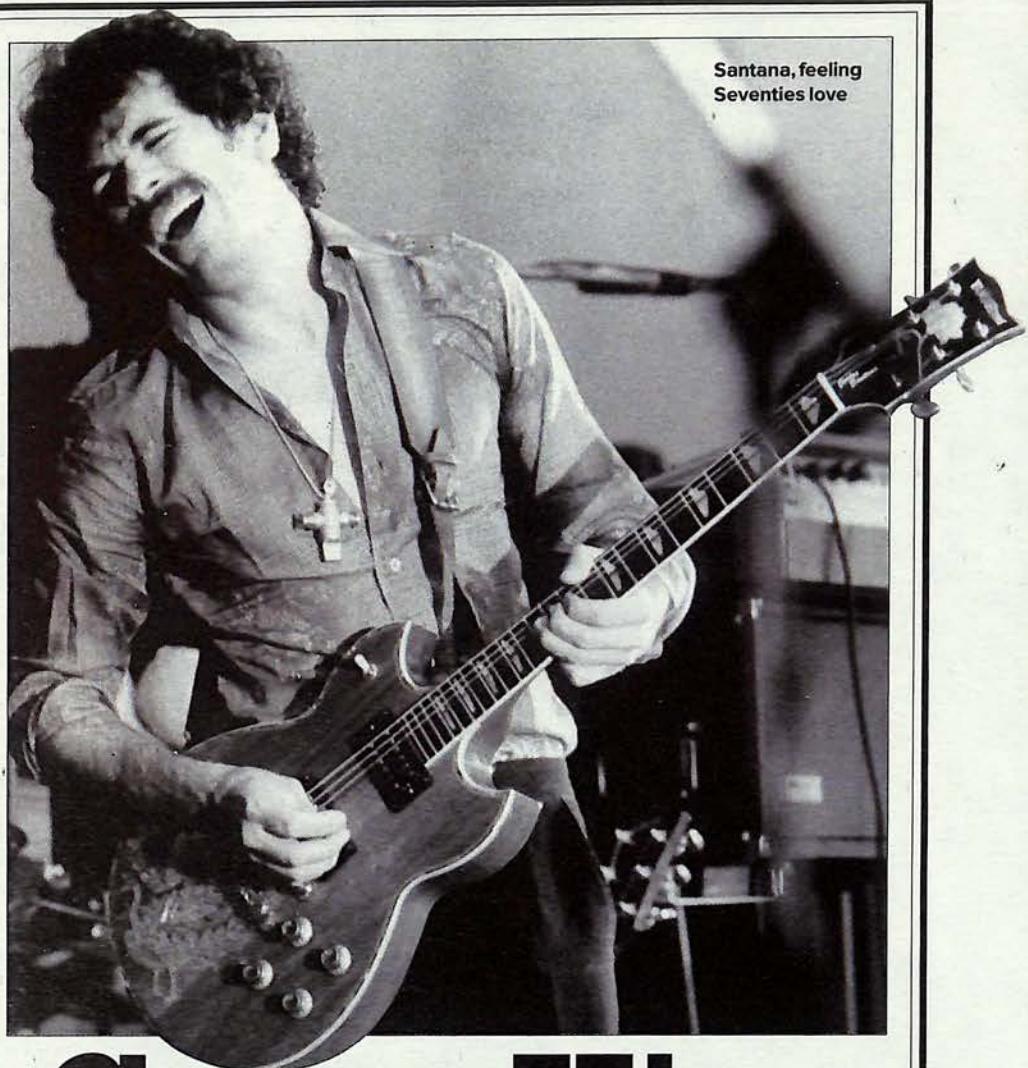
On *Master of Puppets*' "Damage, Inc.," James Hetfield lays out Metallica's business plan: "Go against the grain until the end," he bellows, gleefully adding, "Life ain't for you/And we're the cure." The target of the band's bottomless rage in the mid-Eighties was Van Halen's party-rock spawn. With their third album, the self-anointed "anti-Mötley Crüe" did their worst to carpet-bomb L.A.'s Sunset Strip while broadening the thrash-metal palette. "Battery" opens the album with a Spanish-guitar passage. You can almost see the tumbleweeds roll past at high noon before the band rides in on Lars Ulrich's galloping rhythm – Hetfield barking threats, Kirk Hammett zinging off flurries of moaning notes. More or less every song is about death. With hindsight, it is tempting to read *Puppets'* morbid lyrics as an omen;

bassist Cliff Burton died mere months after the album's release in a tour-bus accident. But, really, with music this ferocious, what else was Hetfield going to sing about: dancing the night away?

ROBERT CHERRY



Further Listening Kill 'Em All, Elektra, 1983 ★★★★★... And Justice for All, Elektra, 1988 ★★★★★ Metallica, Elektra, 1991 ★★★★★

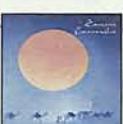


Santana, feeling Seventies love

Gypsy King

Santana hits the Seventies with love, caravans, devotion and jazz-rock fusion on his mind. By Chip Stern

Carlos Santana / Columbia/Legacy



Caravanserai

★★★



Love
Devotion
Surrender

★★★



Welcome

★★★



Moonflower

★★★

Carlos Santana had already evolved a wildly successful blend of blues, rock and salsa when in 1972 he released his initial foray into jazz-rock fusion. *Caravanserai* marked the transition from Santana's original band to the all-star ensembles he would front in the next thirty years, as he walked the line between Afro-Cuban-flavored instrumentals and pop songs, reinventing himself without straying too far from the basic formula.

Caravanserai is a hypnotic blend of percussion, electric keyboards and Near Eastern/Latin flavors. Santana's throaty blues-guitar sound and fluid, endless notes lent themselves to the album's hornlike jazz phrasings. The post-Hendrix electric legacy of Miles Davis is commonly seen as an antecedent here, but *Caravanserai* also has a churchy, collective vibe. 1973's *Welcome* extends the template of *Caravanserai*, though Santana is in an oddly deferential mood, underplaying his own solo contributions in favor of a smooth, devotional ensemble approach that lacks the edgy Afro-Cuban overtones of *Santana* and *Abraxas*. Fans who missed Santana's trademark lyrical solos in this period got their fill on 1973's *Love Devotion Surrender*, where Santana and fellow guitar hero/spiritual seeker John McLaughlin put the pedal to the metal on a series of Coltrane-inspired extended improvisations. Of these three reissues, only *Caravanserai* offers a greater proportion of fresh surprises than the live 1977 release *Moonflower*, on which Santana and Company return wholeheartedly to their Latin and rock roots: In the glorious blues holler of "Europa" and the "Black Magic Woman/Gypsy Queen" medley, we are reminded anew as to why Carlos Santana has remained a vital instrumental presence and pop icon for the better part of five decades.

There's nothing funny about sex with pies.



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MOVIES

By Peter Travers

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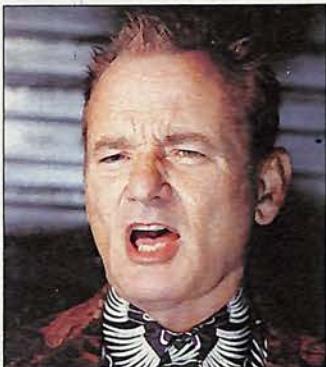
Bill Murray finds the bruised heart in a funny, touching odd-duck romance

Lost in Translation ★★★★½

Bill Murray, Scarlett Johansson, Giovanni Ribisi

Written and directed by Sofia Coppola

DON'T STALL ABOUT SEEING Sofia Coppola's altogether remarkable *Lost in Translation*. It's a class-act liftoff for the fall movie season. Bill Murray and Scarlett Johansson give performances that will be talked about for years. And Coppola, in her second feature (*The Virgin Suicides* came first, in 2000), shows the ardent assurance of a born filmmaker. One problem: The fragile



Murray: At last, Oscar bait for real

plot defies blunt description. How to pin down a moonbeam that tickles you with laughs, teases you with romantic possibility and then melts into heartbreak? Just go with the flow. The Tokyo dream-pop score, produced by Brian Reitzell, helps.

Bob Harris, played for something way deeper than ha-ha by Murray, floats in a limo bubble through the neon glitter of nighttime Tokyo. Bob's a Hollywood movie star with maybe one too many brainless blockbusters under his belt. He's in Japan to shoot a whiskey commercial for an easy \$2 million and to nurse a midlife crisis stemming from an aimless career and marriage.

Charlotte (Johansson) is three decades younger than Bob, but she shares his sense of drift. A Yale philosophy grad, she's in Tokyo with her photographer husband (Giovanni Ribisi), a slick careerist who leaves her alone to find herself while he's off shooting rock stars.

Charlotte and Bob don't know.

Sofia Coppola Directs

She gives the name and the talent a new twist

Her dad, Godfather-trilogy director Francis Ford Coppola, is a film legend. Her husband, *Adaptation* director Spike Jonze, is a legend in the making. So where does Sofia Coppola even get the guts to step up to the plate? From somewhere deep inside, which is where it counts. It also helps that this thirty-two-year-old director and screenwriter has a style all her own. Her first two features – *The Virgin Suicides* and *Lost in Translation* – are

Coppola calls the shots on *Lost*.

smartly nuanced and tone-perfect. But don't write them off as chick flicks. There's a core of toughness



and emotional risk in Sofia's art and in her life. She survived a brutal hammering from critics when her father cast her (she was nineteen) in *The Godfather III*. But her mother, documentarian Eleanor Coppola, survived the frenzied, marriage-shaking filming of *Apocalypse Now* — she shot film on it and wrote about it. There's steel in these Coppola women, and it's industrial grade. Much like Charlotte in *Lost in Translation*, Sofia Coppola is sizing up the world to find her place in it. Right now, she's the hottest director around.

of the digital video fast becoming an indie cliché – gives that disconnect the seductive sheen of something exotic just out of reach.

Murray is flat-out hilarious as Bob shoots the commercial, dependent on a translator who maddeningly condenses tirades from the Japanese director into such banalities as "Look at the camera like a friend." But it's his skill at uncovering the emotional bruises in Bob that makes this a career triumph for Murray, one that should earn him a salute from Oscar, who idiotically ignored his understated brilliance in Wes Anderson's *Rushmore*.

Johansson, 18, and striking in films as diverse as *The Horse Whisperer*, *Ghost World* and *The Man Who Wasn't There*, has matured into an actress of smashing loveliness and subtle grace. It's clear that Coppola, a visitor to Japan since childhood, understands Charlotte from the inside. The movie isn't girly in the way *The Virgin Suicides* sometimes was. Coppola has found her voice with this artfully evanescent original screenplay. When she brings Bob and Charlotte together, the tone seems exactly right.

They meet in the hotel lounge.
Later, they share confidences, go to

Strangers in a Tokyo bar: Bill Murray and Scarlett Johansson

a strip club, a video arcade and a karaoke bar (Murray's version of Roxy Music's "More Than This" is one for the time capsule). O.K., maybe a few of the culture-clash jokes are facile. But suddenly Tokyo comes alive, and so do Bob and Charlotte. She is stung when Bob sleeps with a jazz singer, played by Catherine Lambert ("I guess you had a lot to talk about, like growing up in the Fifties"). But sexual jealousy is not the issue here. Bob and Charlotte's brief encounter is built to last, if only in their memories. Before saying goodbye, they whisper something to each other that the audience can't hear. Coppola keeps her film as hushed and intimate as that whisper. *Lost in Translation* is found gold. Funny how a wisp of a movie from a wisp of a girl can wipe you out.

» Star Ratings

Once Upon a Time in Mexico

★★★

Antonio Banderas, Salma Hayek, Johnny Depp

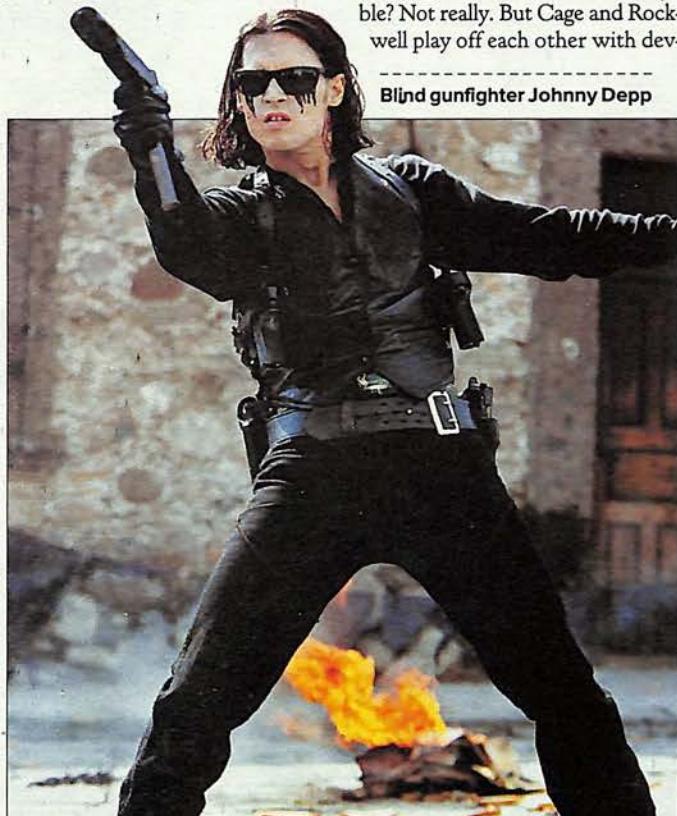
Directed by Robert Rodriguez

What a time! Explosive action and fun with a dazzling Depp

JOHNNY DEPP IS ON A ROLL. FIRST he swashbuckles off with *Pirates of the Caribbean*. Now he steals every scene he's in as Sands, a rogue CIA agent who doesn't let a small thing like getting his eyes gouged out stop him from a gunfight. He slips on a pair of shades to hide the blood dripping from his peepers and hires a kid to tell him where to aim. You don't want to miss Depp in this movie—he knocks it out of the park.

So what if the plot's a maze? Writer-director Robert Rodriguez keeps the action nonstop. There's blood everywhere—and this from the creator of the *Spy Kids* films. In honor of Sergio Leone (*Once Upon a Time in the West*), Rodriguez ends the trilogy he started with the super-low-budget (\$7,000) *El Mariachi* in 1992 and continued with *Desperado* in 1995 in epic style, shooting on high-def digital video.

Antonio Banderas—looking every inch the romantic hero—is back as the mariachi. Brooding over a tragedy involving his wife (Salma Hayek), the balladeer who hides guns in his guitar case helps Sands stop drug lord Barrillo (hammed to the hilt by Willem Dafoe) from killing Mexico's El Presidente. That's all the plot you'll get here. Just sit back and let Rodriguez take you to popcorn-movie heaven.



Matchstick Men

★★★

Nicolas Cage, Alison Lohman

Directed by Ridley Scott

It's fun to be fooled by this con job

WHY WOULD RIDLEY SCOTT, WHO usually works in the epic mode of *Gladiator* and *Black Hawk Down*, direct an intimate character piece about two L.A. con men? Maybe because the script, by Nicholas and Ted Griffin (*Ocean's Eleven*), springs so many juicy comic and dramatic surprises. Nicolas Cage is at the top of his game as Roy, a scam artist with more tics than a picnic blanket. He counts to three before entering a room. His worried partner, Frank (Sam Rockwell), sends him to a shrink (Bruce Altman), who thinks Roy needs to get in touch with Angela (Alison Lohman), 14, the daughter he's never seen. It's not as warm and fuzzy as it sounds. There are dangerous curves ahead. Credible? Not really. But Cage and Rockwell play off each other with dev-

ilish finesse. And Lohman (*White Oleander*) is on fire—she's a comer. No fair spilling secrets. But Scott, as he proved in *Thelma and Louise*, knows how to build suspense you can also take to heart.

Cage and Lohman go for the scam.



Dickie Roberts: Former Child Star

★★

David Spade

Directed by Sam Weisman

Smart idea, sappy execution

"THIS IS NUCKING FUTS." THAT WAS the catchphrase that made Dickie (David Spade) a sitcom child star in the 1970s. Now he's a washed-up adult. Casting ex-kid stars such as Barry Williams (Greg Brady), Dustin Diamond (Screech) and Danny Bonaduce (Danny Partridge) to play Dickie's disgruntled poker buddies is as close as this movie gets to inspired laughs. The focus is on Dickie's efforts to win a role in a Rob Reiner movie by paying to live with a real family and learning that home is where the heart is. Ouch! Spade goes sweet and gooey. This is nucking futs.

YOUR TURN Disagree with Peter Travers' takes on these movies? Post your own review at rollingstone.com/reviews/movie

» Under the Radar

Party Monster ★

Casting Macaulay Culkin as real-life Manhattan club kid turned killer Michael Alig turns out to be more stunt than inspiration. The *Home Alone* star, 23, goes through the motions (the drag, the drugs, the bisexuality) but misses the emotions that might explain how a bullied brat went from scenester to a slayer able to shove Drano down the throat of a dealer. Seth Green is far better as James St. James, the writer who introduced Michael to the 1990s clubs. Directors Fenton Bailey and Randy Barbato handled the tale more cogently in their 1999 documentary. This film feels fake, forced and indigestible.

Macaulay Culkin in nightclub drag

The Woodman: Can He Still Cut It?

Anything Else provides an answer worth ★★★

Contrary to rumor, Woody Allen, 67, does not have sex with Christina Ricci, 23, in *Anything Else*. He leaves that to Jason Biggs, 25, who plays Jerry Falk, a very Woody-ish comedy writer. After pissing off prudes for his recent screen flings with spring-fresh Julia Roberts, Helen Hunt, Téa Leoni and Mira Sorvino, Allen takes the virtually neutered role of comedy writer David Dobel, Jerry's mentor in art and life. David is more concerned with the Holocaust than with hitting on babes. He urges Jerry to arm himself against a new surge in anti-Semitism.

Because Allen hasn't lost his knack for slapstick with a sting, *Anything Else* hits its mark more often than not. It's good to see Biggs out of the *American Pie* basement. His take on the young Woody is a comfortable fit, as opposed to the squirming embarrassment of Kenneth Branagh in *Celebrity*. And Ricci, looking gorgeous, is a major asset as Amanda, the wanna-be actress who makes Jerry's life hell. Amanda even moves her mother (the great Stockard Channing) into their apartment. Iranian cinematographer Darius Khondji (*Seven*), another newcomer to Allen films, brushes the Woodman's beloved Big Apple with a dazzling color palette. You recoil when David tells Jerry to leave Manhattan and join him in Hollywood to write sitcoms. You go where the money is; it's like anything else. Not for Allen. Faced with a dwindling audience for his films, he sticks to the city and the style that made him. That's cutting it.



The Order ★★

It's *The Exorcist* warmed over, something about a rebel priest (Heath Ledger) tracking down a church sect that practices sin eating. Writer-director Brian Helgeland had a lot more fun with the same cast (Ledger, Shannyn Sossamon, Mark Addy) in *A Knight's Tale*.

Cabin Fever ★★★

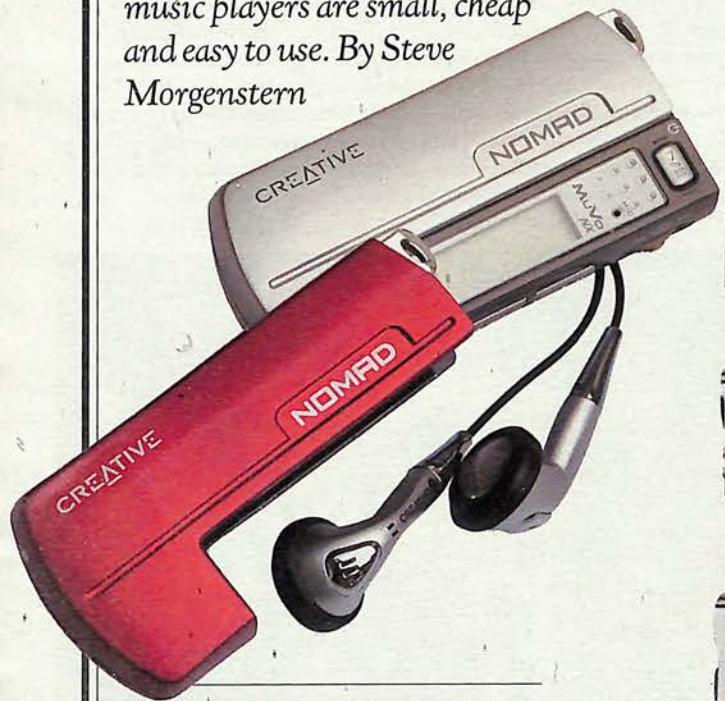
Five college studs and sluts head to a cabin in the woods for some hard partying and get damn near raped by a virus. First-time director Eli Roth turns this cheapie into a greatest-hits of horror. It's a blast of good gory fun that just won't quit.



>>MUSIC TECH

MP3 Players: Beyond the iPod

The new generation of portable digital music players are small, cheap and easy to use. By Steve Morgenstern



Creative MuVo NX ★★★

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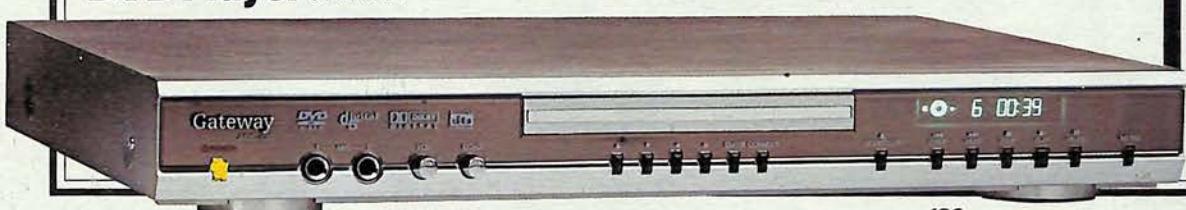
Transferring music to a portable player doesn't get easier than this. Slide the main unit out of its battery housing and you'll find a USB connector, ready to insert for drag-and-drop file loading. The NX models add an LCD display to the MuVo line without sacrificing a seductively slim figure (they're about the size of a cigarette lighter) and eleven-hour battery life. Audio-playback quality is excellent, but the new voice-recording feature yields muddy results.

NEW!

DVD Player Knows How to Network

It plays movies, but it also connects to your home computer two different ways \$250

Gateway Connected DVD Player ★★★★

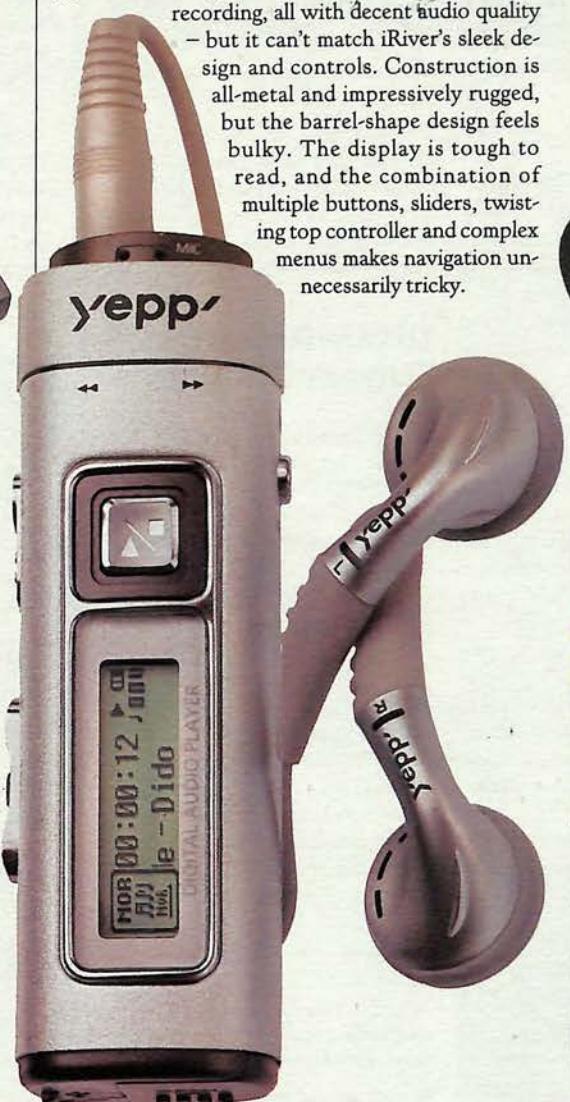


Why connect an ordinary DVD player to your home-theater system when, if you're willing to shell out a few dollars more, you can have one that not only plays movies superbly but also pipes all the music, photo and video files stored on your computer to your TV? The Gateway Connected DVD Player comes in two models — one that connects to a wired Ethernet network, and one that works with WiFi wireless networks.

Samsung YP-55V ★★

Quality construction is appealing, but the body's kind of bulky \$250

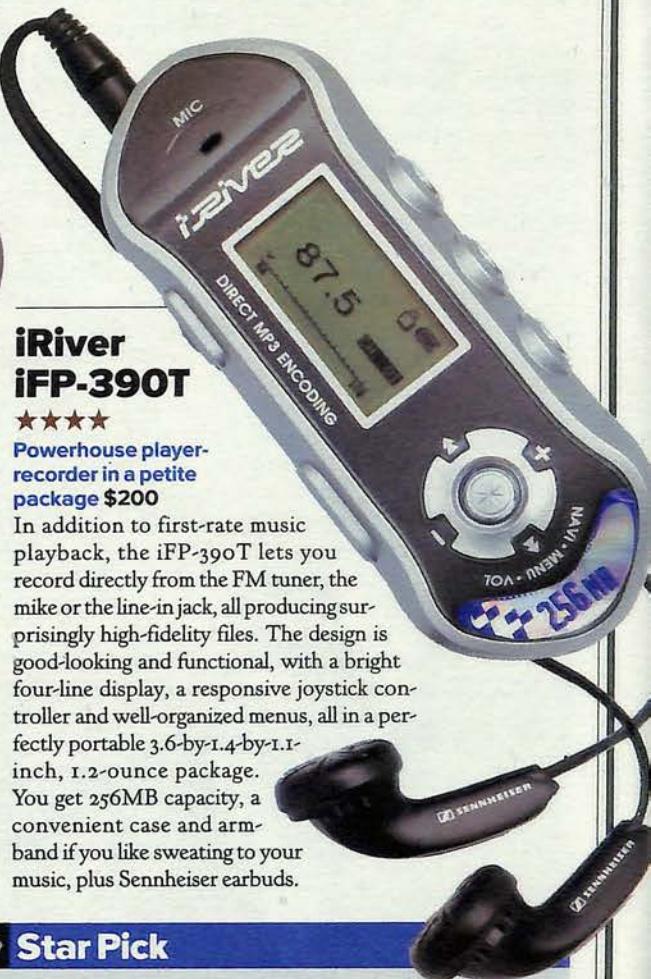
This 256MB unit tackles the same tasks as the iFP-390T — including FM radio, line-in and built-in mike recording, all with decent audio quality — but it can't match iRiver's sleek design and controls. Construction is all-metal and impressively rugged, but the barrel-shape design feels bulky. The display is tough to read, and the combination of multiple buttons, sliders, twisting top controller and complex menus makes navigation unnecessarily tricky.



Philips Audio Key Ring ★★

No-frills unit for casual users 64MB: \$99; 128MB: \$150

These solid little magnesium-bodied players provide an hour or two of portable music at a bargain price, albeit without an LCD display. There's a USB connector for music transfers and battery charging (an external battery pack is also included). The four Key Ring models differ in capacity and control scheme, but you might want to stick with the more traditional wired-control option.



iRiver iFP-390T

★★★★★
Powerhouse player-recorder in a petite package \$200

In addition to first-rate music playback, the iFP-390T lets you record directly from the FM tuner, the mike or the line-in jack, all producing surprisingly high-fidelity files. The design is good-looking and functional, with a bright four-line display, a responsive joystick controller and well-organized menus, all in a perfectly portable 3.6-by-1.4-by-1.1-inch, 1.2-ounce package.

You get 256MB capacity, a convenient case and armband if you like sweating to your music, plus Sennheiser earbuds.

>> Star Pick

Cee-Lo

Vialta Beamer Video Phone

This is a little plug-in adaptable television that you attach to your phone so you can see who you're talking to. They've got some work to do on the graphics, but it gets the job done. I've been into it because I'm away a lot on the road doing what I do for a living, and it's cool for my children to see me and for me to see them when I'm away.



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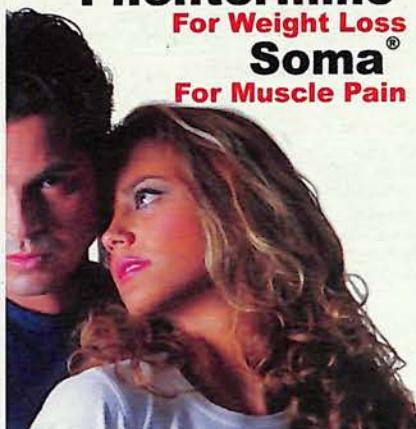
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>> DVDS

Nicholson
braces for
Sandler.



Anger Management

MOVIE ★★★ EXTRAS ★★★

Adam Sandler, Jack Nicholson, Luis Guzman / Directed by Peter Segal



It's funny just thinking of Jack Nicholson as a shrink trying to help Adam Sandler control his rage. That high concept in low comedy was enough to help *Anger Management* gross \$134 million. But the thin, crude, repetitive script really hurts on a second viewing. The stars strain hard to hold this claptrap together, which makes the DVD a decent deal for first-timers only. Others can hang back with the bonus material, which is above average. There's a featurette, *My Buddy, Jack*, in which Sandler does a spot-on imitation of the master's voice and wiggly eyebrows. Jack himself doesn't contribute to the commentary, but outtakes suggest a warm relationship between the two and a cast that includes scene-stealing Luis Guzman. *Anger Management* looks like a movie that was more fun to make than it is to watch. Thanks to the DVD, we at least get to watch them make it. — PETER TRAVERS

Tightrope ★★★★

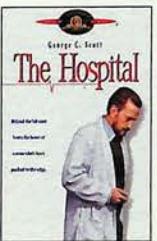
Clint Eastwood, Genevieve Bujold / Directed by Richard Tuggle



Here's one of Clint Eastwood's least-known films and also one of his best. If you see this 1984 thriller on a DVD shelf, grab it and watch Eastwood get dirtier than he ever did as Harry. He plays a New Orleans cop raising two kids and playing bondage games with hookers who start turning up dead. Is a serial killer on the loose, or is the cop acting out his violent fantasies? Eastwood reportedly took the reins from credited director Richard Tuggle to explore a darkness he would continue with *Unforgiven* and the upcoming *Mystic River*. It began here. — P.T.

The Hospital ★★★★

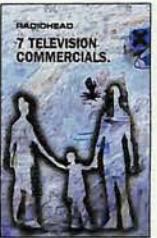
George C. Scott, Diana Rigg / Directed by Arthur Hiller



This blisteringly cynical satire, written by Paddy Chayefsky, is one of the darkest movies ever made, a cold-eyed lament for a society torn apart by upheavals of the Sixties. The hospital of the title is a sinkhole of moral chaos and despair, presided over by George C. Scott, a suicidal fallen-knight of a surgeon who wants to stop caring but can't. Inside the hospital, doctors and nurses are mysteriously dying; outside, the place is under siege by Black Panther-type radicals. Then leggy Brit Diana Rigg shows up, and things get really weird. — WILL DANA

7 Television Commercials ★★

Radiohead



Radiohead's combination of mainstream appeal and arty pretensions has always extended to their videos, which have proved both MTV-appropriate and uniquely visionary. The seven videos collected here — each one from *The Bends* (1995) or *OK Computer* (1997) — are dark, phantasmagoric and mostly brilliant. But you gotta wonder: Why only seven? And no bonus material? You'd think that a band as wary of commercial exploitation as Radiohead wouldn't ask fans to shell out for so slight a souvenir. — CHRISTIAN HOARD

Run Ronnie Run! ★★★

David Cross, Bob Odenkirk / Directed by Troy Miller



After nearly two years in studio limbo, this first film from the comedy team behind the HBO series *Mr. Show* finally surfaces. Cross plays Ronnie Dobbs, a lovable mullet-head who lands his own *Cops*-esque reality show that features him getting pinched in a different city each week. Though the material isn't up to *Mr. Show*'s high standards, some great laughs abound — as when Hollywood stars beg Ronnie to rob them, or when Ronnie's only moment of soul-searching on death row concerns his last meal: waffles, just edging out corn dogs. — C.H.

Star Pick

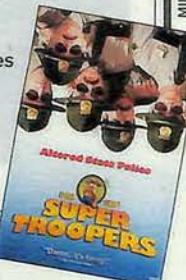
Justin Timberlake

Super Troopers / Directed by Jay Chandrasekhar



My favorite DVD to have on the tour bus? Man, I don't know. We've watched *Old School* about 20,000 times, and we love all those movies like *Porky's* and *Revenge of the Nerds*. But you know what movie I just watched that I'd never seen before, but which is probably one of the greatest movies of our time? *Super Troopers*. Dude, it is the cheapest, funniest piece of crap ever. It's so funny, man, it's like total stupid *Porky's* humor.

• ROLLING STONE DVD reviews use a one- to four-star rating.



>>LIVE!

Björk: Distracting even herself with that wardrobe



August 23rd-September 2nd

Björk

KeySpan Park, Brooklyn August 23rd, 2003 ★★★

An ambitious stage show nearly drowns out the Icelandic chanteuse

For thrills, not even Coney Island's rickety Cyclone roller coaster could compete with Björk. In the wake of her new *Livebox* retrospective, the Icelandic singer has transformed her catalog into an exceedingly ambitious stage show, full of pyrotechnics, vocal gymnastics and bizarre video montages. The sheer spectacle overwhelmed fans at the Brooklyn ballpark – even if the meaning was often lost in the explosions.

Shortly after a hypnotic opening set by fellow Icelanders Sigur Rós, Björk made her grand entrance by the venue's center-field fence, wearing a dress made from what looked to be pasted-together doilies. Her oddly matched backup band, featuring the Icelandic String Octet, electronic duo Matmos and harpist Zeena Parkins, wouldn't have looked out of place at the opera, or possibly at a cyber cafe.

Björk's vocals and primal howls can be heartbreakingly ("All Is Full of Love"), invincibly ("Human Behavior") and, quite often, both ("Pagan Poetry"). But most of the action was focused away from the singer. "Jóga" simulated its promised "state of emergency," with the first offstage massive fireworks displays launched from nearby beaches as a dozen fire jets ignited onstage. "Aurora" featured Matmos' MC Schmidt creating a shuffle rhythm by sliding his feet over a box of rock salt. And the hyped-up remix of "It's in Our Hands" set off an impromptu infield disco – at least for those not relegated to stadium seats.

The pounding techno closer, "Pluto," coincided with more fireworks, spark-shooting cannons, strobe lights, bubbles and an unusual video of a naked bald guy dancing. Impressive, but it also prompted a question: Why? Björk didn't explain, only uttering a couple of childlike thank-yous during the night. For those who just didn't get Björk, watching fireworks alongside Coney Island's cool sea breeze was sufficient entertainment. But for her dogmatic fan base, the evening was transcendent. ANDY GENSLER

>> Fans' Notes



Allison Shelley,
18, Bradley
Beach, NJ
"Best show I've
ever seen. And
the harp player
was amazing."



Jerod Jeffers,
23, Richmond,
Virginia
"I liked 'Human
Behavior,' with
the fire and her
prancing about."

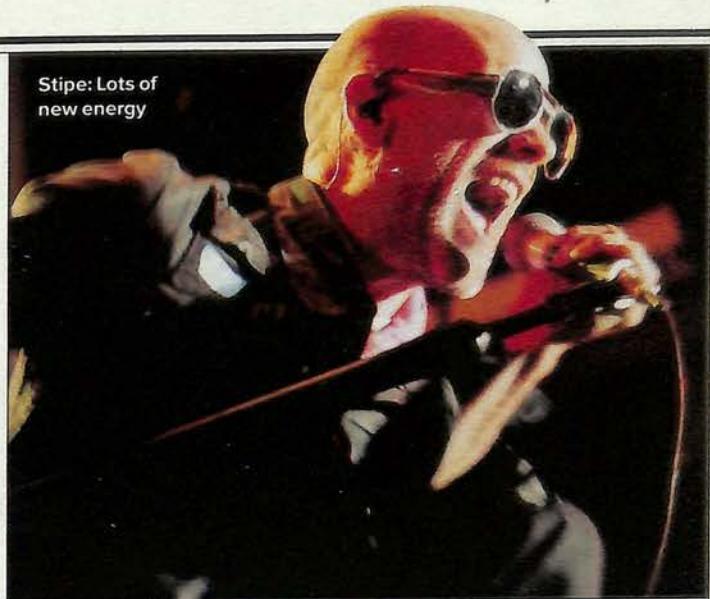


Kenneth Li, 31,
New York
"It would have
been so much
less if the
transvestite fans
weren't there."



Mauricio
Bermudez, 22,
Bronx, NY
"She had an
awesome
hairstyle – very
mod and hot."

Stipe: Lots of
new energy



R.E.M. ★★

Seattle Center

September 1st, 2003

Alt-rock legends re-energize their hits and have some fun

"HELLO, HOMETOWN!" R.E.M.'s Peter Buck shouted. Though the band was reared in Georgia, the Northwest is home to the guitarist and most of R.E.M.'s touring band. As a show of civic pride, the group delivered a generous two-hour set on the closing night of Seattle's Bumbershoot festival. Starting with "Begin the Beguine," from *Lifes Rich Pageant*, R.E.M. knocked out twenty-four tracks of crowd-pleasing hits and a few catalog nuggets.

After a long break from touring, the band appeared revitalized. Michael Stipe chatted up the front row and poked fun at himself, saying he "sounded so queer." The singer went quiet during the new songs only, even though one ("Bad Day") seemed ripe for political commentary. When an audience member tried to engage him on President Bush, Stipe cryptically joked, "Trust me, it will take more than two hours for me to explain that."

This was an R.E.M. tour about celebration, not politics – the release of a best-of album is just two months away. "Losing My Religion" and "Everybody Hurts" ignited the audience, though the most poignant moment came from "Electrolite," a seductive discourse on fame. When Stipe sang, "You are the star tonight," the crowd had no choice but to concur, and to sing along.

CHARLES R.
CROSS

Carrabba:
More
guitars
this time

Dashboard Confessional

★★★

Electric Factory, Philadelphia

September 2nd, 2003

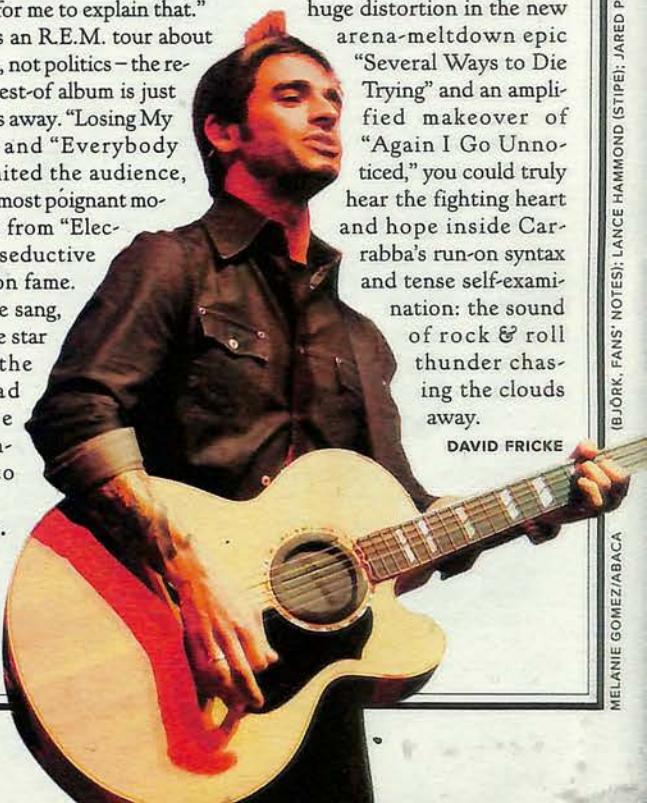
Emo heartthrob goes electric

CHRIS CARRABBA – THE SINGER, songwriter and candidly tortured soul of Dashboard Confessional – will never have to spend big money for backup singers. His audience happily pays for the privilege of carrying Carrabba's tunes and agony for him. Near the end of this all-ages show, as Carrabba gingerly strummed his way into a solo version of "This Bitter Pill," the adoring crowd literally drowned his low, accusing croon in an oceanic singalong. In "The Swiss Army Romance," Carrabba played choirmaster, stepping back from the mike and mock-conducting his legions through his ode to desperate joy.

But Carrabba, for whom Dashboard were originally a quiet getaway from punk convention, has rediscovered the merits of electricity – lots of it. When he and John Lefler ditched the acoustic guitars for

huge distortion in the new arena-meltdown epic "Several Ways to Die Trying" and an amplified makeover of "Again I Go Unnoticed," you could truly hear the fighting heart and hope inside Carrabba's run-on syntax and tense self-examination: the sound of rock & roll thunder chasing the clouds away.

DAVID FRICKE



Björk in New York

Check out more exclusive live photos at rollingstone.com/bjork

>> BOOKS

Van Morrison: Can You Feel the Silence?

★★★

By Clinton Heylin / Chicago Review Press

FOR ALL HIS DISTINCTION AS A VISIONARY pop singer – an Irish mystic boasting a preternaturally soulful voice – Van Morrison can be a colossal asshole. At least that's one of the impressions you're left with after reading *Can You Feel the Silence?*, Clinton Heylin's meticulously researched account of Morrison's life and work. *Silence* is loaded with stories of the man's misdeeds – hurling a wineglass at a friend, verbally trashing the members of one of his touring bands just before they took the stage, telling an audience member, "If you don't like it, go fuck yourself" – not to mention plenty of dish about the singer's cantankerous dislike of record companies and biographers.

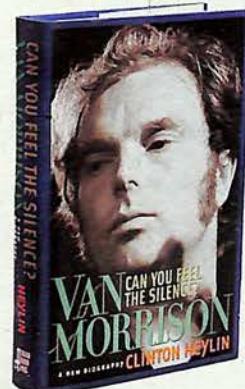
This contradiction between Van the visionary and Van the troubled star – between the man who devised a new language in song to convey what he was feeling and the man with short-circuited social skills – lies at the heart of *Can You Feel the Silence?*. The biography feels almost definitive: It traces Morrison's rise from a shy, pensive youth to the inspired folk poet of the twin masterpieces *Astral Weeks* and *Moondance*, then catalogs the ups and downs of Morrison's Seventies and Eighties work and the workmanlike pleasures of his current career. Heylin, the author of several Bob Dylan books and a gossipy history of punk, also devotes plenty of time to the music itself, providing lyric-heavy analyses that are levelheaded, if often a little dry. But the real revelations mostly concern Morrison's private life – his battles with alcoholism, friends and stage fright, as well as his prodigious struggles to create music and find some kind of spiritual solace.

The sense of conflict between Heylin and his subject (Morrison, who refused to speak with Heylin for the pro-



Van mixes business with leather in the 1970s.

ject, attacked, through his lawyers, what he alleges are the book's inaccuracies and filed a lawsuit claiming copyright infringement) likely accounts for some of the darkness of Heylin's portrait. And because the sometimes tedious, often ugly details of Morrison's world make his lifelong quest for redemption less than inspiring and not always terribly interesting, *Can You Feel the Silence?* seems destined largely for Morrison fanatics. For most everyone else, the magical voice ought to be enough. CHRISTIAN HOARD



>> On the Shelf

Once There Was a Way...

Photographs of the Beatles

By Harry Benson Harry N. Abrams

During the early days of Beatlemania, photographer Harry Benson had spectacular access to the Fab Four – he shot them in hotel rooms, limos and just about everywhere else they went. This collection captures the Beatles on their first tours of Paris and New York and at random stops thereafter, the last shot taken less than two weeks before the end of their touring career in August 1966. Though the photos don't exactly reveal a side of the Beatles you haven't seen before, several images – a giddy group pillow fight from 1964, a handful of shots from George Harrison's honeymoon in Barbados – will prove unfamiliar even to hard-core fans, and the book's warm, slice-of-life feel makes it a solid collector's item. C.H.



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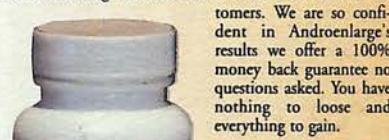
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CHARTS

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The Stripes
get kinky.

HOT LIST

ROLLING STONE editors'
favorite albums, singles and videos

1 The White Stripes

"I Just Don't Know What
to Do With Myself"
video

Sometimes simple is hot – especially if it's just two minutes, forty-six seconds of Kate Moss pole-dancing to the Stripes' hyped-up Burt Bacharach cover.

2 Centro-Matic

Love You Just the Same

Country twang with a pinch of emo, held together by Will Johnson's raspy, searching voice. It's hearty, stick-to-your-ribs fare that makes you proud to be an American.

3 Madlib,

Shades of Blue

Producer, DJ and rapper Otis Jackson Jr. reshapes Blue Note jazz classics into groovy hip-hop origami.

4 Avenged Sevenfold

Waking the Fallen

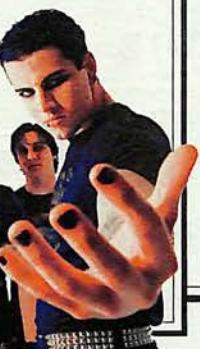
Warped Tour standouts indulge in operatic bombast, wacky guitar solos and nine-minute suicide epics. Heavy metal is so back.

5 Busta Rhymes, Featuring Pharrell

"Light Your Ass on Fire"

He likes big butts. "You need a tractor just to carry yo' ass," says Rhymes, rapping over a robotic rump-shakin' groove.

Avenged:
Feelin' metal

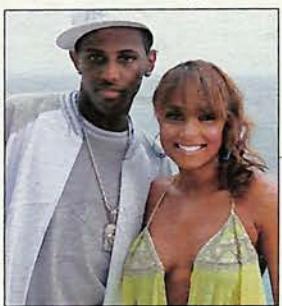


College Radio

- 1 Ween Quebec – *Sanctuary*
- 2 The Dandy Warhols Welcome to the Monkey House – *Capitol*
- 3 Guided by Voices Earthquake Glue – *Matador*
- 4 Super Furry Animals Phantom Power – *XL/Beggars Group*
- 5 Constantines Shine a Light – *Sub Pop*
- 6 Broadcast Haha Sound – *Warp*
- 7 Black Box Recorder *Passionaria* – *One Little Indian*
- 8 Björk Livebox – *One Little Indian*
- 9 Beulah Yoko – *Velocette*
- 10 Radiohead Hail to the Thief – *Capitol*

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MTV's Top Five Videos



The most-played clips on the network

- 1 Fabolous, Featuring Tamia "Into You" – *Desert Storm/Elektro*
- 2 Limp Bizkit "Eat You Alive" – *Flip/Interscope*
- 3 Christina Aguilera, Featuring Lil' Kim "Can't Hold Us Down" – *RCA*
- 4 Lil Jon and the East Side Boyz, Featuring Ying Yang Twins "Get Low" – *T-V*
- 5 Fountains of Wayne "Stacy's Mom" – *S-Curve*

From the Vault

Number One Single
"Dreamlover," Mariah Carey

Number One Album
In Pieces, Garth Brooks

On the Cover

"I can't see myself doing anything for somebody who already has money. I get more joy out of getting somebody like Snoop. He is going to be the biggest shit – Snoop is going to be the biggest thing to black people since the straightening comb." —Dr. Dre

RS 666, September 30th, 1993



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TOP 40 ALBUMS

- 1 NEW Mary J. Blige Love and Life – Geffen
- 2 NEW Hilary Duff Metamorphosis – Buena Vista/Hollywood
- 3 2 Alan Jackson Greatest Hits, Volume II – Arista Nashville
- 4 1 The Neptunes The Neptunes Present... Clones – Star Trak/Arista
- 5 NEW Youngbloodz Drankin' Patnez – So So Def/Arista
- 6 9 Beyoncé Dangerous in Love – Columbia
- 7 8 Evanescence Fallen – Wind-Up
- 8 6 Bad Boys II Soundtrack – *Bad Boy*
- 9 NEW Nappy Roots Wooden Leather – Atlantic
- 10 12 50 Cent Get Rich or Die Tryin' – Shady/Aftermath/Interscope
- 11 11 Chingy Jackpot – Disturbing Tha Peace/Capitol
- 12 3 Bow Wow Bow Wow: Unleashed – Columbia
- 13 20 ↑ Coldplay A Rush of Blood to the Head – Capitol
- 14 4 T.I. Trap Muzik – Grand Hustle/Atlantic
- 15 16 Norah Jones Come Away With Me – Blue Note
- 16 18 Linkin Park Meteora – Warner Bros.
- 17 17 The Lizzie McGuire Movie Soundtrack – Walt Disney
- 18 7 Juelz Santana From Me to U – Roc-A-Fella/Def Jam
- 19 NEW Warren Zevon The Wind – Artemis
- 20 28 Lil Jon and the East Side Boyz Kings of Crunk – T-V
- 21 33 Good Charlotte The Young and the Hopeless – Daylight/Epic
- 22 21 Now 13 Various – Universal/EMI/Zomba/Sony
- 23 26 Luther Vandross Dance With My Father – J
- 24 13 Dashboard Confessional A Mark, a Mission, a Brand, a Scar – Vagrant
- 25 38 3 Doors Down Away From the Sun – Republic/Universal
- 26 27 Audioslave Audioslave – Interscope/Epic
- 27 32 Cher The Very Best of Cher – Geffen/MCA/Warners
- 28 15 Shania Twain Up! – Mercury
- 29 24 The Black Eyed Peas Elephunk – A&M
- 30 30 Freaky Friday Soundtrack – Hollywood
- 31 36 Christina Aguilera Stripped – RCA
- 32 5 Chicago Soundtrack – Epic
- 33 10 Jessica Simpson In This Skin – Columbia
- 34 46 The White Stripes Elephant – Third Man/V2
- 35 29 Staind Fourteen Shades of Grey – Flp/Elektro
- 36 44 Justin Timberlake Justified – Jive
- 37 41 Toby Keith Unleashed – DreamWorks (Nashville)
- 38 39 Sean Paul Dutty Rock – VP/Atlantic
- 39 25 Ashanti Chapter II – Murder Inc./Def Jam
- 40 14 Rancid Indestructible – Helicat



Whole Lotta Love
The R&B diva reunites with P. Diddy, and it feels so good – 285,958 copies sold in her first week and counting. Up next: stints on *Oprah* and the *Victoria's Secret Fashion Show*.



Southern Comfort
The Atlanta duo has "Damn!" in heavy rotation on BET, and the song is making its presence felt on *Billboard's* Hot R&B/Hip-Hop Singles charts. It adds up to 85,036 copies sold.



Fond Farewell
The cancer-stricken singer's final studio album debuted in the Top Twenty, selling 47,757 copies. Pals such as Tom Petty and Bruce Springsteen assisted the legend on the CD.



Only Skin Deep
The new CD from MTV's favorite newlywed dropped fifty-three percent in sales during its second week. It doesn't bode well for her hubby, Nick Lachey, who just released his album.

33 Chart Position on Sept. 2, 2003
99 Chart Position on August 26th, 2003
NEW New Entry ↑ Greatest Gainer
2ND Re-entry

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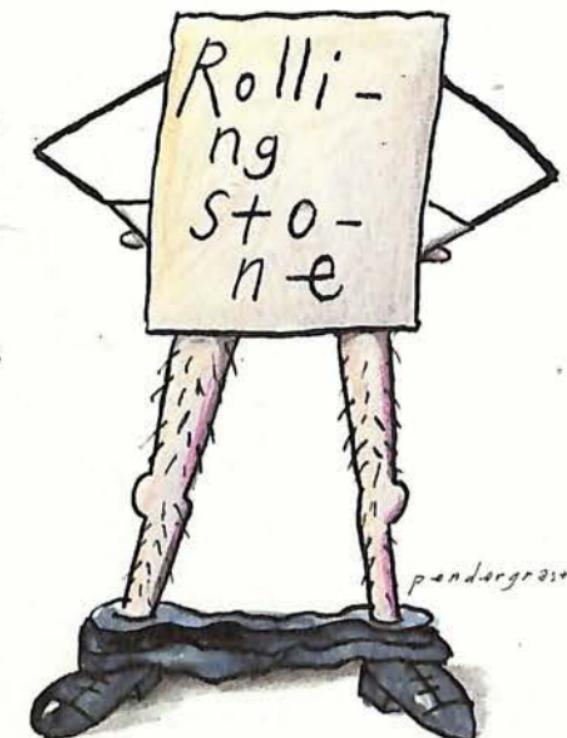
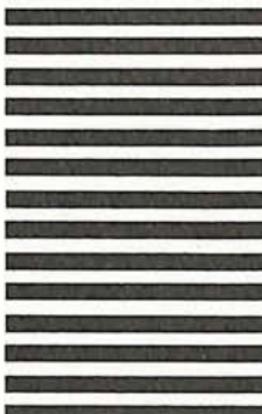
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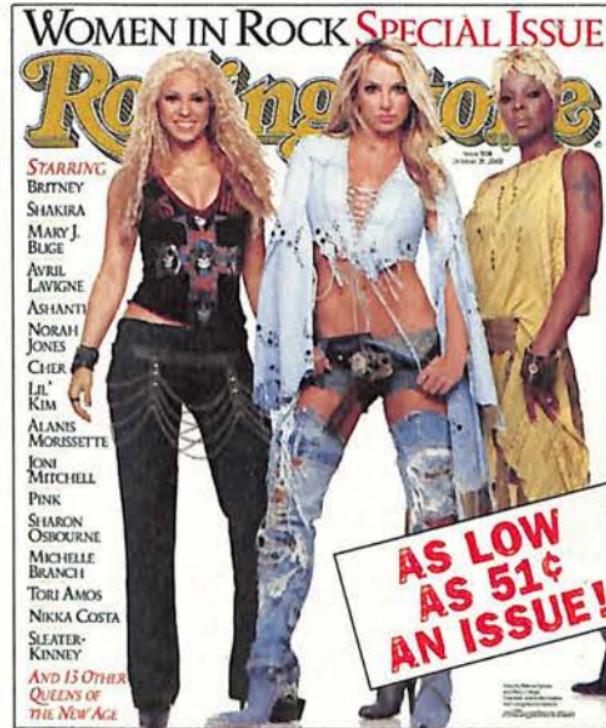
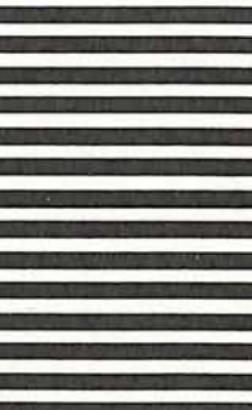
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THE G.I.V.E. GUIDE

GET INVOLVED. VOLUNTEER. EXCEED.

POLO JEANS



THE G.I.V.E. JEAN

The G.I.V.E. Jean for men and women is available at select department stores, Polo Ralph Lauren stores, and at POLOJEANS.COM. For store locations, as well as fit, style, and price information go to POLOJEANS.COM.

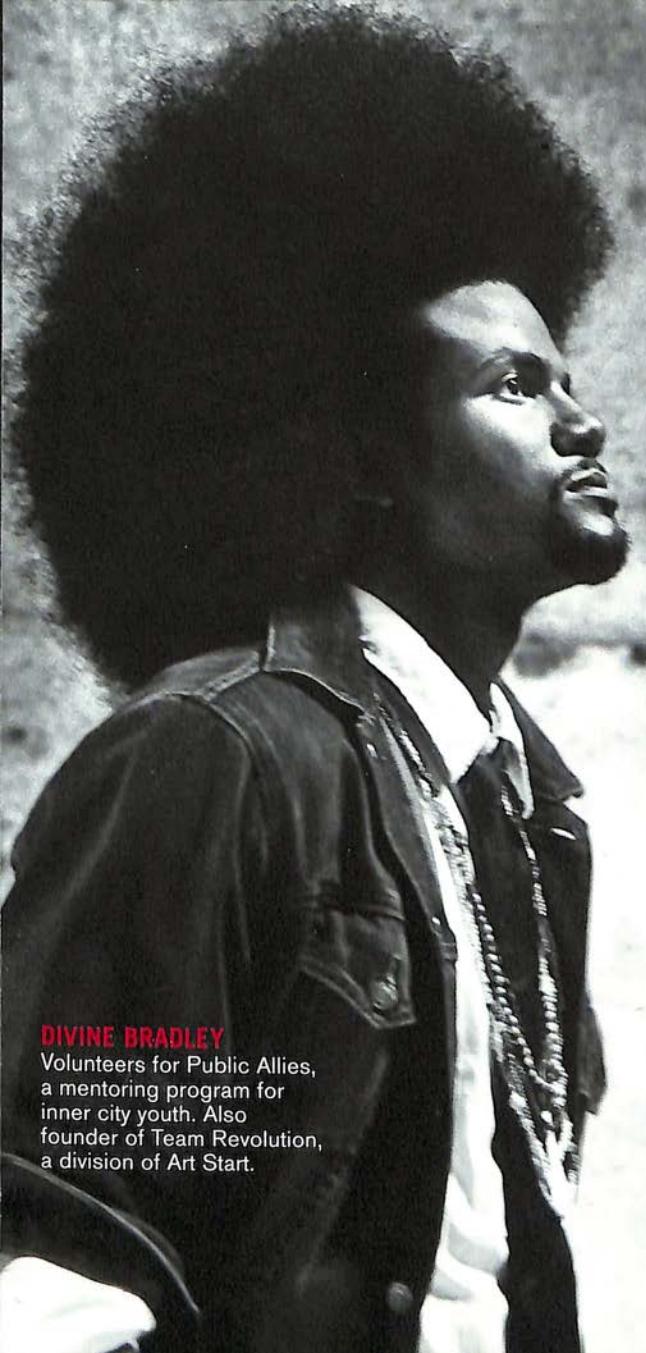
WHY G.I.V.E.?

Polo Jeans Company's G.I.V.E. campaign (Get Involved. Volunteer. Exceed.) is a call to action. Our goal is to inspire and encourage community service through volunteerism. G.I.V.E. is about giving yourself—your time, your energy, your passion, and your talents. And it's about giving where it's most helpful—nonprofit organizations that need your help to make things better for kids, the elderly, animals, schools, and the community.

THE G.I.V.E. JEAN Polo Jeans Company's G.I.V.E. Jean is our tribute to volunteers everywhere. 10% of the sales from the G.I.V.E. Jean will benefit the efforts of dedicated volunteers and their causes.

OUR GIVERS The individuals in this guide, as well as those you'll be seeing in our national ad campaign and in our video interviews at POLOJEANS.COM, are inspiring leaders with integrity and commitment to a cause. They have both style and substance, and work selflessly to improve the lives of others.

THE G.I.V.E. LISTING Inside is a listing of nonprofit organizations that provide various services to all kinds of communities. (There's a more extensive listing on POLOJEANS.COM). Find the one that's meaningful to you. You might help transform someone's life, maybe even your own.



DIVINE BRADLEY

Volunteers for Public Allies,
a mentoring program for
inner city youth. Also
founder of Team Revolution,
a division of Art Start.

I FEEL THAT I WAS PUT HERE
ON PURPOSE MY MISSION IS TO
MANIFEST A DIVINE DESTINY.
AMONGST ALL PEOPLE I AM INDULGED
WITH GIVING BACK TO MY COMMUNITY
TO CREATE A COMMON UNITY, AND
WORKING WITH YOUNG PEOPLE IS THE
FOUNDATION OF ACHIEVING THIS GOAL.
THE BEST WAY TO PREDICT
THE FUTURE IS TO CREATE IT.
MY LIFE CONSISTS OF PLANTING
SEEDS FOR OUR FUTURE GENERATIONS
AND TO DARE WITNESS THE FRUITS
OF MY LABOR. IN ORDER TO AFFECT
THE WORLD YOU HAVE TO TOUCH
THE PEOPLE, AND TO DO SO YOU
HAVE TO FIRST SEE YOURSELF.

GET INVOLVED
REVOLUTION

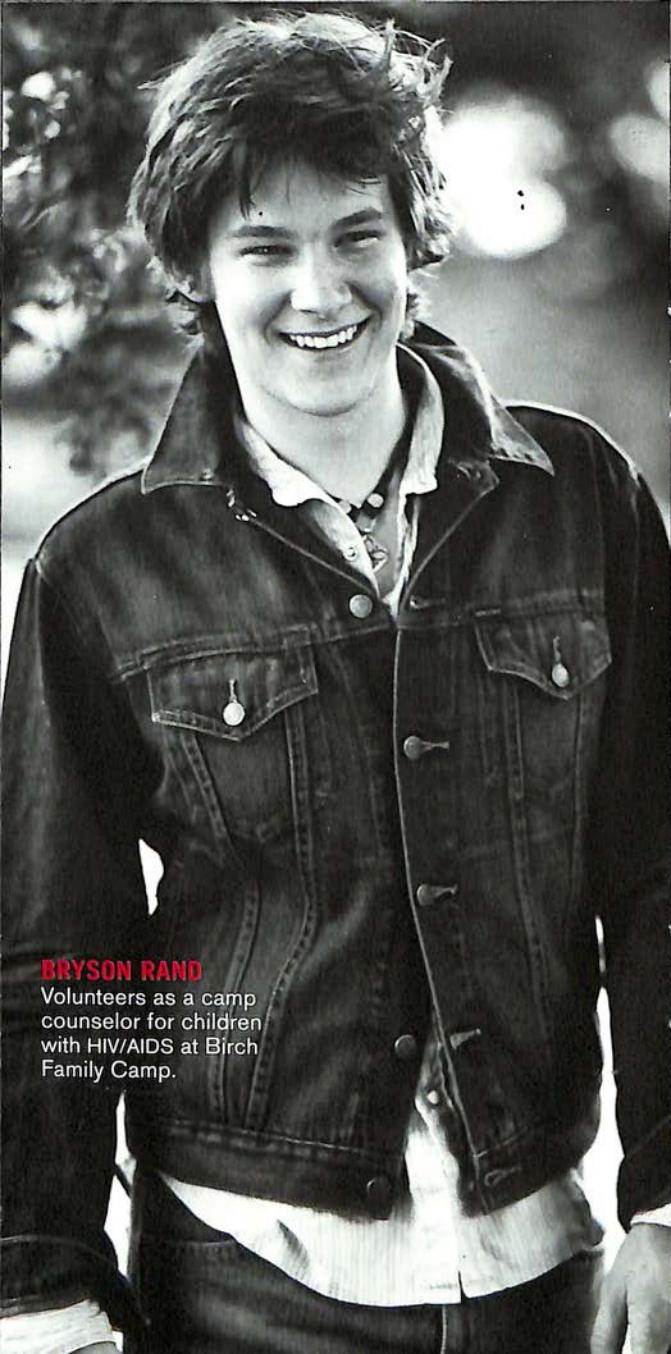
Photography as a means of expression for kids is powerful because it gives them a voice and a way to tell their stories. They gain confidence in their own, unique vision by revealing their world on film.

Every child should believe that their world is worth capturing for all time.
Rebecca Schanberg



REBECCA SCHANBERG

Volunteers for the East Harlem School at Exodus House where she started a photography program for middle school students.



BRYSON RAND

Volunteers as a camp counselor for children with HIV/AIDS at Birch Family Camp.

I DO BIRCH CAMP BECAUSE I WOULD HOPE THAT IF I WERE IN A SIMILAR SITUATION AS THE CAMPERS & FAMILIES THAT SOMEONE WOULD BE THERE TO HELP ME. THE AMOUNT I GIVE TO THE CAMPERS IS SO LITTLE IN COMPARISON TO WHAT I GET IN RETURN. EVEN THOUGH CAMP IS ONLY 4 WEEK LONG, THE JOY & INSPIRATION THE KIDS GIVE ME CARRIES INTO MY LIFE ON A DAILY BASIS. I ONLY WISH I COULD EXTEND THE SENSE OF COMMUNITY THAT EXISTS AT CAMP INTO MORE PEOPLE'S LIVES.

Ryan D. Rand

THE G.I.V.E. LISTINGS

arts

AMERICANS FOR THE ARTS

WWW.AMERICANSFORTHEARTS.ORG Dedicated to ensuring that every American child has access to a high-quality arts education; strengthening communities through the arts; and increasing public and private sector support for the arts.

ART START

WWW.ART-START.ORG Purpose is to value and nurture the voices, hearts and minds of under-served children and teenagers and help them transform their lives through the creative process.

BATOTO YETU INTERNATIONAL

WWW.BATOTOTOYETU.COM Fosters the self-esteem of children of African descent through music, dance and African culture and history.

DANCE INSTITUTE OF WASHINGTON

WWW.DANCEINSTITUTE.ORG The Dance Institute of Washington is a nonprofit organization dedicated to developing successful citizens by using dance instruction and arts education to build the self-esteem, discipline, and drive for excellence among children and youth in the Washington community.

EDUCATION THROUGH MUSIC, INC.

WWW.ETMONLINE.ORG Promotes the integration of music into the curricula of elementary and middle schools in order to enhance students' academic performance and general development.

FREE ARTS

WWW.FREEARTSNYC.ORG Integrates the healing and therapeutic power of the arts into the lives of abused, neglected, and at-risk children throughout New York City.

GOTO (GIVING OPPORTUNITIES TO OTHERS)

WWW.THEGOTOGROUP.ORG Enables talented and promising low-income New York City school children to spend a portion of their summers in sleepaway camps that focus on art and music education.

SCENARIOS USA

WWW.SCENARIOSUSA.ORG Uses writing and filmmaking to give teens a creative forum to explore their identity, values, and behavior associated with sex and relationships, ultimately preventing unwanted pregnancy and HIV/AIDS.

 ARTS

 COMMUNITY

 EDUCATION

 HEALTH

community

ACTION WITHOUT BORDERS

WWW.IDEALIST.ORG Uses the web to connect people, organizations, and resources. 35,000 organizations use Idealist.org to post nonprofit jobs, internships, and volunteer opportunities. People can see this information on Idealist.org, and they can also receive email updates with new listings matching their interests.

AMERICAN RED CROSS

WWW.REDCROSS.ORG Governed by volunteers and supported by community donations, the American Red Cross is a nationwide network of nearly 1,000 chapters and Blood Services regions dedicated to saving lives and helping people prevent, prepare for and respond to emergencies.

AMERICA'S PROMISE

WWW.AMERICASPROMISE.ORG Goal is to mobilize people from every sector of American life to build the character and competence of our nation's youth.

AMERICA'S SECOND HARVEST

WWW.SECONDHARVEST.ORG Mission is to feed hungry people by soliciting and distributing food and grocery products through a nationwide network of certified affiliate food banks and food-rescue programs, and to educate the public about the nature of, and solutions to, the problems of hunger in America.

AMERICORPS

WWW.AMERICORPS.ORG A national service program that has engaged more than 250,000 Americans in intensive service to meet critical needs in education, public safety, homeland security, health, and the environment.

ASSOCIATION TO BENEFIT CHILDREN

WWW.A-B-C.ORG Association to Benefit Children (ABC) is dedicated to bringing joy and warmth to disadvantaged children and their families through innovative programs including early childhood education, housing assistance, mental health services, family preservation, foster care, reunification and adoption, crisis intervention, job training, after-school tutoring, and mentoring.

BIG BROTHERS BIG SISTERS

WWW.BBSA.ORG Serves children by providing one-to-one professionally supported mentoring relationships. The role of a Big Brother, Big Sister, or Big Couple is to be a friend to a child and, in that friendship, offer support of the child's dreams and goals.

CASA

WWW.NATIONALCASA.ORG Everyday people are appointed by judges to advocate for the best interests of abused and neglected children. Volunteers work on behalf of these children until they are placed into safe, permanent, and nurturing homes.

CITYCARES

WWW.CITYCARES.ORG City Cares affiliates, known as "Cares" or "Hands On" organizations, engage over 300,000 volunteers in direct service to their communities each year. Affiliates plan and manage 33,000 hands-on service projects addressing a broad spectrum of social needs.

CORO

WWW.CORO.ORG Mission is to strengthen communities and the democratic process by preparing individuals for effective and ethical leadership in the public affairs arena.

COVENANT HOUSE

WWW.COVENANTHOUSE.ORG Provides food, shelter, crisis care, and educational and vocational training as well as transitional living programs, and aftercare to homeless, runaway, and at-risk youth.

FRIENDS OF THE ISLAND ACADEMY

WWW.FOIANY.ORG Conducts outreach into the juvenile justice system and serves adolescents making the transition from incarceration back to their communities. Provides mentoring, job readiness training, job placement, and onsite educational services and counseling.

MEALS ON WHEELS

WWW.MOWAA.ORG Represents member organizations around the country who provide congregate and home-delivered meals services to senior citizens and other people in need, including disabled individuals, at all income levels, who are unable to prepare meals for themselves.

NATIONAL BLACK DEAF ADVOCATES

WWW.NBDA.ORG Aim is to strengthen the educational, cultural, social, political, and economic advancement of deaf and hard-of-hearing African Americans. NBDA has 30 chapters across the United States, and in St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands.

NETAID

WWW.NETAID.ORG Mission is to build an active network of people and organizations in developed countries committed to ending extreme poverty around the world.

THE PARTNERSHIP FOR THE HOMELESS

WWW.PARTNERSHIPFORTHEHOMELESS.ORG Committed to partnering with faith communities, neighborhood-based organizations.

business, and government to attack the causes of homelessness, empowering homeless people to leave the city's streets and shelters for lives of independence and financial stability.

POINTS OF LIGHT

WWW.POINTSOFLIGHT.ORG Engages and mobilizes millions of volunteers who are helping to solve serious social problems in thousands of communities through a variety of programs and services.

PUBLIC ALLIES

WWW.PUBLICALLIES.ORG Mission is to advance diverse young leaders to strengthen communities, nonprofits, and civic participation by sharing responsibility for improving their own lives and the lives of those around them.

ROCK THE VOTE

WWW.ROCKTHEVOTE.ORG Dedicated to protecting freedom of expression and empowering young people to change their world. Across the nation, Rock the Vote Community Street Teams are engaging young people as civic activists and contributors to the political process.

SAFE HORIZON

WWW.SAFEHORIZON.ORG Provides support, prevents violence, and promotes justice for victims of crime and abuse, their families, and communities throughout New York City's five boroughs.

YOUTH SERVICE AMERICA'S SERVENET

WWW.SERVENET.ORG SERVEnet is Youth Service America's award-winning program that leverages cutting-edge technology, creating the most comprehensive service and volunteering website on the Internet for all ages. In addition to volunteer opportunities and a talent bank of willing volunteers, SERVEnet hosts the National Service Calendar.

education

EAST HARLEM SCHOOL AT EXODUS HOUSE

WWW.EHSEH.COM Seeks to educate Black and Latino middle school students from East Harlem and Harlem who wish to meet their academic potential.

INNER CITY SCHOLARSHIP FUND

WWW.INNERCITYSF.ORG Provides financial support to both the students and the inner city schools of the Archdiocese of New York that are located in the Bronx, Manhattan, and Staten Island.

JACKIE ROBINSON FOUNDATION

WWW.JACKIEROBINSON.ORG Provides education and leadership development opportunities for students of color with strong capabilities but limited financial resources.

PROLITERACY WORLDWIDE

WWW.PROLITERACY.ORG To sponsor educational programs and services whose purpose is to empower adults and their families by assisting them to acquire the literacy practices and skills they need to function more effectively in their daily lives.

REACH OUT AND READ

WWW.REACHOUTANDREAD.ORG Provides the link between literacy and a healthy childhood to millions of children, with a special emphasis on children growing up in poverty.

TEACH FOR AMERICA

WWW.TEACHFORAMERICA.ORG National corps of outstanding recent college graduates of all academic majors who commit two years to teach in urban and rural public schools and become lifelong leaders in the pursuit of expanding opportunities for children.

health

BIRCH FAMILY CAMP

WWW.HGBIRCH.ORG A haven for families afflicted with HIV/AIDS. Families come to camp seeking one week out of the year to enjoy the carefree moments others take for granted.

GILDA'S CLUB WORLDWIDE

WWW.GILDASCLUB.ORG Provides places where men, women, and children with cancer and their families and friends join with others to build social and emotional support as a supplement to medical care.

GOD'S LOVE WE DELIVER

WWW.GODSLOVWEDELIVER.ORG Mission is to improve the health and well-being of men, women, and children living with HIV/AIDS and other serious illnesses, by alleviating hunger and malnutrition.

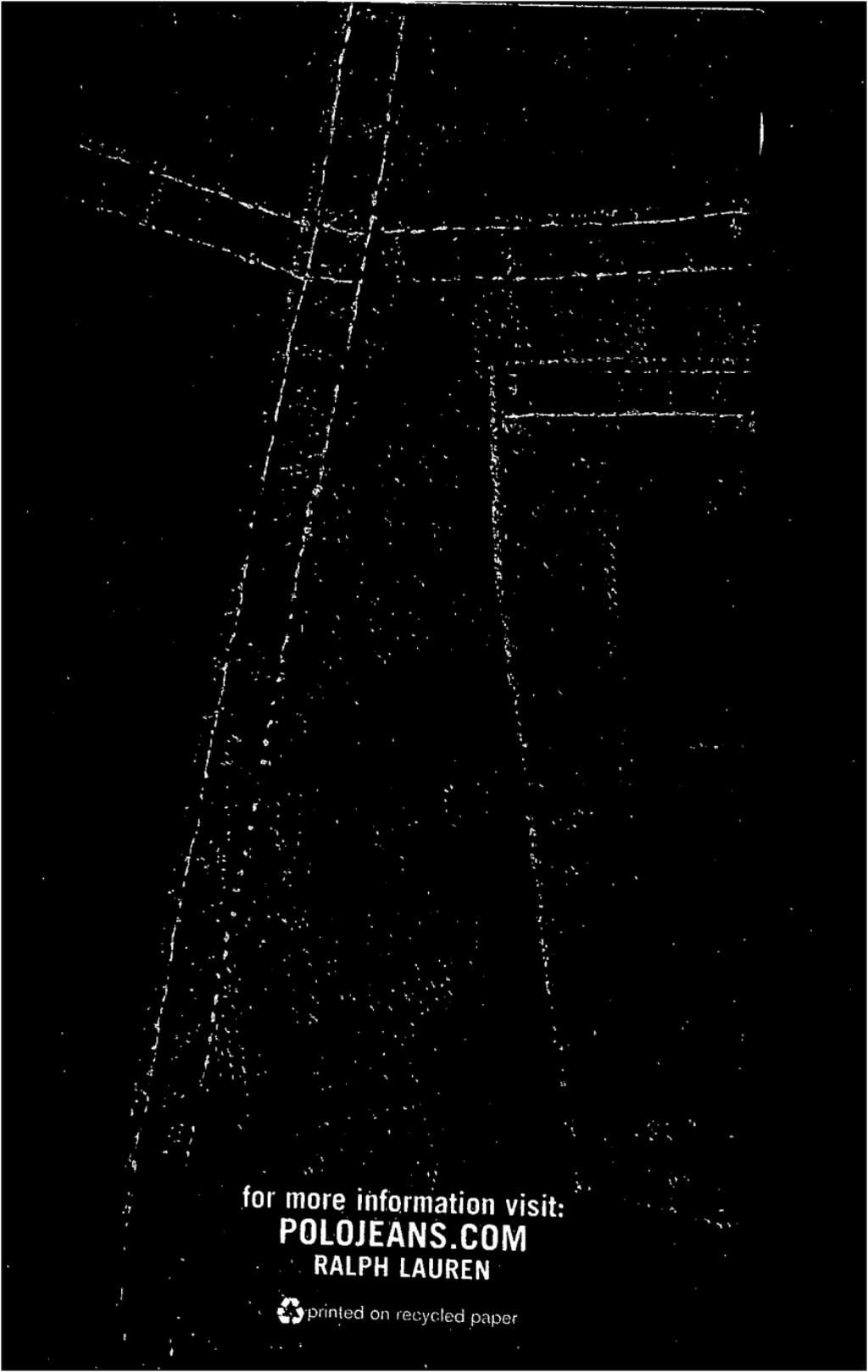
YAI/NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR PEOPLE WITH DISABILITIES NETWORK

WWW.YAI.ORG Devoted to turning dreams into reality for 20,000 children, adults, and their families with mental retardation, cerebral palsy, and autism. 300 nationally renowned programs give people with disabilities a life with dignity and independence where they can achieve their fullest potential in communities.

other places to G.I.V.E.

There are thousands of other nonprofit organizations that would value your help. For more information on these organizations and opportunities to volunteer in your area, see POLOJEANS.COM.





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